THE HYMNAL FOR SCHOOLS

Christian College

The Hymnal for Schools

EDITED BY

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This Hymnal

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE

REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D.

WHOSE INTELLIGENT AND EARNEST EFFORT HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF CHURCH MUSIC, AND WHOSE PERSONAL INFLUENCE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION TO THE EDITORS.

Editors' Preface

THE Compilers of this Hymnal have been guided entirely by a desire to lead young people to a fuller appreciation of the beauty and helpfulness of the best Hymns of the Church.

A tune capable of perfectly expressing a particular hymn can hardly be written as a piece of music merely; it is the result of an inspiration arising out of a sympathetic understanding of the meaning and spirit of the hymn. The hymn is really what is sung, and therefore should never be belittled by association with a tune below it in dignity, or inadequate to express its sentiment.

Thus the first requisite of a Hymnal is a worthy selection of hymns; and the second, a gathering of genuinely musical tunes, as far as possible composed for the hymns to which they are set.

In a Hymnal intended especially for the use of young people, the brightness and happiness of youth should find full expression; hence, from a rich and endless store, the Editors have here selected only those hymns and tunes which they know, from personal experience, to be thoroughly singable, enjoyable, inspiring, and worthy to be cherished in the hearts and memories of children. Especial care has been exercised in the selection of hymns for Little Children.

Editors' Preface

It is hoped that this collection will not only find its way into many schools, but also may be sung and loved in many homes.

The Editors desire to express their grateful appreciation to the many authors and composers here represented, but especially to THE OUTLOOK CO. for the use of the tunes "Adoration" and "Armstrong," and the hymn "O Thou Who art Inspiring;" to Mr. GEORGE EDWARD STUBBS for the use of the tune "Asaph;" to Mrs. F. G. ILSLEY for the use of the tunes "Dania" and "Ilsley;" to Mr. CHARLES VINCENT for the use of "A Christmas Carol;" to Professor S. LASAR for the use of the tune "Lasar;" to Mr. CHARLES H. MORSE for the use of the tune "Stowe;" and to Mr. JOHN H. GOWER for the use of the tune "Meditation." The kindness of Messrs. E. P. DUTTON and CO. in permitting the use of Bishop Brooks' Carol, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," is thoroughly appreciated.

The thanks of all lovers of good church music are due to the Rev. GEORGE S. BARRETT, D. D., who, in compiling the Hymnals for the Congregational Union of England and Wales, gathered so many beautiful and practicable tunes; and the Editors here record their especial thanks for the use of much material owned by him.

NEW YORK CITY, *September*, 1895.

Publishers' Note

THIS book may not appeal to those who wish to buy a new singing-book every year. It does not contain, as so many do, a very large proportion of pleasant jingle, but is chiefly made up of what the best musicians would recognize as "good music." Pleasing melody, with simple and scholarly harmony, appropriately expressive of the sentiment of the hymn, has been the leading principle of compilation as to tunes; while the hymns are standard favorites. Hymns and tunes for the little children, and stirring, interesting, "self-singing" processionals, are fully represented; and yet the bulk of the book is addressed to arouse and express the best aims of the elder youth: reverence, worship, love of the divine, go hand in hand with the spring of youth, joy, and happiness.

Compiled by men who have had extended experience as organists, church choirmasters, and musical trainers of children, — criticised and revised by the head-masters of several of the most famous private and public schools, and the musical directors of several Sunday-schools, — the book has been made, not upon theory, but along the lines of a practical demand. The Publishers are confident that it will be found to be, as to religious, literary, and musical elements, admirably adapted to regular use among young people. With judicious selection, it could also be made an admirable help in the regular social worship of the weekly prayer-meeting, and in the home.

The paper, typography, and binding are made to correspond with the good sense and refined taste characterizing the contents of the book.

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Hymnal

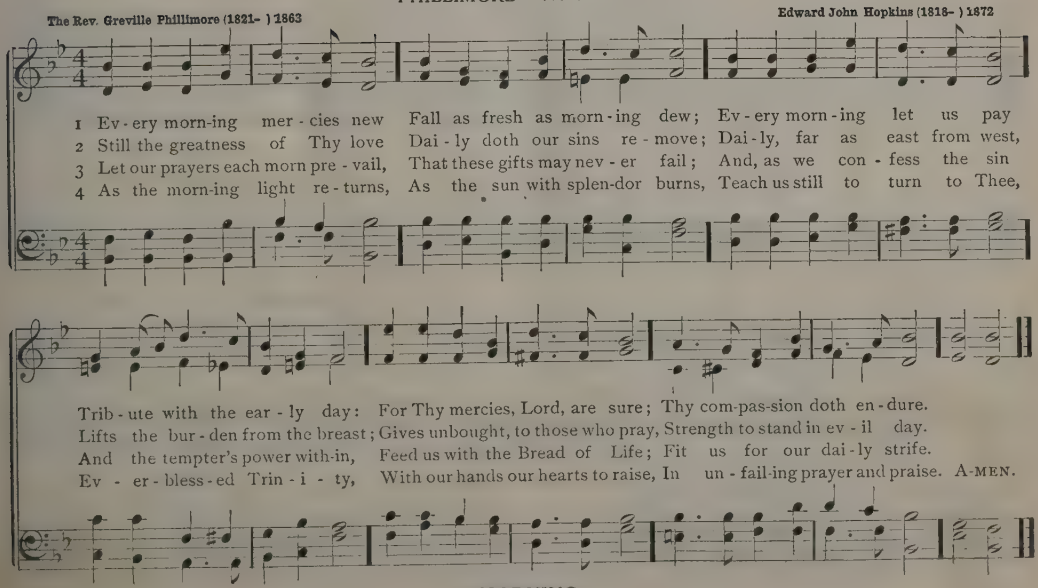
I

Every Morning Mercies New

PHILLIMORE 7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Rev. Greville Phillimore (1821–) 1863

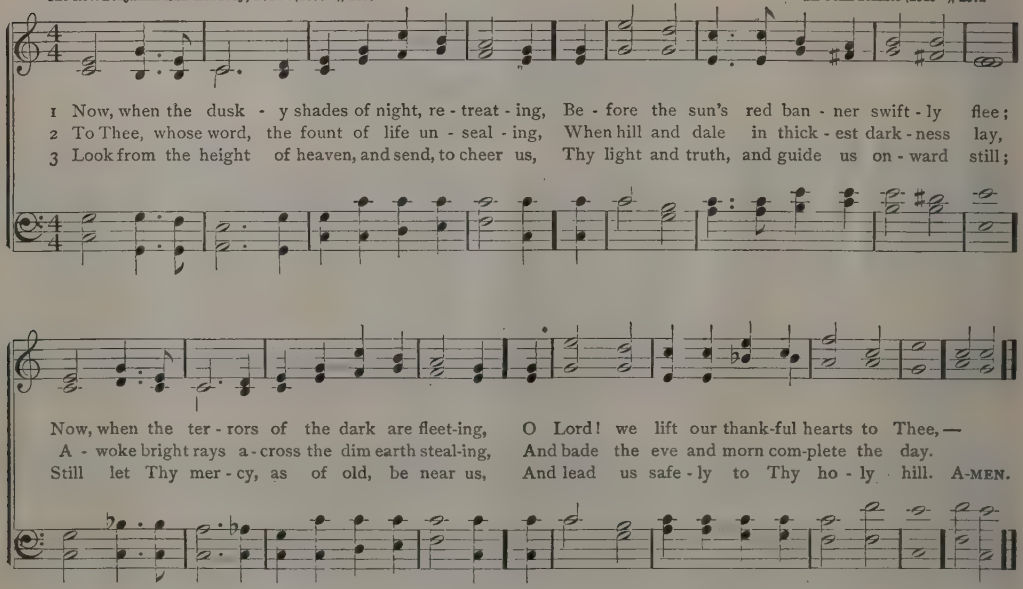
Edward John Hopkins (1818–) 1872


1 Ev - ery morn-ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn - ing dew; Ev - ery morn - ing let us pay
2 Still the greatness of Thy love Dai - ly doth our sins re - move; Dai - ly, far as east from west,
3 Let our prayers each morn pre - vail, That these gifts may nev - er fail; And, as we con - fess the sin
4 As the morn-ing light re - turns, As the sun with splen-dor burns, Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Trib - ute with the ear - ly day: For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure; Thy com-pas-sion doth en - dure.
Lifts the bur - den from the breast; Gives unbought, to those who pray, Strength to stand in ev - il day.
And the tempter's power with-in, Feed us with the Bread of Life; Fit us for our dai - ly strife.
Ev - er - bless - ed Trin - i - ty, With our hands our hearts to raise, In un - fail-ing prayer and praise. A-MEN.

Now when the Dusky Shades of Night

SUNRISE *11. 10. 11. 10.*

The Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D. ? (1804–), 1863 — Sir John Stainer (1840–), 1872


1 Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing, Be - fore the sun's red ban - ner swift - ly flee;
2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of life un - seal - ing, When hill and dale in thick - est dark - ness lay,
3 Look from the height of heaven, and send, to cheer us, Thy light and truth, and guide us on - ward still;
Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are fleet-ing, O Lord! we lift our thank-ful hearts to Thee, —
A - woke bright rays a - cross the dim earth steal-ing, And bade the eve and morn com-plete the day.
Still let Thy mer - cy, as of old, be near us, And lead us safe - ly to Thy ho - ly hill. A-MEN.

4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

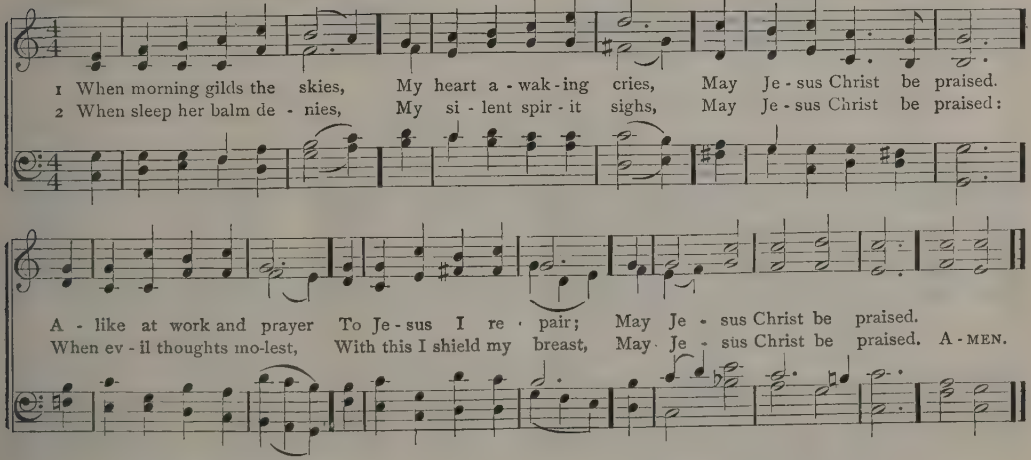
5 Be this by Thee, O God Thrice Holy, granted,
O Father, Son, and Spirit ever blest,
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,
Whose name by men and angels is confest. AMEN.

When Morning Gilds the Skies

LAUDES DOMINI 6.6.6.6.6.6.

Tr. The Rev. Edward Caswall (1814–1878), 1849

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896), 1868


1 When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
2 When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs, May Je - sus Christ be praised:
A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When ev - il thoughts mo-lest, With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - MEN.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 The night becomes as day.
When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

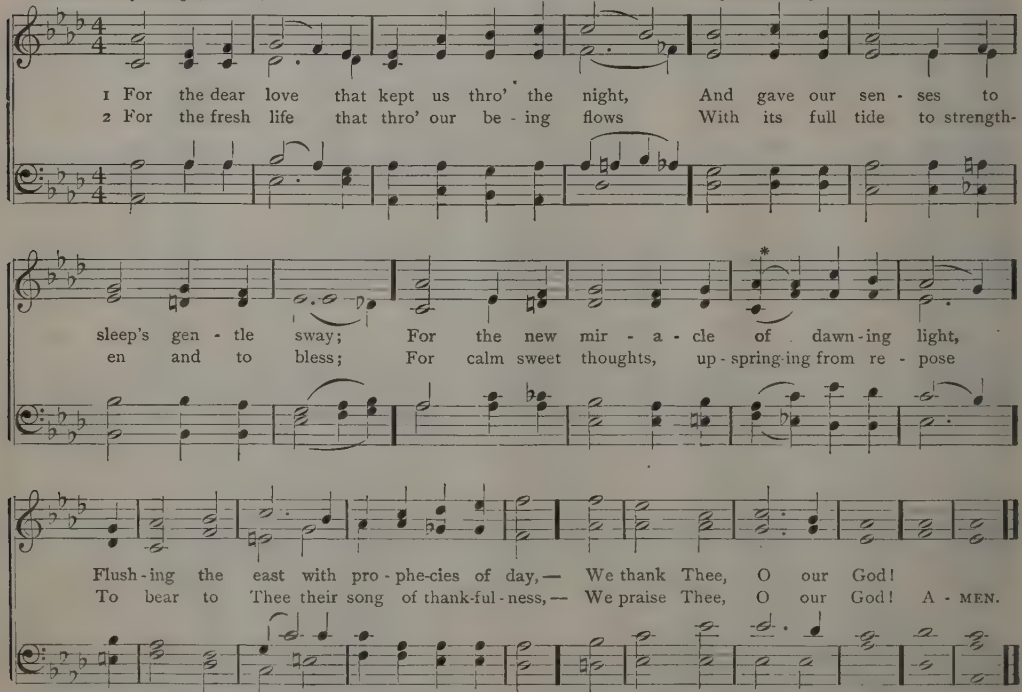
5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let air, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised. AMEN.

For the Dear Love that Kept Us thro' the Night

ADORATION 10.10.10.10.6.

William Henry Burleigh (1812-1871) — Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-), 1893


1 For the dear love that kept us thro' the night, And gave our sen - ses to
2 For the fresh life that thro' our be - ing flows With its full tide to strength-
sleep's gen - tle sway; For the new mir - a - cle of dawn-ing light,
en and to bless; For calm sweet thoughts, up-spring-ing from re - pose
Flush-ing the east with pro-phe-cies of day,— We thank Thee, O our God!
To bear to Thee their song of thank-ful-ness,— We praise Thee, O our God! A - MEN.

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* This slur is to be omitted in the other stanzas; and in the 2d and 3d it should be placed over the first two notes of the preceding measure

For the Dear Love that Kept Us thro' the Night — *Concluded*

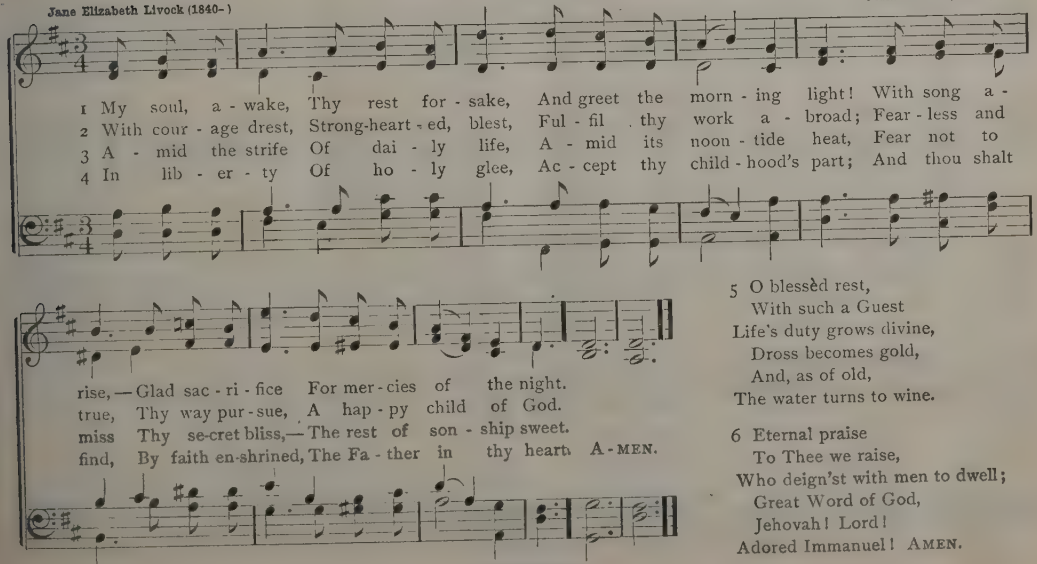
3 Day uttereth speech to day, and night to night
Tells of Thy power and glory. So would we,
Thy children, duly, with the morning light,
Or at still eve, upon the bended knee
Adore Thee, O our God!

4 Thou know'st our needs, Thy fulness will supply;
Our blindness, — let Thy hand still lead us on
Till, visited by the dayspring from on high,
Our prayer, one only, "Let Thy will be done!"
We breathe to Thee, O God! AMEN.

5 My Soul, Awake

BRACONDALE 4.4.6.4.4.6.

Jane Elizabeth Livock (1840–) Josiah Booth (1852–)


1 My soul, a - wake, Thy rest for - sake, And greet the morn - ing light! With song a -
2 With cour - age drest, Strong-heart - ed, blest, Ful - fil thy work a - broad; Fear - less and
3 A - mid the strife Of dai - ly life, A - mid its noon - tide heat, Fear not to
4 In lib - er - ty Of ho - ly glee, Ac - cept thy child - hood's part; And thou shalt
rise, — Glad sac - ri - fice For mer - cies of the night.
true, Thy way pur - sue, A hap - py child of God.
miss Thy se-cret bliss, — The rest of son - ship sweet.
find, By faith en-shrined, The Fa - ther in thy heart. A - MEN.

5 O blessèd rest,
With such a Guest
Life's duty grows divine,
Dross becomes gold,
And, as of old,
The water turns to wine.

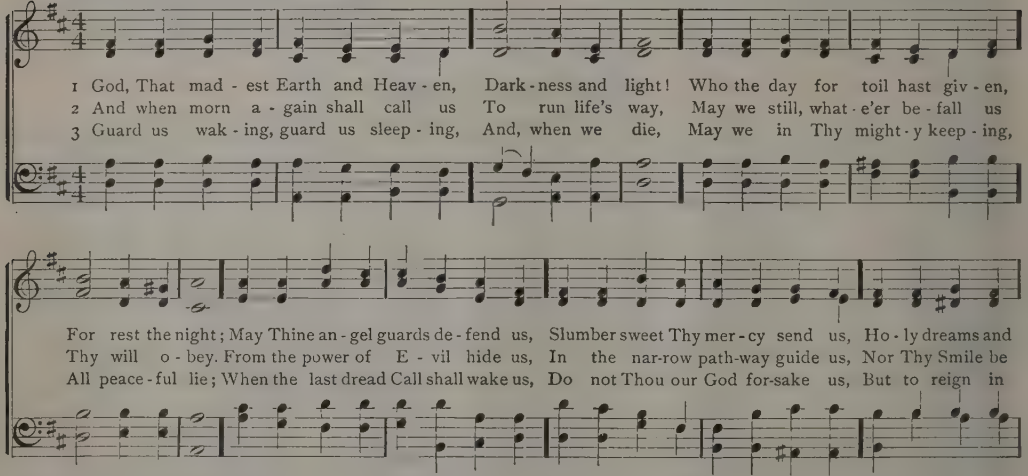
6 Eternal praise
To Thee we raise,
Who deign'st with men to dwell;
Great Word of God,
Jehovah! Lord!
Adored Immanuel! AMEN.

God, that madest Earth and Heaven

TEMPLE *8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.*

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783–1826). v. 1
The Most Rev. Richard Whateley D.D. (1787–1863), 1860. v. 3
The Rev. William Mercer (1811–1873), 1864. vv. 2, 4

Edward John Hopkins (1818–), 1867


1 God, That mad - est Earth and Heav - en, Dark - ness and light! Who the day for toil hast giv - en,
2 And when morn a - gain shall call us To run life's way, May we still, what - e'er be - fall us
3 Guard us wak - ing, guard us sleep - ing, And, when we die, May we in Thy might - y keep - ing,
For rest the night; May Thine an - gel guards de - fend us, Slumber sweet Thy mer - cy send us, Ho - ly dreams and
Thy will o - bey. From the power of E - vil hide us, In the nar-row path-way guide us, Nor Thy Smile be
All peace - ful lie; When the last dread Call shall wake us, Do not Thou our God for-sake us, But to reign in
hopes at - tend us, This live - long night.
e'er de - nied us, The live - long day.
Glo - ry take us With Thee on high. A - MEN.

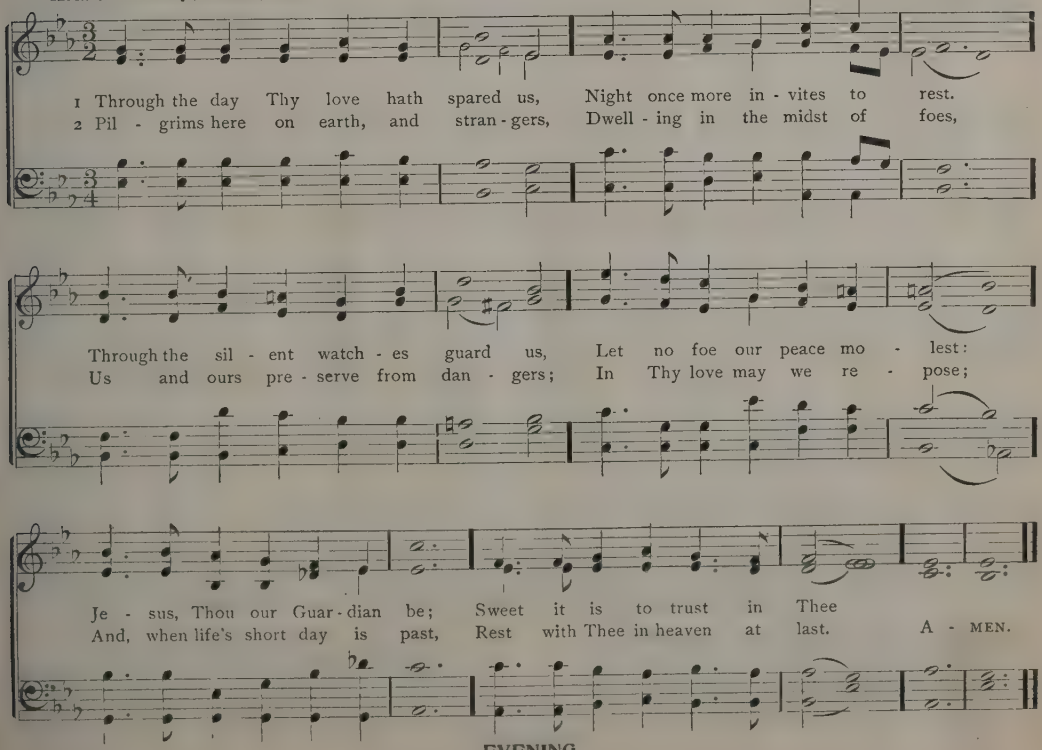
4 Holy Father, throned in Heaven,
All Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, freely given!
Blest Three in One!
Grant Thy grace, we now implore Thee,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
And in worthier strains adore Thee,
Whilst ages run. AMEN.

Through the Day Thy Love hath Spared Us

REST 8.7.8.7.7.

The Rev. Thomas Kelly (1769-1854), 1806

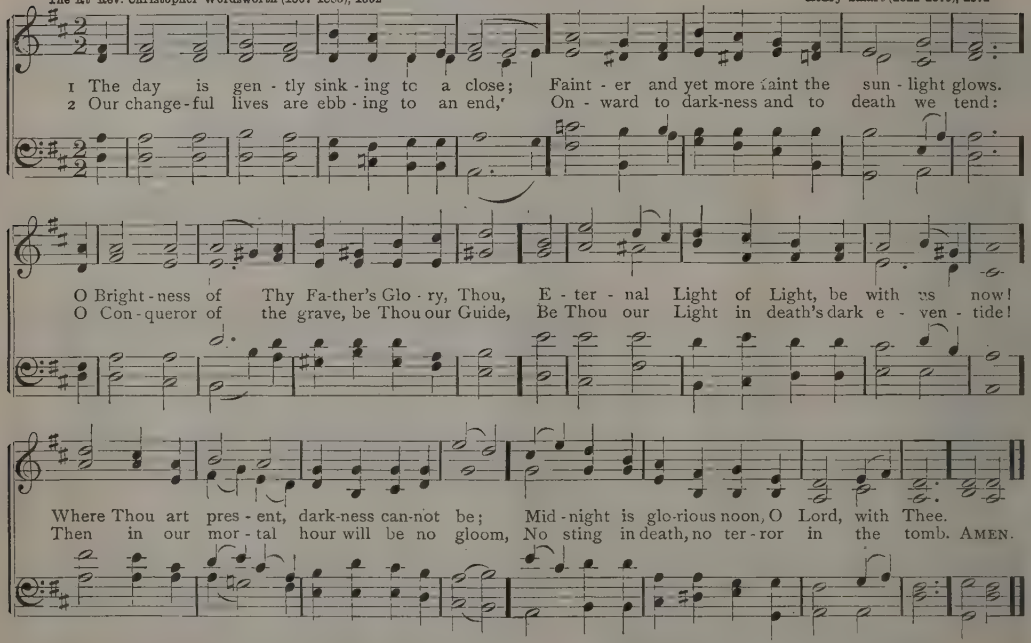
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1872


1 Through the day Thy love hath spared us, Night once more in - vites to rest.
2 Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,
Through the sil - ent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest:
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers; In Thy love may we re - pose;
Je - sus, Thou our Guar - dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee
And, when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last. A - MEN.

The Day is gently Sinking to a Close

WORDSWORTH *10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.*

The Rt Rev. Christopher Wordsworth (1807-1885), 1862 — Henry Smart (1812-1879), 1872


1 The day is gen - tly sink - ing to a close; Faint - er and yet more faint the sun - light glows.
2 Our change - ful lives are ebb - ing to an end, On - ward to dark-ness and to death we tend:
O Bright - ness of Thy Fa-ther's Glo - ry, Thou, E - ter - nal Light of Light, be with us now!
O Con - queror of the grave, be Thou our Guide, Be Thou our Light in death's dark e - ven - tide!
Where Thou art pres - ent, dark-ness can-not be; Mid - night is glo-rious noon, O Lord, with Thee.
Then in our mor - tal hour will be no gloom, No sting in death, no ter - ror in the tomb. AMEN.

3 Thou Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I!"

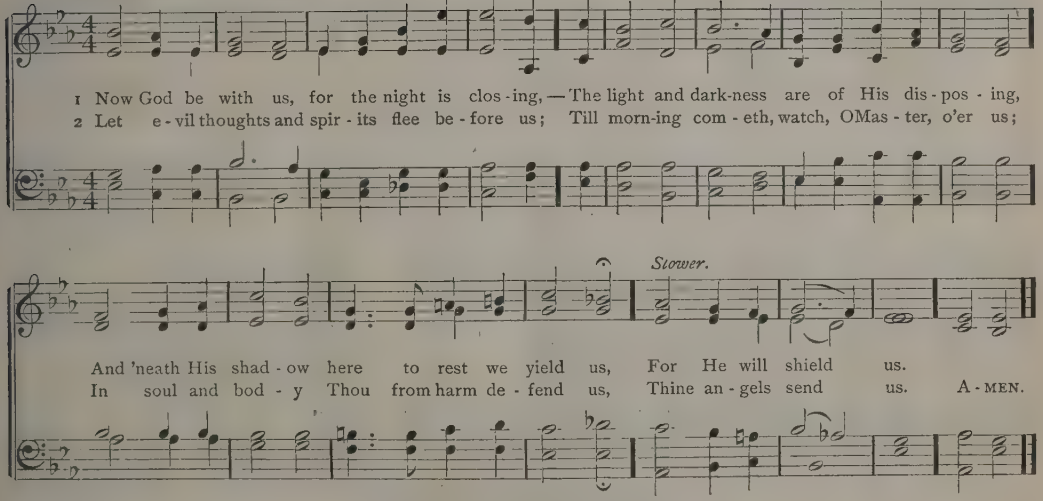
4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, forever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide! AMEN.

Now God be with Us

SHADOWS *11.11.11.5.*

Tr. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878), 1863

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1872


1 Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing, — The light and dark-ness are of His dis - pos - ing,
2 Let e - vil thoughts and spir - its flee be - fore us; Till morn-ing com - eth, watch, OMas - ter, o'er us;
Slower.
And 'neath His shad - ow here to rest we yield us, For He will shield us.
In soul and bod - y Thou from harm de - fend us, Thine an - gels send us. A - MEN.

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us,
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve Thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

4 As Thy belovèd, soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the captive lose his griefs in sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

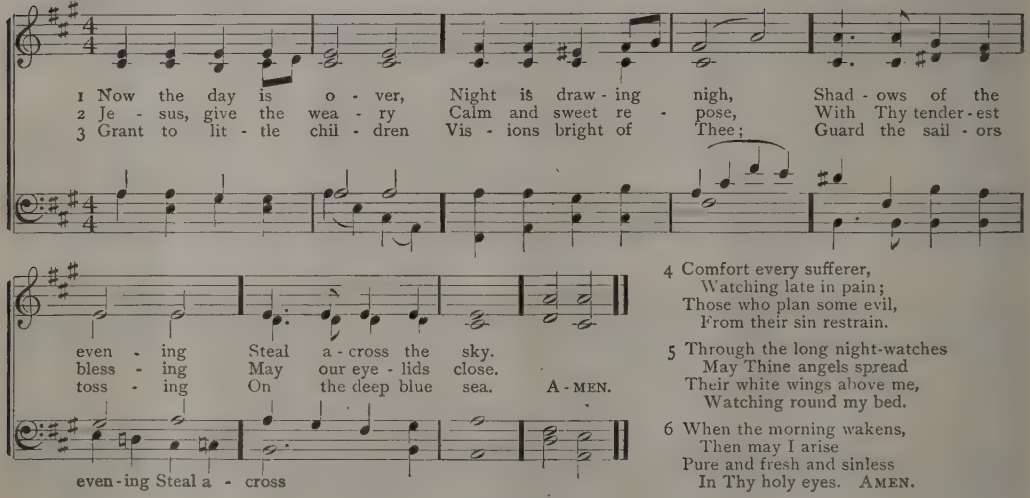
5 We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,
Save Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us;
But Thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek Thee only.

6 Father, Thy Name be praised, Thy Kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth as 'tis in heaven,
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever. AMEN.

Now the Day is Over

MERRIAL 6.5.6.5.

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-), 1865 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1868


1 Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, Shad - ows of the
2 Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose, With Thy tender - est
3 Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of Thee; Guard the sail - ors
even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
toss - ing On the deep blue sea. A - MEN.
even - ing Steal a - cross

4 Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

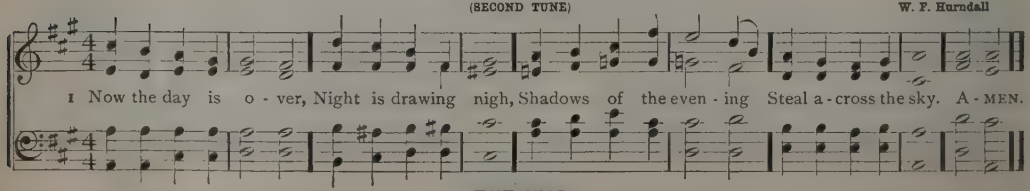
5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. AMEN.

Now the Day is Over

WYCOMBE 6.5.6.5.

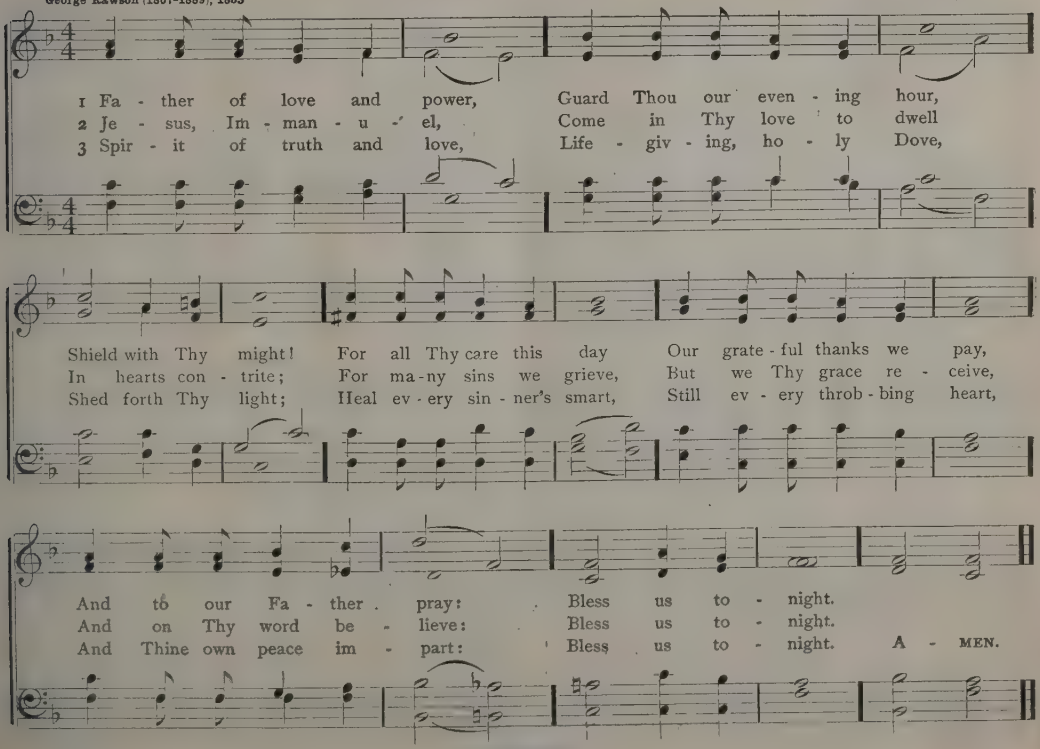
(SECOND TUNE) — W. F. Hurndall



Father of Love and Power

KIRBY BEDON 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

George Rawson (1807-1889), 1853 — Edward Bunnett (1834-)

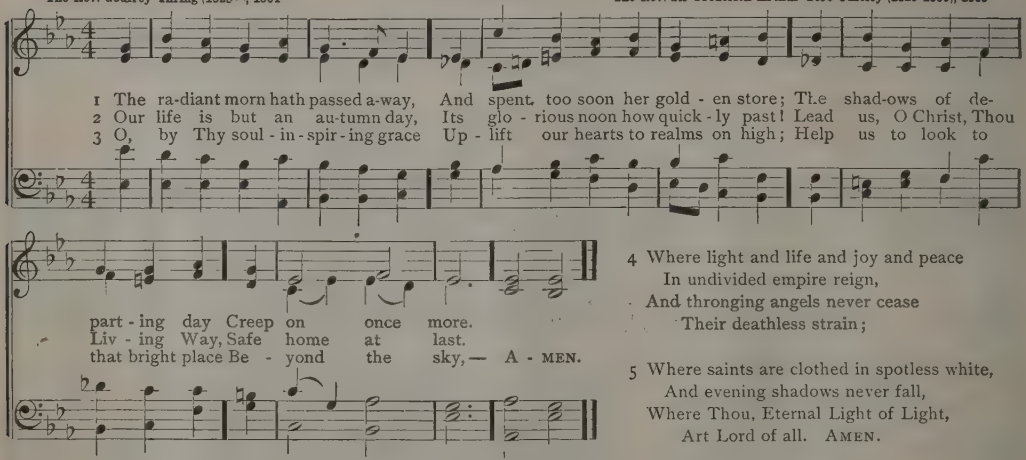

1 Fa - ther of love and power, Guard Thou our even - ing hour,
2 Je - sus, Im - man - u - el, Come in Thy love to dwell
3 Spir - it of truth and love, Life - giv - ing, ho - ly Dove,
Shield with Thy might! For all Thy care this day Our grate - ful thanks we pay,
In hearts con - trite; For ma - ny sins we grieve, But we Thy grace re - ceive,
Shed forth Thy light; Heal ev - ery sin - ner's smart, Still ev - ery throb - bing heart,
And to our Fa - ther pray: Bless us to - night.
And on Thy word be - lieve: Bless us to - night.
And Thine own peace im - part: Bless us to - night. A - MEN.

EVENING

The Radiant Morn hath Passed Away

ST. GABRIEL 8.8.8.4.

The Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-), 1864 — The Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley (1825–1889), 1868


1 The ra-diant morn hath passed a-way, And spent too soon her gold - en store; The shad-ows of de-
2 Our life is but an au-tumn day, Its glo - rious noon how quick - ly past! Lead us, O Christ, Thou
3 O, by Thy soul - in - spir - ing grace Up - lift our hearts to realms on high; Help us to look to
part - ing day Creep on once more.
Liv - ing Way, Safe home at last.
that bright place Be - yond the sky,— A - MEN.

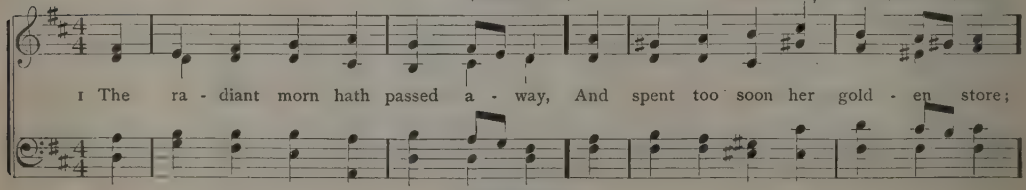
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. AMEN.

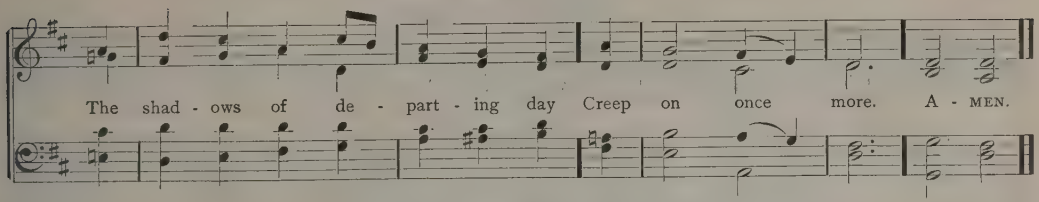
The Radiant Morn hath Passed Away

RADIANT MORN 8.8.8.4.

(SECOND TUNE) — Charles François Gounod (1818–1893), 1872



The Radiant Morn hath Passed Away — *Concluded*

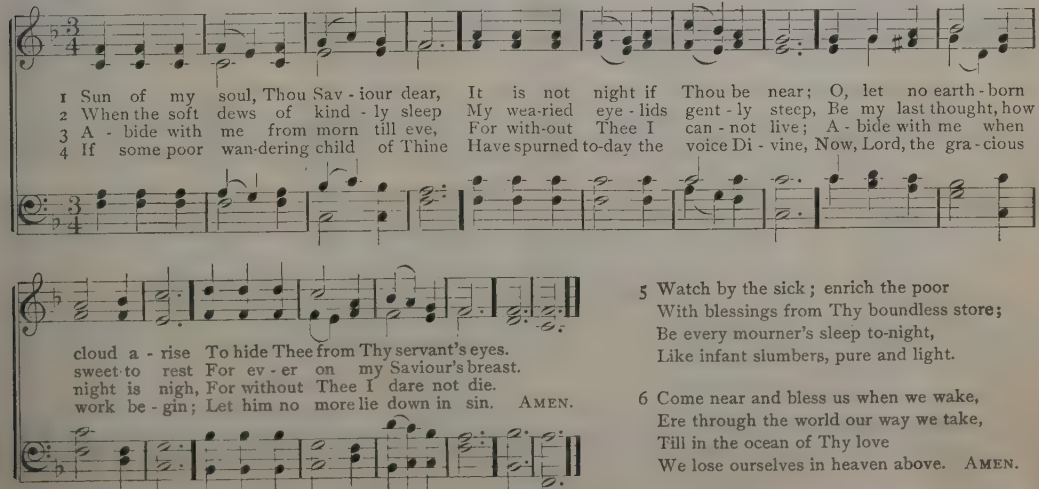


13 Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear

HURSLEY L. M.

The Rev. John Keble (1792–1866), 1827

Melody by Peter Ritter (1760–1846), 1792
Arr. by William Henry Monk (1823–1889)


1 Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O, let no earth - born
2 When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought, how
3 A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live; A - bide with me when
4 If some poor wan-dering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice Di - vine, Now, Lord, the gra - cious
cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
sweet to rest For ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin. AMEN.

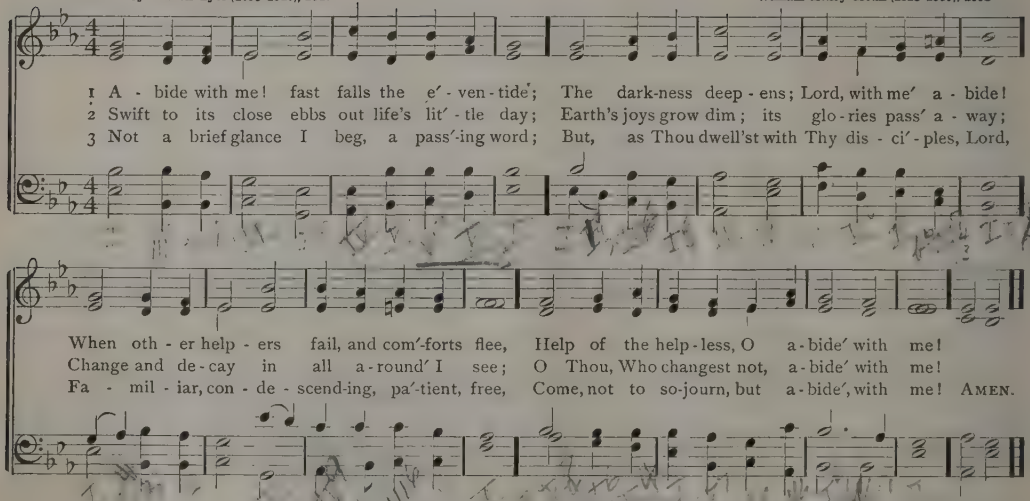
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. AMEN.

Abide with Me

EVENTIDE 10. 10. 10. 10.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1847 — William Henry Monk (1823-1889), 1861


1 A - bide with me! fast falls the e'-ven-tide; The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me' a-bide!
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit'-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim; its glo-ries pass' a-way;
3 Not a brief glance I beg, a pass'-ing word; But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy dis-ci'-ples, Lord,
When oth-er help-ers fail, and com'-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide' with me!
Change and de-cay in all a-round' I see; O Thou, Who changest not, a-bide' with me!
Fa-mil-iar, con-de-scend-ing, pa'-tient, free, Come, not to so-journ, but a-bide', with me! AMEN.

4 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And though rebellious and perverse' meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I' left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide' with me!

5 I need Thy Presence every pass'ing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempt'er's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay' can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide' with me!

6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bit'terness;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy vic'tory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide' with me!

7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my clos'ing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to' the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad'ows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide' with me! AMEN.

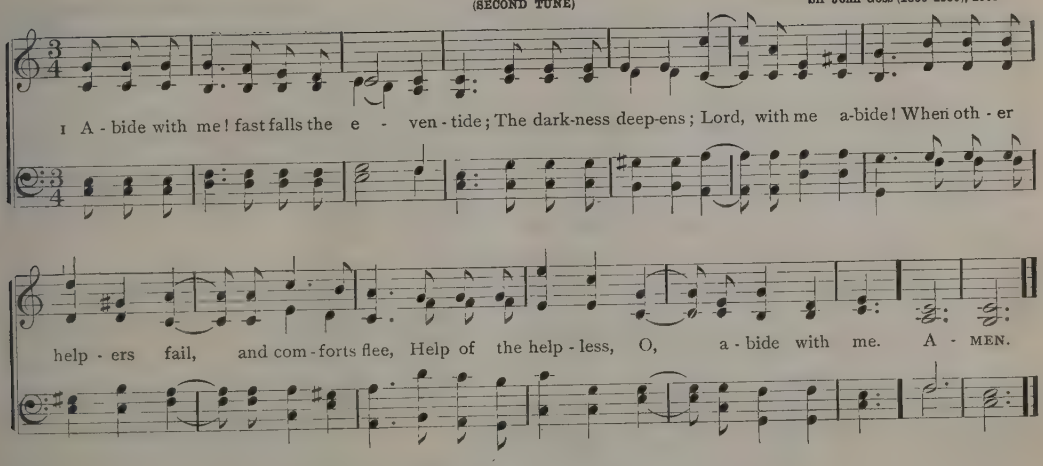
The accents (') designate the adaptation when sung chantwise to Third Tune

Abide with Me

MECUM *10. 10. 10. 10.*

(SECOND TUNE)

Sir John Goss (1800-1880), 1865

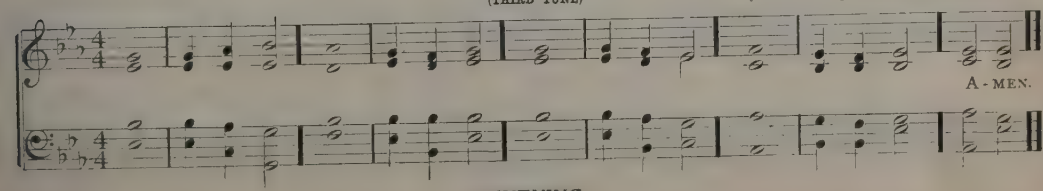

1 A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens; Lord, with me a-bide! When oth - er
help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O, a - bide with me. A - MEN.

Abide with Me

TROYTE — Chant

(THIRD TUNE)

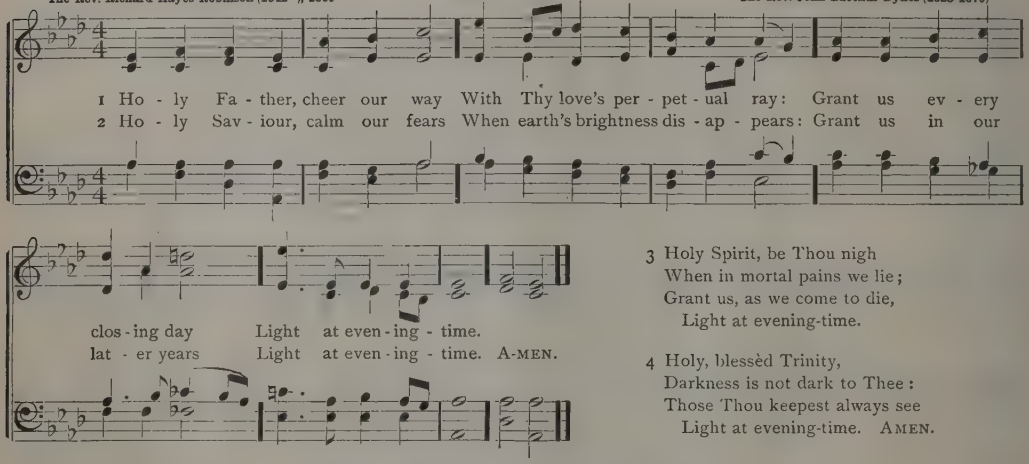
Arthur Henry Dyke Troyte (1811-1857).



Holy Father, Cheer our Way

VESPERI LUX 7.7.7.5.

The Rev. Richard Hayes Robinson (1842-), 1869 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)


1 Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray: Grant us ev - ery
2 Ho - ly Sav - iour, calm our fears When earth's brightness dis - ap - pears: Grant us in our
clos - ing day Light at even - ing - time.
lat - er years Light at even - ing - time. A-MEN.

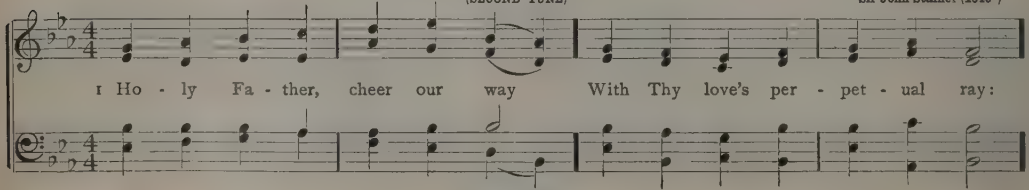
3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time. AMEN.

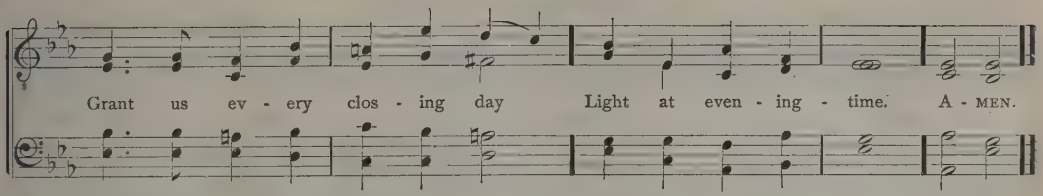
Holy Father, Cheer our Way

VESPER 7.7.7.5.

(SECOND TUNE) — Sir John Stainer (1840–)



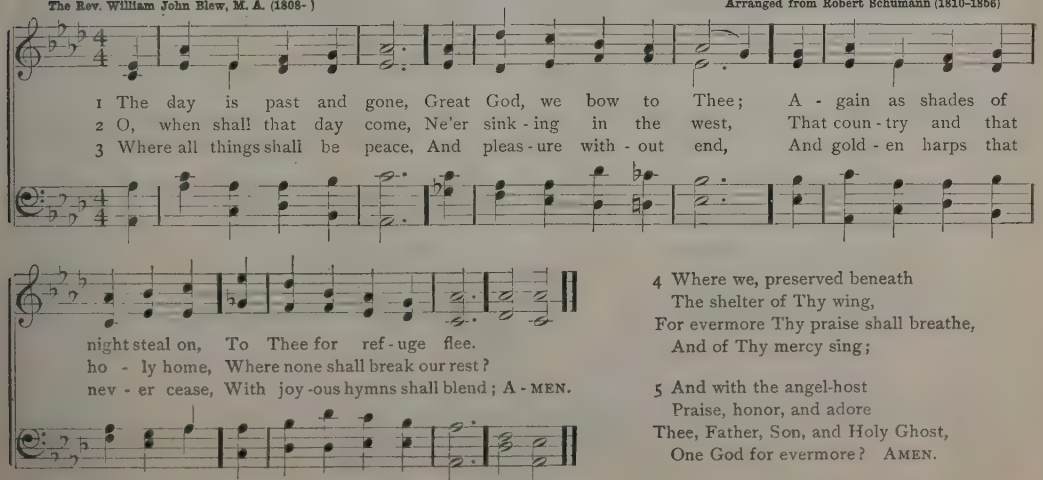
Holy Father, Cheer our Way — *Concluded*



16 The Day is Past and Gone

SCHUMANN S. M.

The Rev. William John Blew, M. A. (1808-) Arranged from Robert Schumann (1810–1856)


1 The day is past and gone, Great God, we bow to Thee; A - gain as shades of
2 O, when shall that day come, Ne'er sink - ing in the west, That coun - try and that
3 Where all things shall be peace, And pleas - ure with - out end, And gold - en harps that
night steal on, To Thee for ref - uge flee.
ho - ly home, Where none shall break our rest?
nev - er cease, With joy - ous hymns shall blend; A - MEN.

4 Where we, preserved beneath
The shelter of Thy wing,
For evermore Thy praise shall breathe,
And of Thy mercy sing;

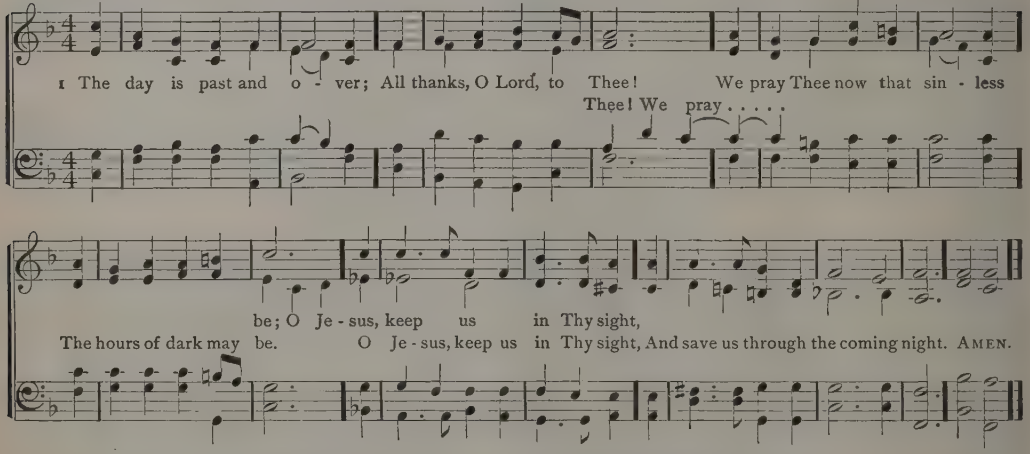
5 And with the angel-host
Praise, honor, and adore
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore? AMEN.

17 The Day is Past and Over

St. Anatolius
Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D. D. (1818-1866), 1862

ST. ANATOLIUS 7.6.7.6.8.8.

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1869


1 The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee! We pray Thee now that sin - less
Thee! We pray . . . . .
be; O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight,
The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus, keep us in Thy sight, And save us through the coming night. AMEN.

2 The joys of day are over;
We lift our hearts to Thee,
And ask Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise our hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from danger
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

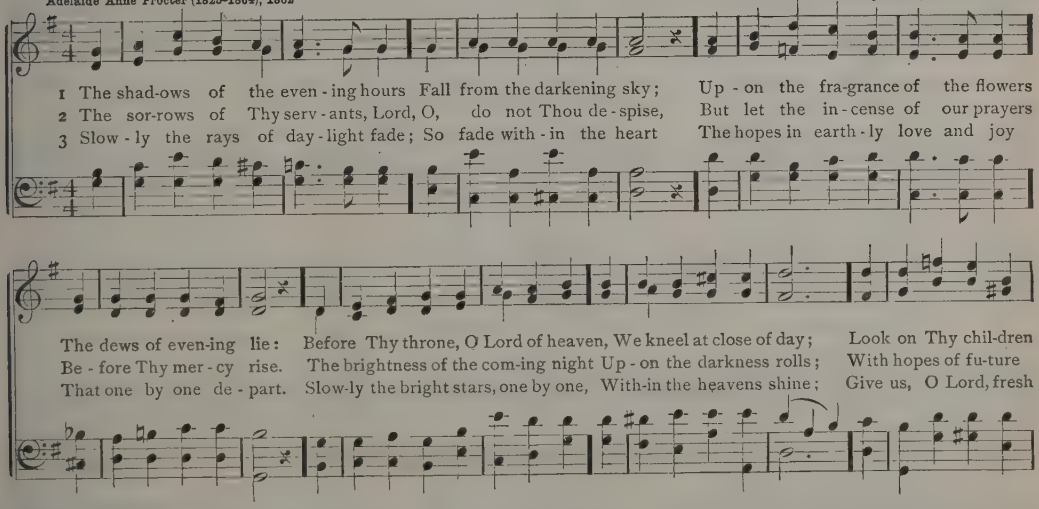
4 Be Thou our souls' preserver,
Good Lord! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go;
O loving Jesus! hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all. AMEN.

The Shadows of the Evening Hours

ST. LEONARD C.M.D.

Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864), 1862

Henry Hiles (1826-), 1867

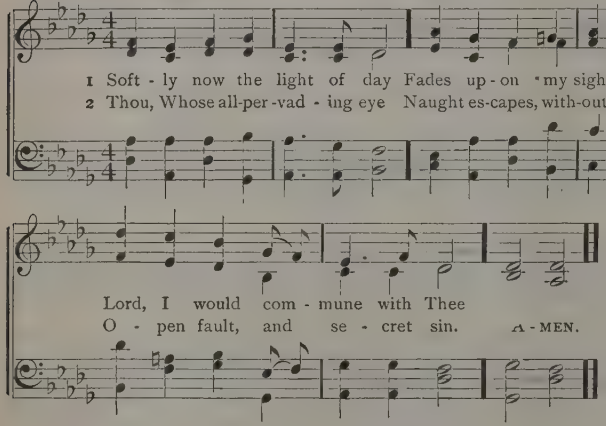

1 The shad-ows of the even-ing hours Fall from the darkening sky; Up-on the fra-grance of the flowers
2 The sor-rows of Thy serv-ants, Lord, O, do not Thou de-spise, But let the in-cense of our prayers
3 Slow-ly the rays of day-light fade; So fade with-in the heart The hopes in earth-ly love and joy
The dews of even-ing lie: Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day; Look on Thy chil-dren
Be-fore Thy mer-cy rise. The brightness of the com-ing night Up-on the darkness rolls; With hopes of fu-ture
That one by one de-part. Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With-in the heavens shine; Give us, O Lord, fresh
from on high, And hear us while we pray.
glo-ry, chase The shad-ows from our souls.
hopes in heaven, And trust in things di-vine! A-MEN.

4 Let peace, O Lord, — Thy peace, O God, —
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O give us now repose! AMEN.

19 Softly now the Light of Day

DULCE 7.7.7.7.

The Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D. D. (1799-1859), 1824 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1880


1 Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free,
2 Thou, Whose all-per-vad - ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with - in, Par - don each in - firm - i - ty,
Lord, I would com - mune with Thee
O - pen fault, and se - cret sin. A - MEN.

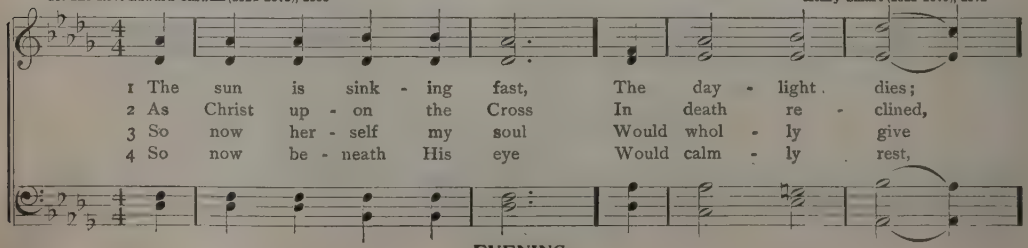
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou, Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye. AMEN.

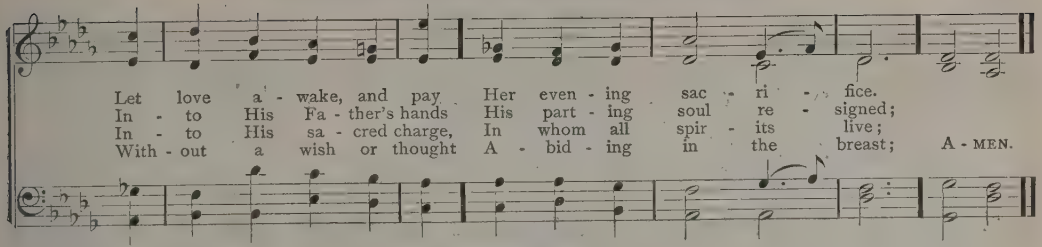
20 The Sun is Sinking Fast

FADING 6.4.6.6.

Tr. The Rev. Edward Caswall (1814-1878), 1858 — Henry Smart (1812-1879), 1872


1 The sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;
2 As Christ up - on the Cross In death re - clined,
3 So now her - self my soul Would whol - ly give
4 So now be - neath His eye Would calm - ly rest,

The Sun is Sinking Fast — *Concluded*


Let love a - wake, and pay Her even - ing sac - ri - fice.
In - to His Fa - ther's hands His part - ing soul re - signed;
In - to His sa - cred charge, In whom all spir - its live;
With - out a wish or thought A - bid - ing in the breast; A - MEN.

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live, yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

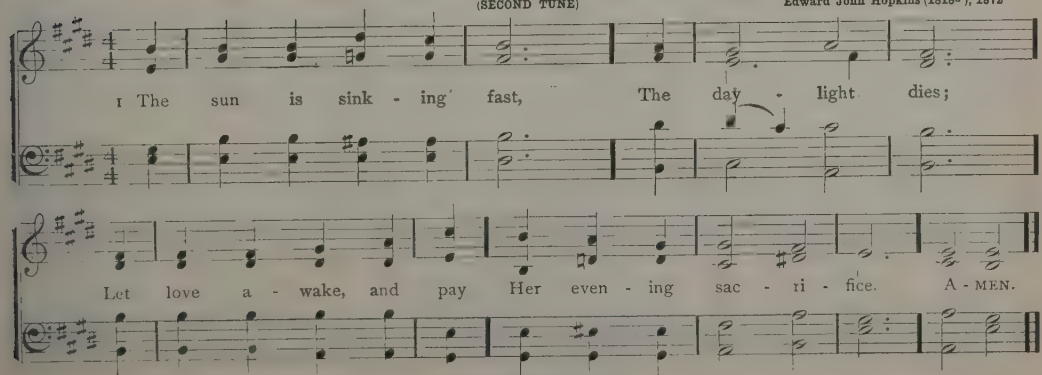
7 One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
Myself forever His,
And He forever mine. AMEN.

The Sun is Sinking Fast

EVENING SHADOWS 6.4.6.6.

(SECOND TUNE)

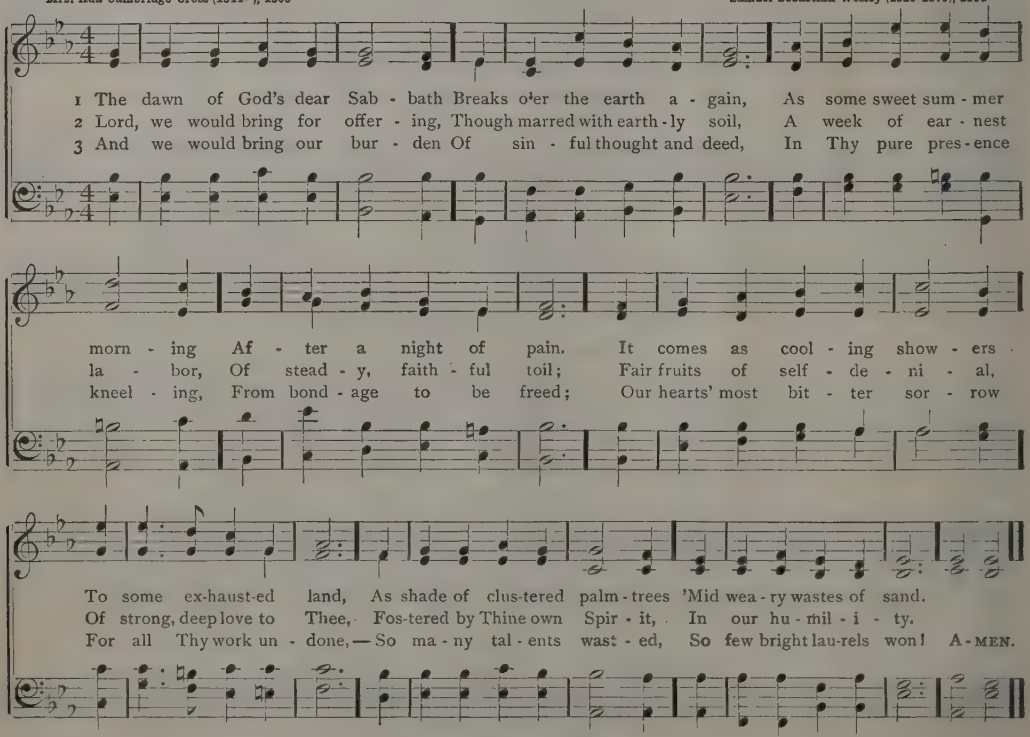
Edward John Hopkins (1818–), 1872



The Dawn of God's dear Sabbath

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Mrs. Ada Cambridge Cross (1844–), 1866 — Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876), 1864


1 The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain, As some sweet sum - mer
2 Lord, we would bring for offer - ing, Though marred with earth - ly soil, A week of ear - nest
3 And we would bring our bur - den Of sin - ful thought and deed, In Thy pure pres - ence
morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain. It comes as cool - ing show - ers
la - bor, Of stead - y, faith - ful toil; Fair fruits of self - de - ni - al,
kneel - ing, From bond - age to be freed; Our hearts' most bit - ter sor - row
To some ex-haust-ed land, As shade of clus-tered palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand.
Of strong, deep love to Thee, Fos-tered by Thine own Spir - it, In our hu - mil - i - ty.
For all Thy work un - done, — So ma - ny tal - ents wast - ed, So few bright lau-rels won! A - MEN.

The Dawn of God's dear Sabbath — *Concluded*

4 And, with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure;
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need,
And then the peace so lasting,—
Celestial peace indeed!

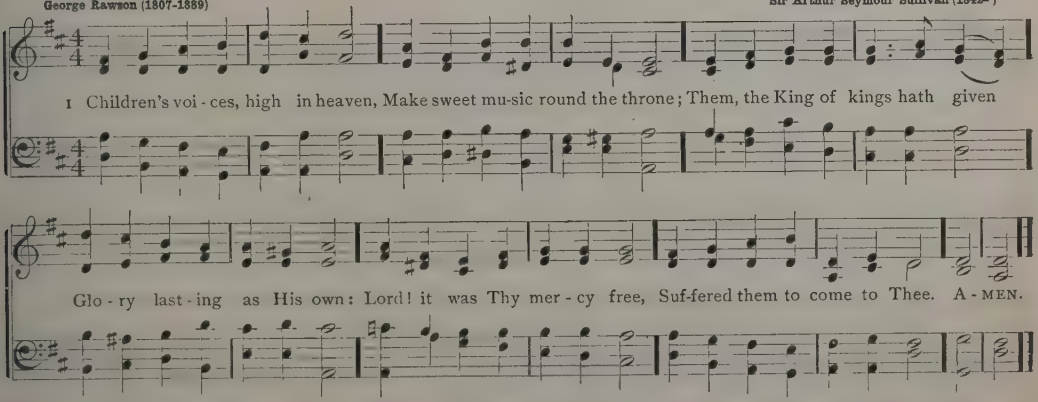
5 So be it, Lord, forever!
O, may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence,
His blessèd name adore;
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple walls,
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls;

6 So that, in joy and gladness,
We reach that home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-hands have gathered
The fair ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity! AMEN.

22 Children's Voices, High in Heaven

MOUNT ZION 7.7.7.7.7.7.

George Rawson (1807-1889) — Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)


1 Children's voi - ces, high in heaven, Make sweet mu-sic round the throne; Them, the King of kings hath given
Glo - ry last - ing as His own: Lord! it was Thy mer - cy free, Suf-fered them to come to Thee. A - MEN.

2 We would think of them to-day,
And their everlasting song;
We would sing as blest as they,
In the spirit-land ere long:
Lord! let us Thy children be,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

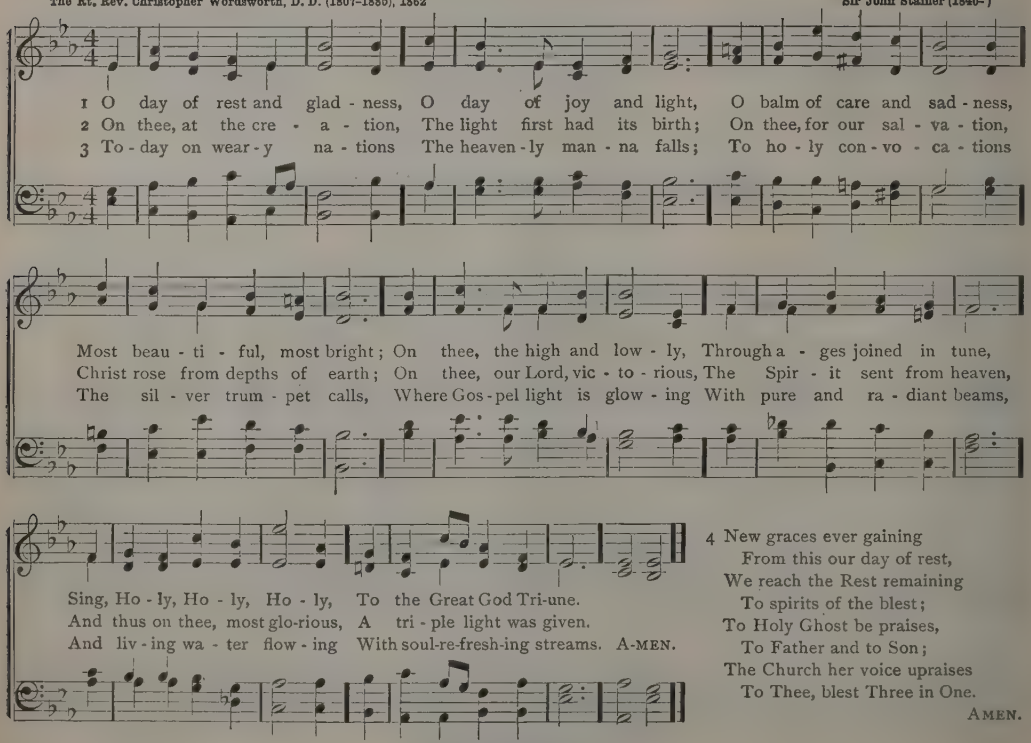
3 Now to come with loving mind,
Simple faith and earnest prayer.
Seeking Thy dear cross, to find
Full and free salvation there:
Lamb of God! our Saviour be,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

4 Lord, we come! be Thou our guide
Through life's dark and troubled way;
And when trained and sanctified,
Raise us to the perfect day:
Then in heaven Thy words shall be,
"Suffer them to come to Me." AMEN.

O Day of Rest and Gladness

MAGDALENA 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rt. Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. (1807–1885), 1862 — Sir John Stainer (1840–)

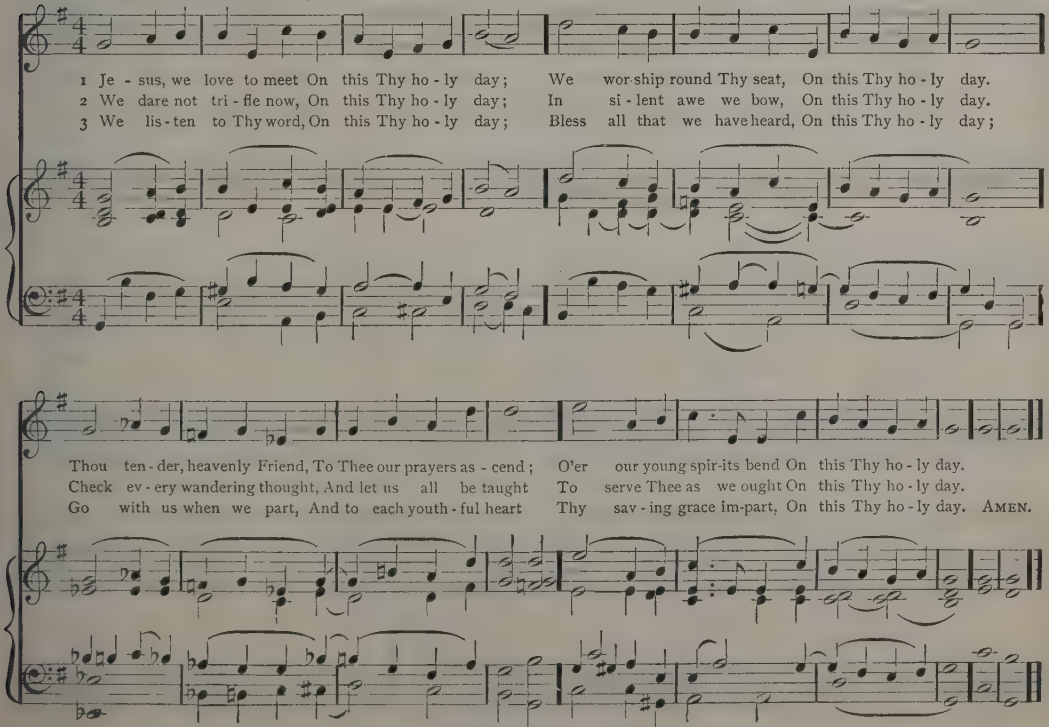

1 O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad - ness,
2 On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth; On thee, for our sal - va - tion,
3 To - day on wear - y na - tions The heaven - ly man - na falls; To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions
Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee, our Lord, vic - to - rious, The Spir - it sent from heaven,
The sil - ver trum - pet calls, Where Gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,
Sing, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the Great God Tri-une.
And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri - ple light was given.
And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul-re-fresh-ing streams. A-MEN.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.
AMEN.

Jesus, We Love to Meet

BEECHCROFT 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rooker Parson (1812–1873), 1858 — T. German Reed (1817–1888)

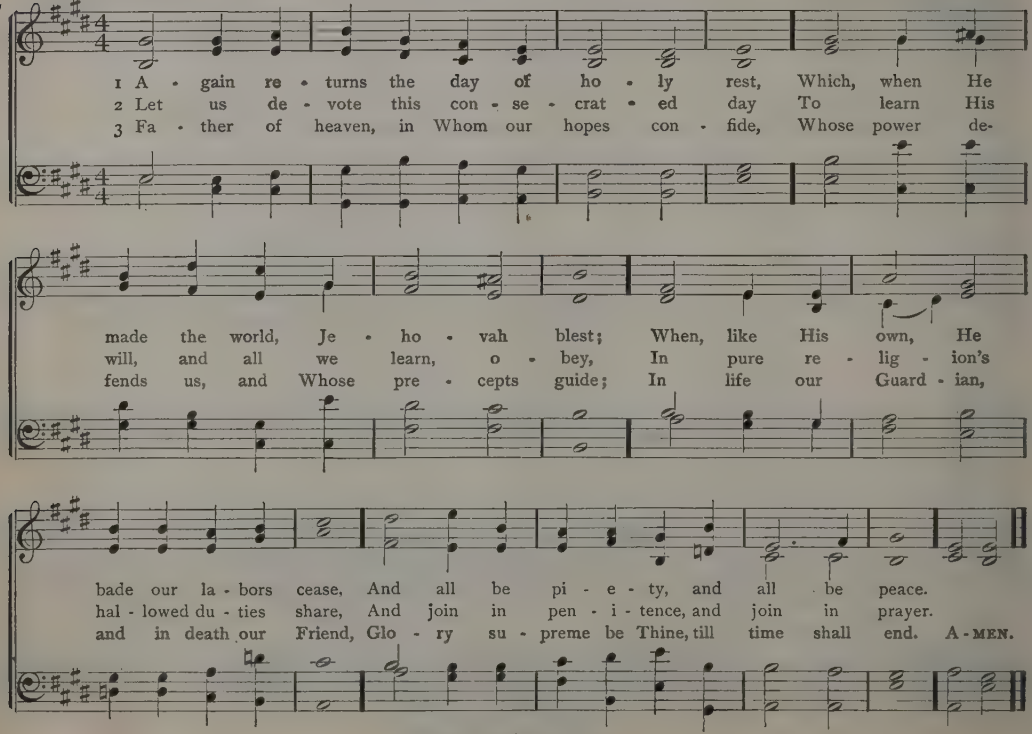

1 Je - sus, we love to meet On this Thy ho - ly day; We wor-ship round Thy seat, On this Thy ho - ly day.
2 We dare not tri - fle now, On this Thy ho - ly day; In si - lent awe we bow, On this Thy ho - ly day.
3 We lis - ten to Thy word, On this Thy ho - ly day; Bless all that we have heard, On this Thy ho - ly day;
Thou ten - der, heavenly Friend, To Thee our prayers as - cend; O'er our young spir-its bend On this Thy ho - ly day.
Check ev - ery wandering thought, And let us all be taught To serve Thee as we ought On this Thy ho - ly day.
Go with us when we part, And to each youth - ful heart Thy sav - ing grace im-part, On this Thy ho - ly day. AMEN.

Again Returns the Day of Holy Rest

LONGWOOD *10.10.10.10.*

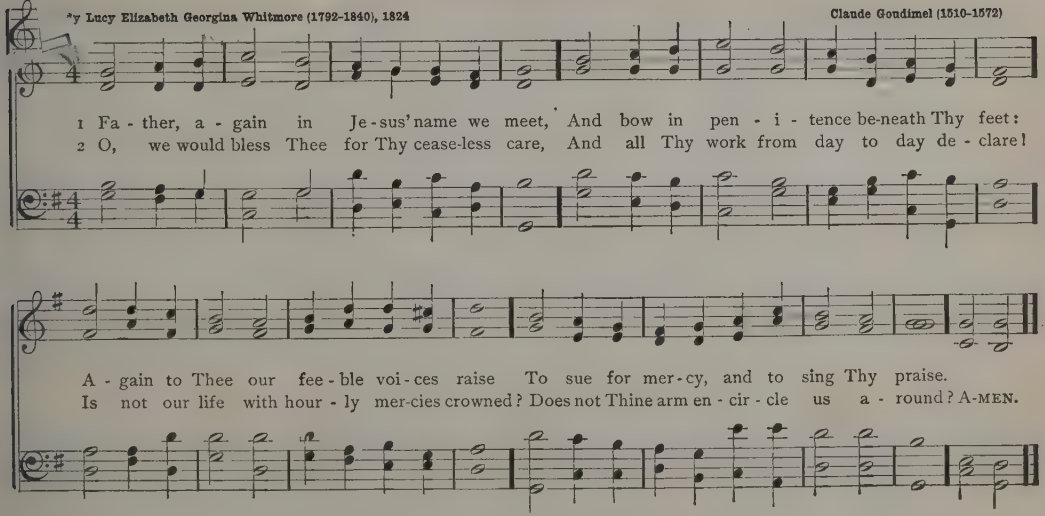
The Rt. The Rev. William Mason, M. A. (1725-1797)

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)


1 A - gain re - turns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when He
2 Let us de - vote this con - se - crat - ed day To learn His
3 Fa - ther of heaven, in Whom our hopes con - fide, Whose power de-
made the world, Je - ho - vah blest; When, like His own, He
will, and all we learn, o - bey, In pure re - lig - ion's
fends us, and Whose pre - cepts guide; In life our Guard - ian,
bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace.
hal - lowed du - ties share, And join in pen - i - tence, and join in prayer.
and in death our Friend, Glo - ry su - preme be Thine, till time shall end. A - MEN.

Father, Again in Jesus' Name We Meet

THE OLD 124th *10. 10. 10. 10.*


By Lucy Elizabeth Georgina Whitmore (1792–1840), 1824
Claude Goudimel (1510–1572)
1 Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i - tence be-neath Thy feet:
2 O, we would bless Thee for Thy cease-less care, And all Thy work from day to day de - clare!
A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voi - ces raise To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise.
Is not our life with hour - ly mer-cies crowned? Does not Thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round? A-MEN.

3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O, by that Name in which all fulness dwells,
O, by that Love which every love excels,
O, by that Blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest Mercy's gate, and take us in. AMEN

OPENING OF SERVICE

Lord, We Come before Thee Now

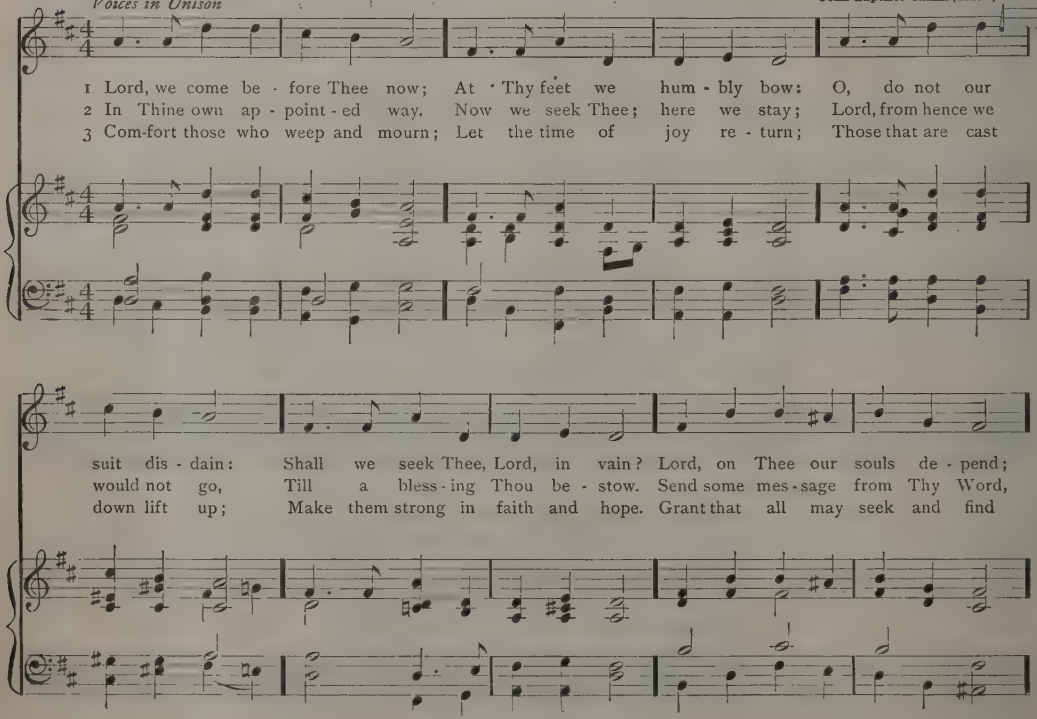
RAMOTH 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Rev. William Hammond (1719–1783), 1745

Voices in Unison

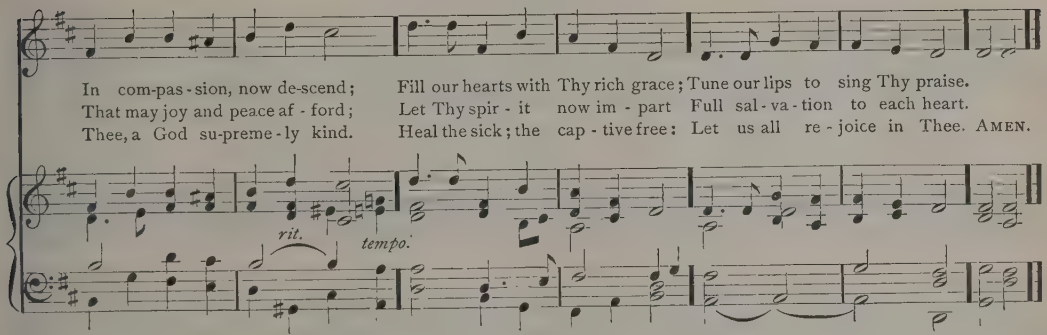
John Baptiste Calkin (1827–) (6)

1 Lord, we come be - fore Thee now; At Thy feet we hum - bly bow: O, do not our
2 In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay; Lord, from hence we
3 Com-fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn; Those that are cast



suit dis - dain: Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend;
would not go, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow. Send some mes - sage from Thy Word,
down lift up; Make them strong in faith and hope. Grant that all may seek and find

Lord, We Come before Thee Now — *Concluded*

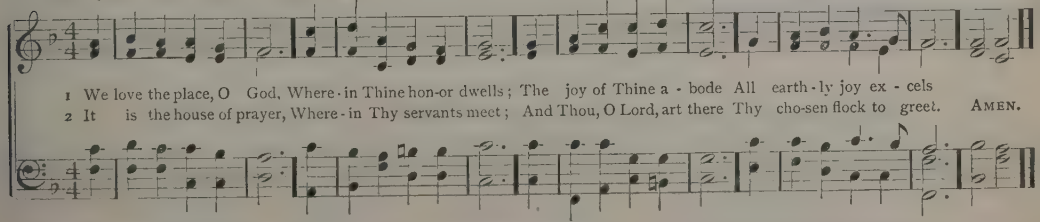

In com-pas-sion, now de-scend; Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
That may joy and peace af-ford; Let Thy spir-it now im-part Full sal-va-tion to each heart.
Thee, a God su-preme-ly kind. Heal the sick; the cap-tive free: Let us all re-joice in Thee. AMEN.
rit.
tempo.

28 We Love the Place, O God

QUAM DILECTA 6.6.6.6.

The Very Rev. William Bullock, D.D. (–1874), 1854, alt.

The Rt. Rev. Henry Lascelles Jenner, D.D., (1820–)


1 We love the place, O God, Where-in Thine hon-or dwells; The joy of Thine a-bode All earth-ly joy ex-cels
2 It is the house of prayer, Where-in Thy servants meet; And Thou, O Lord, art there Thy cho-sen flock to greet. AMEN.

3 We love the Word of Life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But O! we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

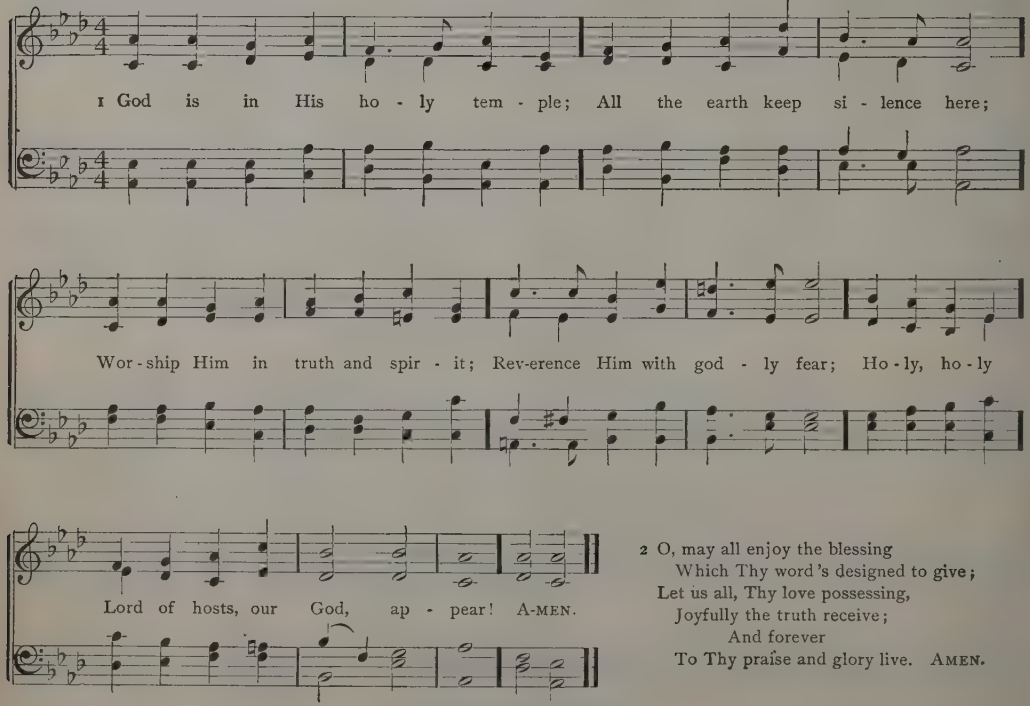
5 Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love Thee more,
In Heaven to see Thy face,
And with Thy saints adore. AMEN.

God is in His Holy Temple

ST. RAPHAEL 8.7.8.7.4.7.

James Montgomery (1771–1854), 1833
The Rev. Jonathan Evans (1749–1809)

Edward John Hopkins (1818–


1 God is in His ho - ly tem - ple; All the earth keep si - lence here;
Wor - ship Him in truth and spir - it; Rev-erence Him with god - ly fear; Ho - ly, ho - ly
Lord of hosts, our God, ap - pear! A-MEN.

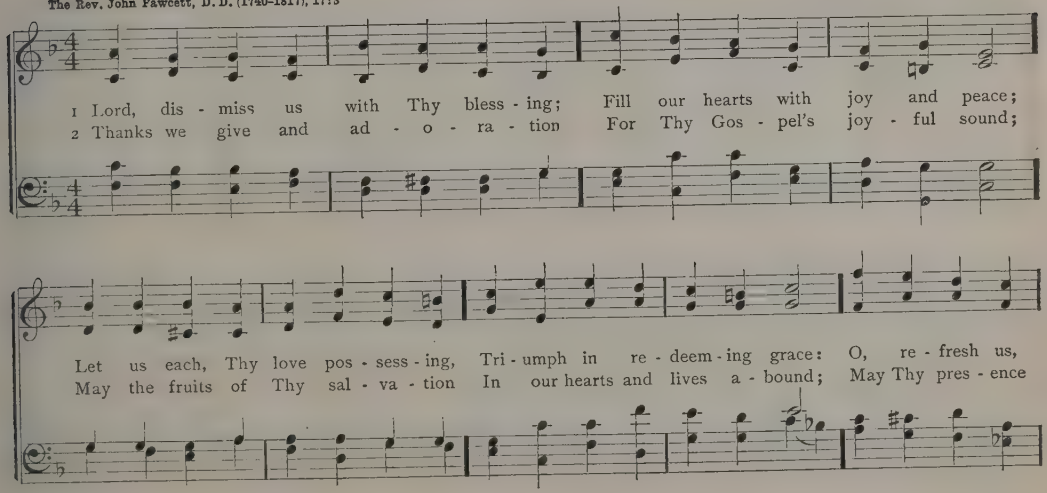
2 O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which Thy word's designed to give;
Let us all, Thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To Thy praise and glory live. AMEN.

Lord, Dismiss Us with Thy Blessing

ETON COLLEGE *8.7.8.7.4.7.*

The Rev. John Fawcett, D. D. (1740-1817), 1773

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1885


1 Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2 Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion For Thy Gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: O, re - fresh us,
May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound; May Thy pres - ence
Trav - elling through this wil - der - ness.
With us ev - er - more be found! A - MEN.

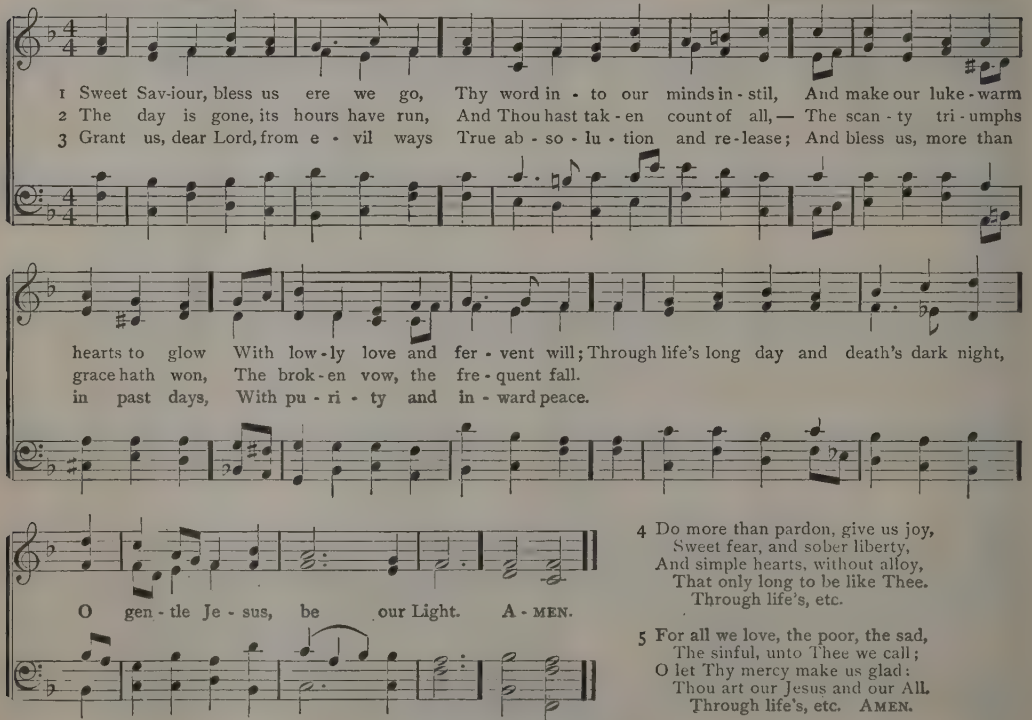
3 So, whene'er the signal 's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day. AMEN.

CLOSING OF SERVICE

Sweet Saviour, Bless Us ere We Go

ST. MATTHIAS 8.8.8.8.8.8.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814–1863), 1849 — William Henry Monk (1823–1889), 1862


1 Sweet Sav-iour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our minds in - stil, And make our luke - warm
2 The day is gone, its hours have run, And Thou hast tak - en count of all, — The scan - ty tri - umphs
3 Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion and re - lease; And bless us, more than
hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will; Through life's long day and death's dark night,
grace hath won, The brok - en vow, the fre - quent fall.
in past days, With pu - ri - ty and in - ward peace.
O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - MEN.

4 Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And simple hearts, without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's, etc.

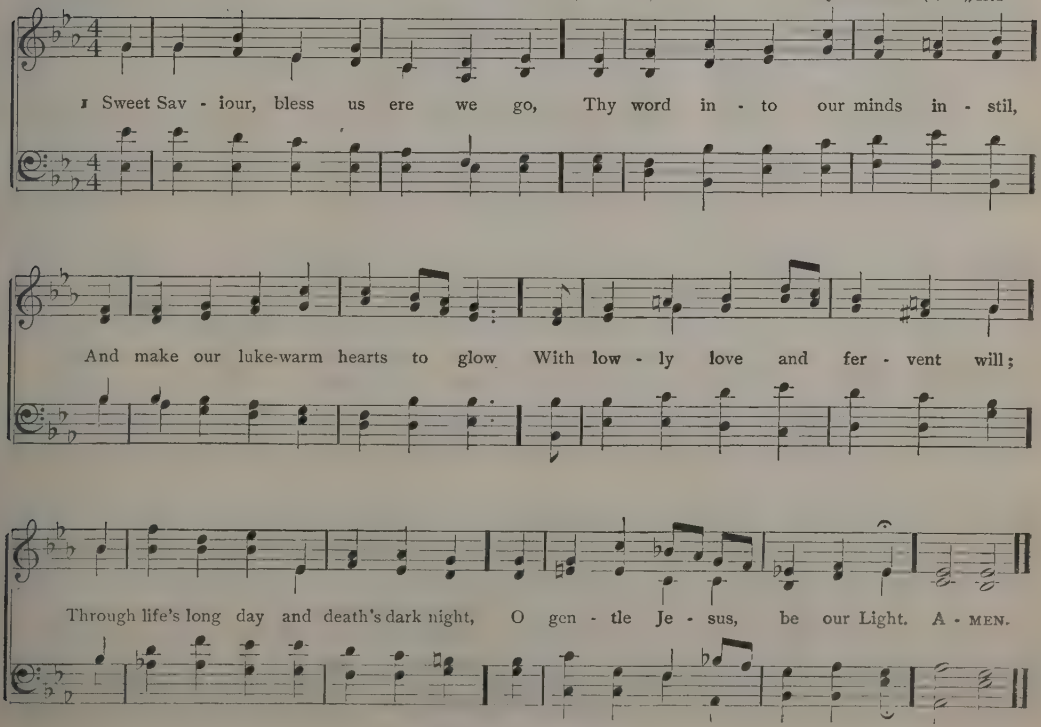
5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
Through life's, etc. AMEN.

CLOSING OF SERVICE

Sweet Saviour, Bless Us ere We Go

VALETE 8.8.8.8.8.8.

(SECOND TUNE) Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1874


1 Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our minds in - stil,
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will;
Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our Light. A - MEN.

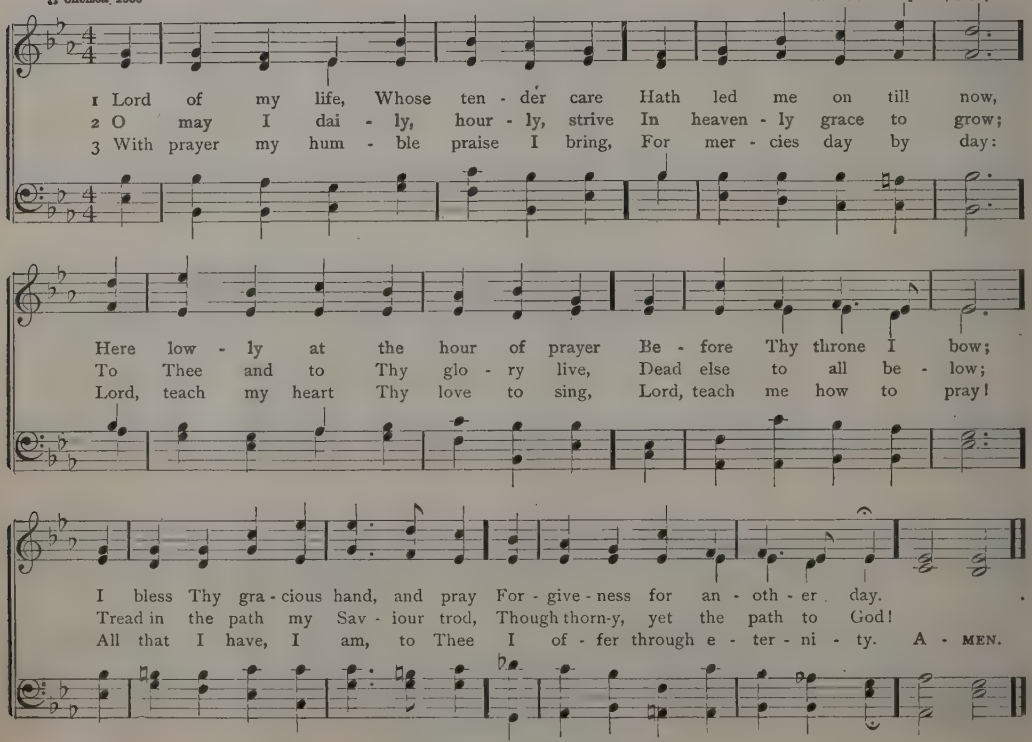
CLOSING OF SERVICE

Lord of My Life, Whose Tender Care

WESSEX 8.6.8.6.8.8.

Ω Chelsea, 1838

Edward John Hopkins (1818-)


1 Lord of my life, Whose ten - der care Hath led me on till now,
2 O may I dai - ly, hour - ly, strive In heaven - ly grace to grow;
3 With prayer my hum - ble praise I bring, For mer - cies day by day:
Here low - ly at the hour of prayer Be - fore Thy throne I bow;
To Thee and to Thy glo - ry live, Dead else to all be - low;
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing, Lord, teach me how to pray!
I bless Thy gra - cious hand, and pray For - give - ness for an - oth - er day.
Tread in the path my Sav - iour trod, Though thorn-y, yet the path to God!
All that I have, I am, to Thee I of - fer through e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

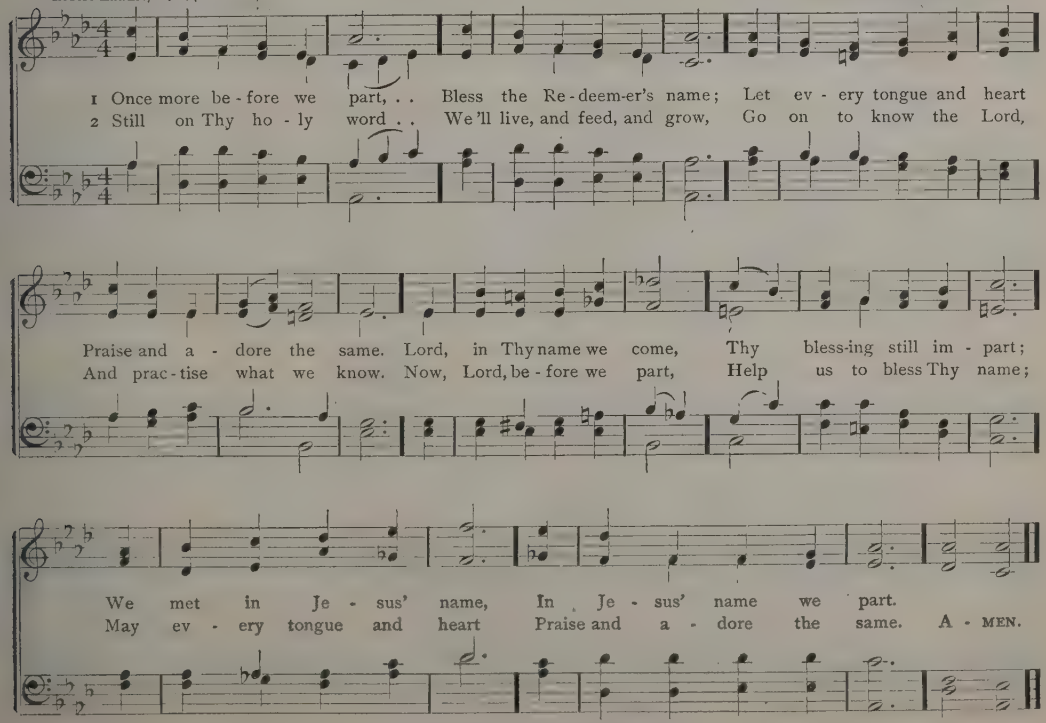
CLOSING OF SERVICE

Once More before We Part

THE BLESSED HOME 6.6.6.6.6.6.6.6.

Joseph Hart (1712-1768)
Robert Hawker, M. D. (1753-1827)

Sir John Stainer (1840-), 1872


1 Once more be - fore we part, . . Bless the Re - deem-er's name; Let ev - ery tongue and heart
2 Still on Thy ho - ly word . . We'll live, and feed, and grow, Go on to know the Lord,
Praise and a - dore the same. Lord, in Thy name we come, Thy bless-ing still im - part;
And prac - tise what we know. Now, Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless Thy name;
We met in Je - sus' name, In Je - sus' name we part.
May ev - ery tongue and heart Praise and a - dore the same. A - MEN.

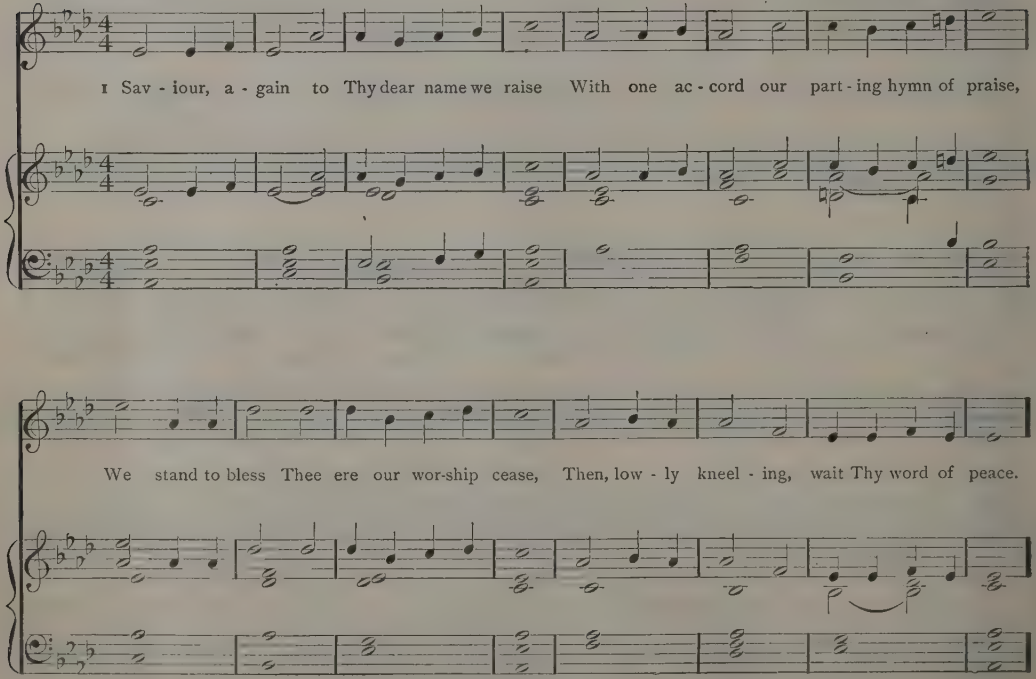
Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name

ELLERS 10.10.10.10.

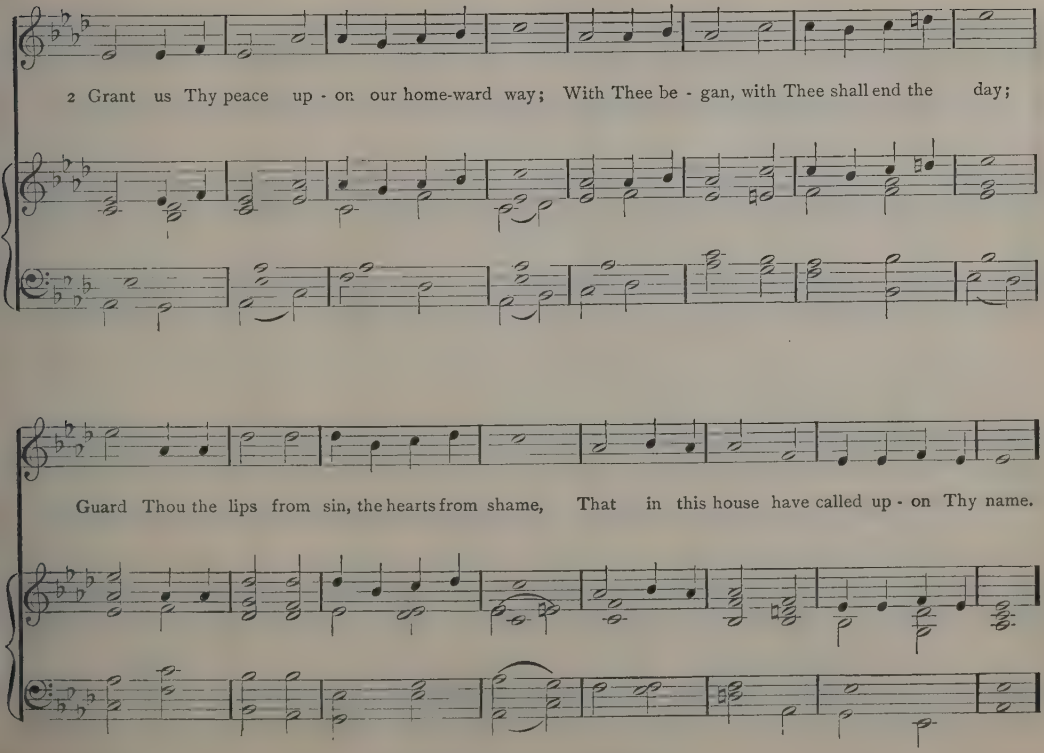
The Rev. John Ellerton, M. A. (1826–1893), 1866

Voices in Unison

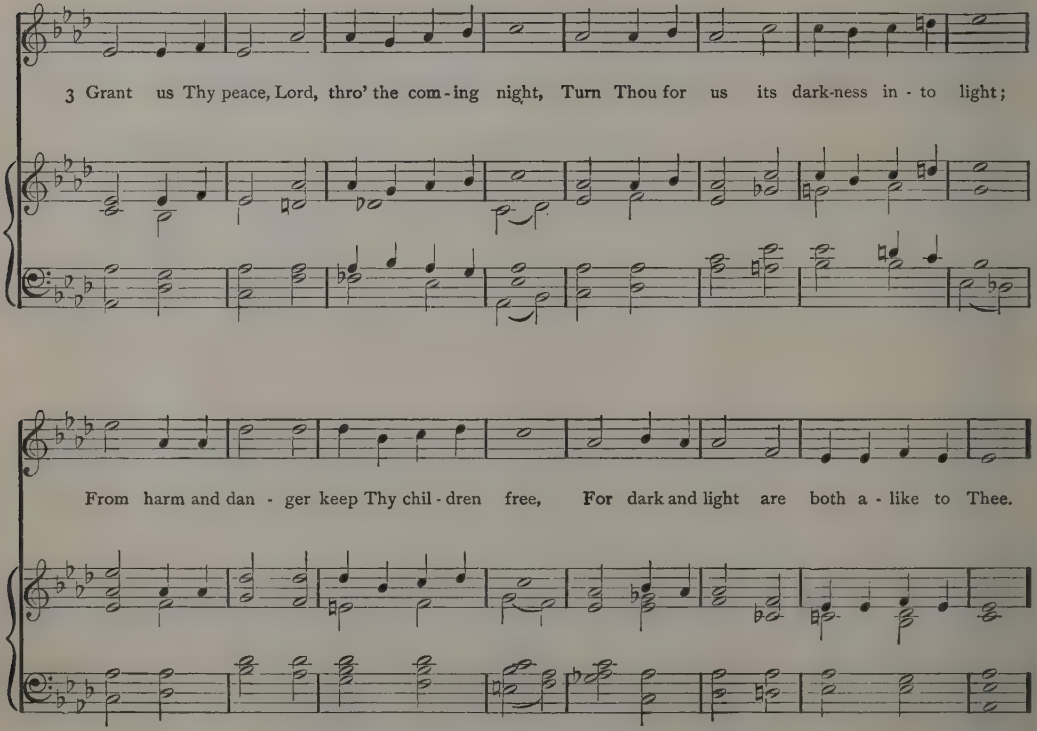
Edward John Hopkins (1818–), 1865


1 Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise,
We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.

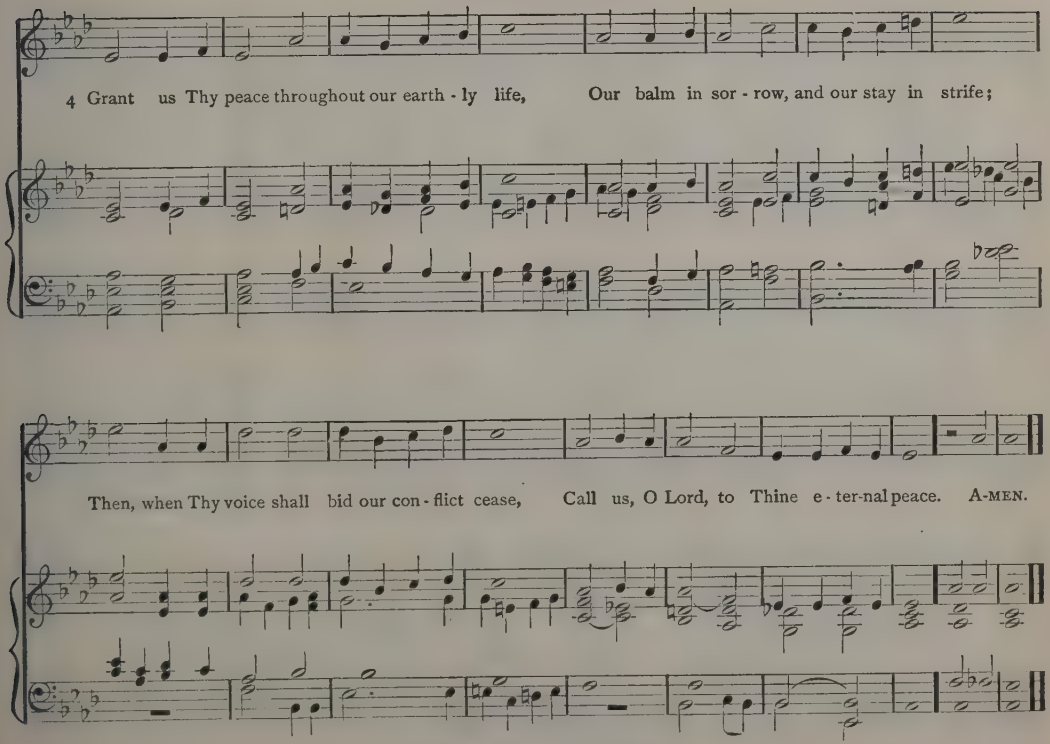
Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name — *Continued*


2 Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.

Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name — *Continued*


3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for us its dark-ness in-to light;
From harm and dan-ger keep Thy chil-dren free, For dark and light are both a-like to Thee.

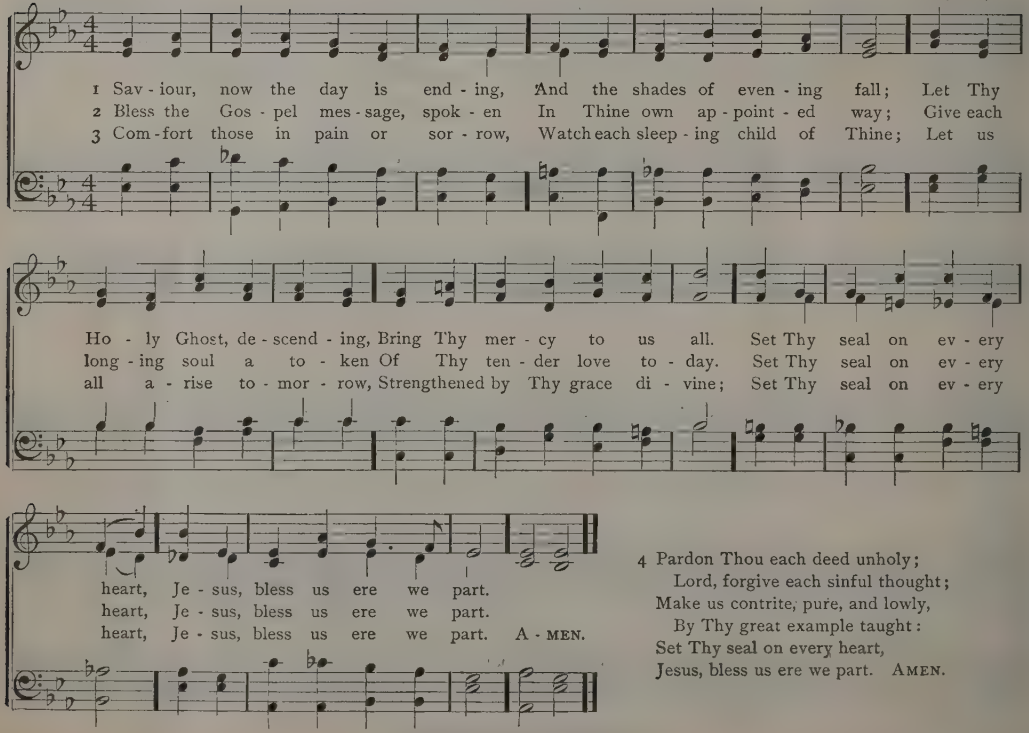
Saviour, again to Thy Dear Name — *Concluded*


4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter-nal peace. A-MEN.

Saviour, Now the Day is Ending

ILKLEY 8.7.8.7.7.

Sarah Doudney, 1871 — James William Elliott (1816–)


1 Sav - iour, now the day is end - ing, And the shades of even - ing fall; Let Thy
2 Bless the Gos - pel mes - sage, spok - en In Thine own ap - point - ed way; Give each
3 Com - fort those in pain or sor - row, Watch each sleep - ing child of Thine; Let us
Ho - ly Ghost, de - scend - ing, Bring Thy mer - cy to us all. Set Thy seal on ev - ery
long - ing soul a to - ken Of Thy ten - der love to - day. Set Thy seal on ev - ery
all a - rise to - mor - row, Strengthened by Thy grace di - vine; Set Thy seal on ev - ery
heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.
heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part.
heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part. A - MEN.

4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy;
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By Thy great example taught:
Set Thy seal on every heart,
Jesus, bless us ere we part. AMEN.

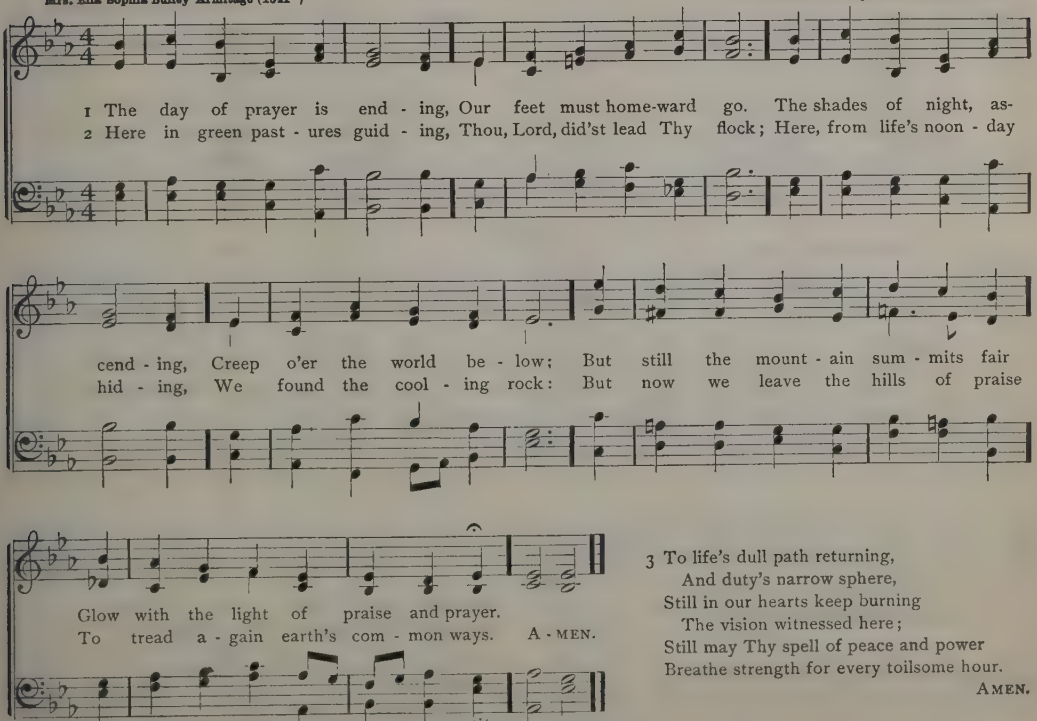
CLOSING OF SERVICE

The Day of Prayer is Ending

ST. ANATOLIUS No. II. 7.6.7.6.8.8.

Mrs. Ella Sophia Bulley Armitage (1841-)

Arthur Henry Brown (1830-), 1874


1 The day of prayer is end - ing, Our feet must home-ward go. The shades of night, as-
2 Here in green past - ures guid - ing, Thou, Lord, did'st lead Thy flock; Here, from life's noon - day
cend - ing, Creep o'er the world be - low; But still the mount - ain sum - mits fair
hid - ing, We found the cool - ing rock: But now we leave the hills of praise
Glow with the light of praise and prayer.
To tread a - gain earth's com - mon ways. A - MEN.

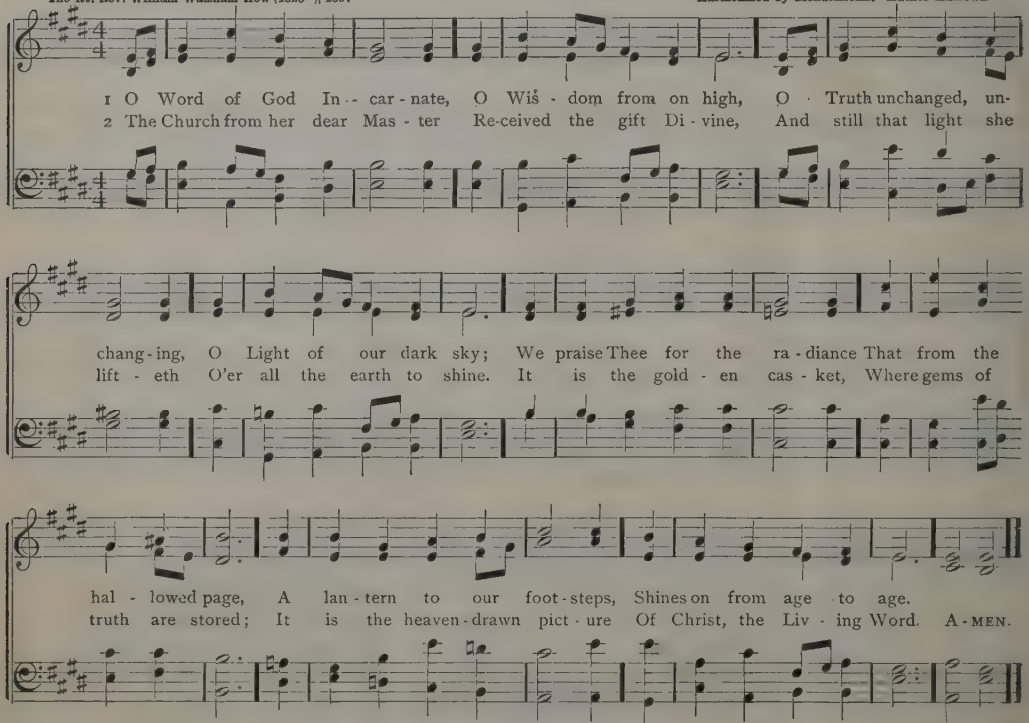
3 To life's dull path returning,
And duty's narrow sphere,
Still in our hearts keep burning
The vision witnessed here;
Still may Thy spell of peace and power
Breathe strength for every toilsome hour.
AMEN.

CLOSING OF SERVICE

O Word of God Incarnate

MUNICH 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How (1823-), 1857 — Harmonized by Mendelssohn. Author unknown


1 O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un-
2 The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re-ceived the gift Di - vine, And still that light she
chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky; We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the
lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine. It is the gold - en cas - ket, Where gems of
hal - lowed page, A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
truth are stored; It is the heaven - drawn pict - ure Of Christ, the Liv - ing Word. A - MEN.

O Word of God Incarnate — *Concluded*

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O, teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. AMEN.

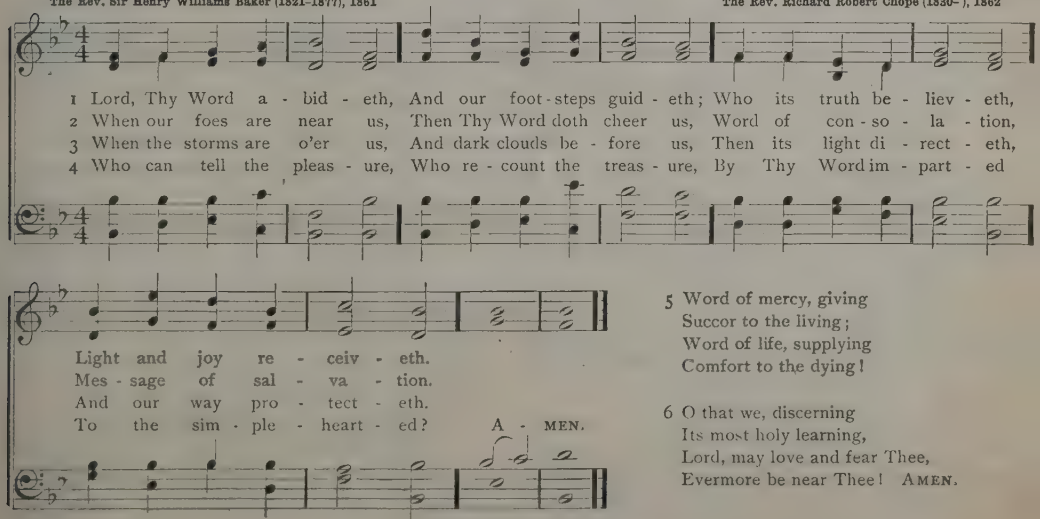
38

Lord, Thy Word Abideth

ST. CYPRIAN 6.6.6.6.

The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877), 1861

The Rev. Richard Robert Chope (1830–), 1862


1 Lord, Thy Word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth; Who its truth be - liev - eth,
2 When our foes are near us, Then Thy Word doth cheer us, Word of con - so - la - tion,
3 When the storms are o'er us, And dark clouds be - fore us, Then its light di - rect - eth,
4 Who can tell the pleas - ure, Who re - count the treas - ure, By Thy Word im - part - ed
Light and joy re - ceiv - eth.
Mes - sage of sal - va - tion.
And our way pro - tect - eth.
To the sim - ple - heart - ed?
A - MEN.

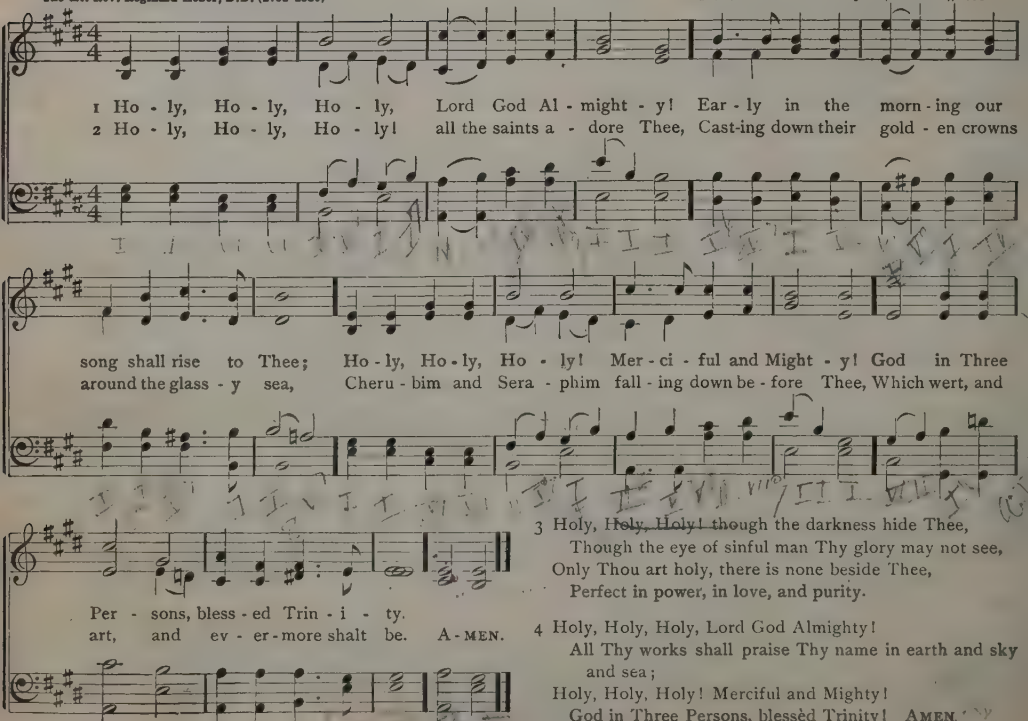
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 O that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! AMEN.

Holy, Holy, Holy

NICÆA 11.12.12.10.

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826) — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1861


1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our
2 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their gold - en crowns
song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three
around the glass - y sea, Cheru - bim and Sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and
Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
art, and ev - er - more shalt be. A - MEN.

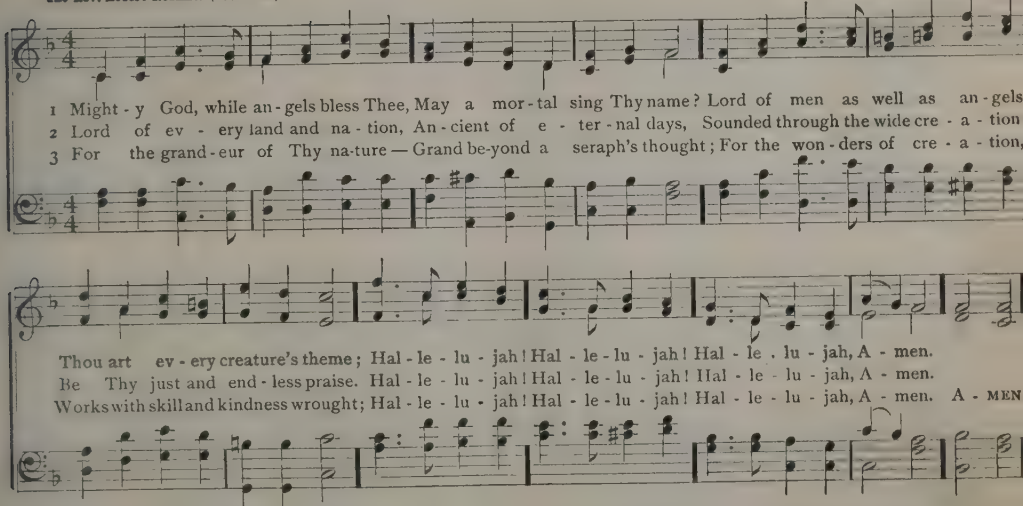
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity! AMEN.

Mighty God, While Angels Bless Thee

KENSINGTON NEW 8.7.8.7.4.4.6.

The Rev. Robert Robinson (1735-1790) — James Tilleard (1827-1876)


1 Might - y God, while an - gels bless Thee, May a mor - tal sing Thy name? Lord of men as well as an - gels
2 Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, An - cient of e - ter - nal days, Sounded through the wide cre - a - tion
3 For the grand - eur of Thy na-ture — Grand be-yond a seraph's thought; For the won - ders of cre - a - tion,
Thou art ev - ery creature's theme; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
Be Thy just and end - less praise. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
Works with skill and kindness wrought; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - MEN

4 For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow;
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

5 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression;
Who dare sing that awful song?
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

6 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen.

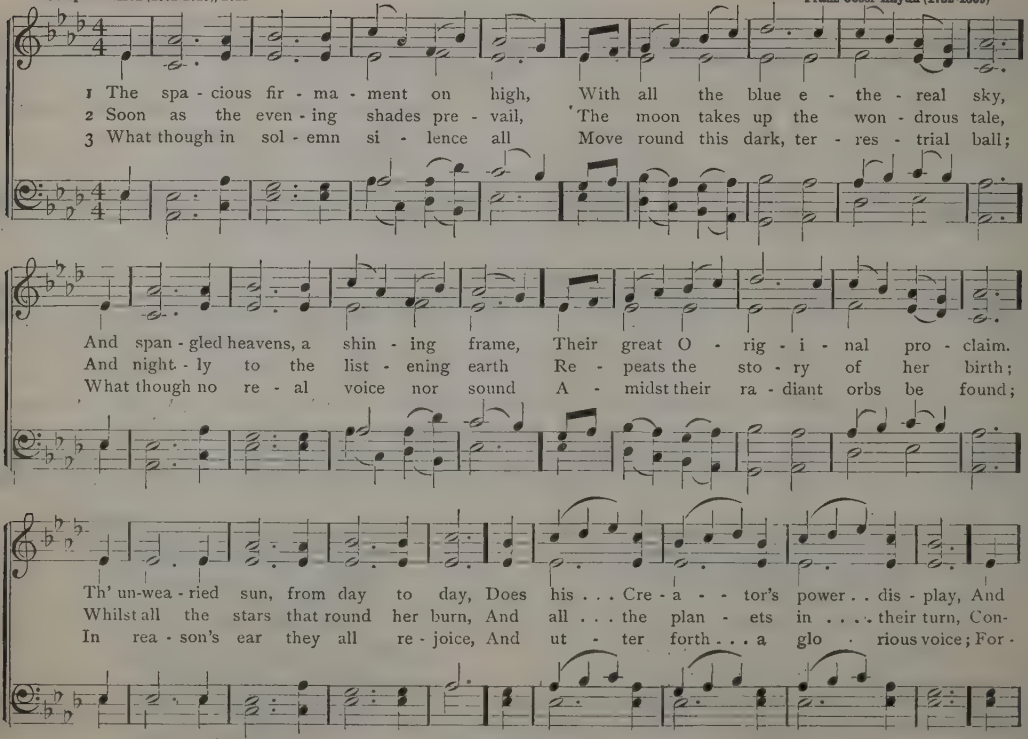
7 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives,
Flow, my praise, forever flow.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Amen. AMEN.

The Spacious Firmament on High

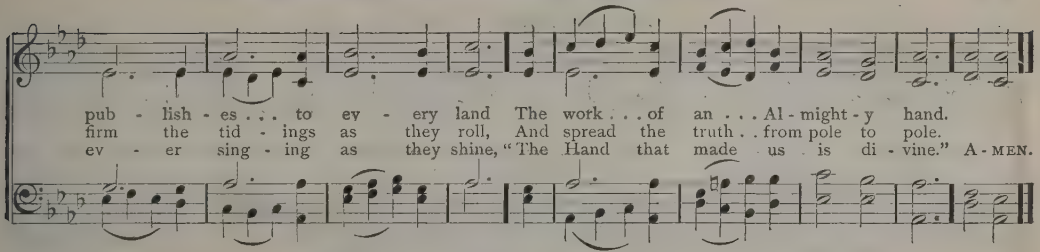
CREATION *L.M.D.*

Joseph Addison (1672-1719), 1712

Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)


1 The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,
2 Soon as the even - ing shades pre - vail, The moon takes up the won - drous tale,
3 What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this dark, ter - res - trial ball;
And span - gled heavens, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.
And night - ly to the list - ening earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;
What though no re - al voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be found;
Th' un-wea - ried sun, from day to day, Does his . . . Cre - a - - tor's power . . dis - play, And
Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all . . . the plan - ets in . . . . their turn, Con-
In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth . . . a glo - rious voice; For -

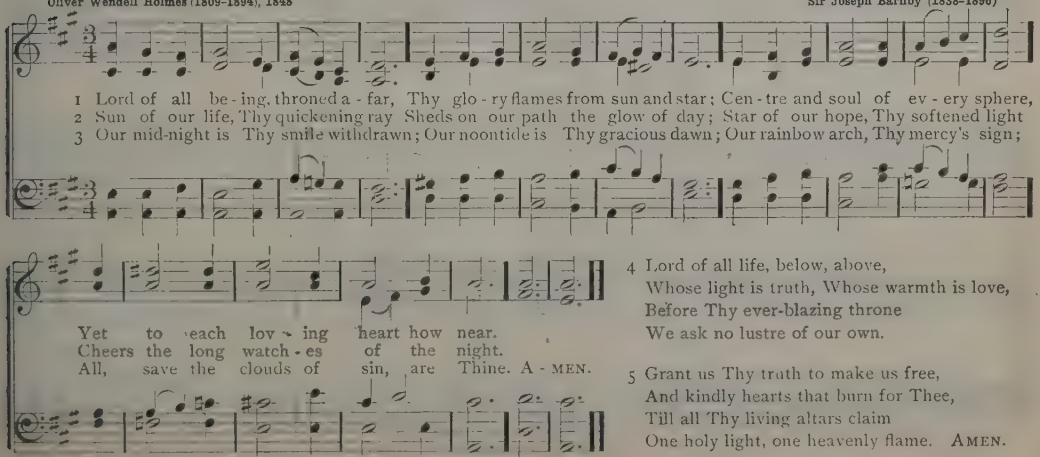
PRAISE TO GOD


pub - lish - es . . . to ev - ery land The work . . . of an . . . Al - might - y hand.
firm the tid - ings as they roll, And spread the truth . . from pole to pole.
ev - er sing - ing as they shine, "The Hand that made us is di - vine." A - MEN.

42 Lord of all Being, Throned Afar

STRATFORD L.M.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894), 1848 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)


1 Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of ev - ery sphere,
2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray Sheds on our path the glow of day; Star of our hope, Thy softened light
3 Our mid-night is Thy smile withdrawn; Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn; Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
Yet to each lov - ing heart how near.
Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine. A - MEN.

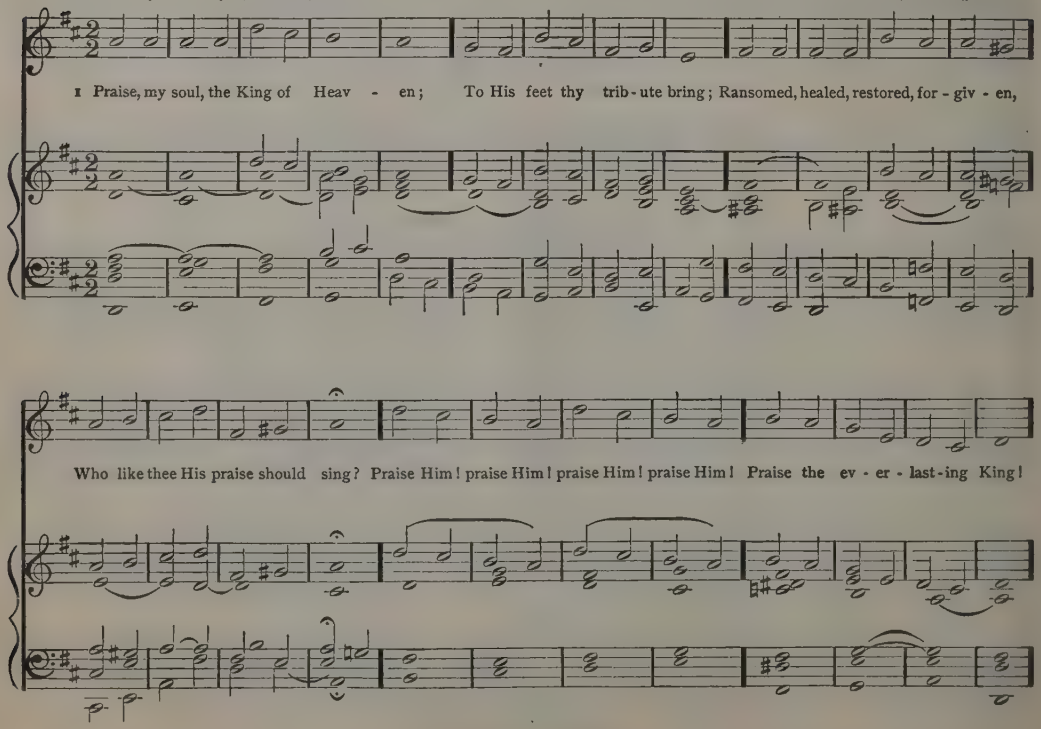
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindly hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame. AMEN.

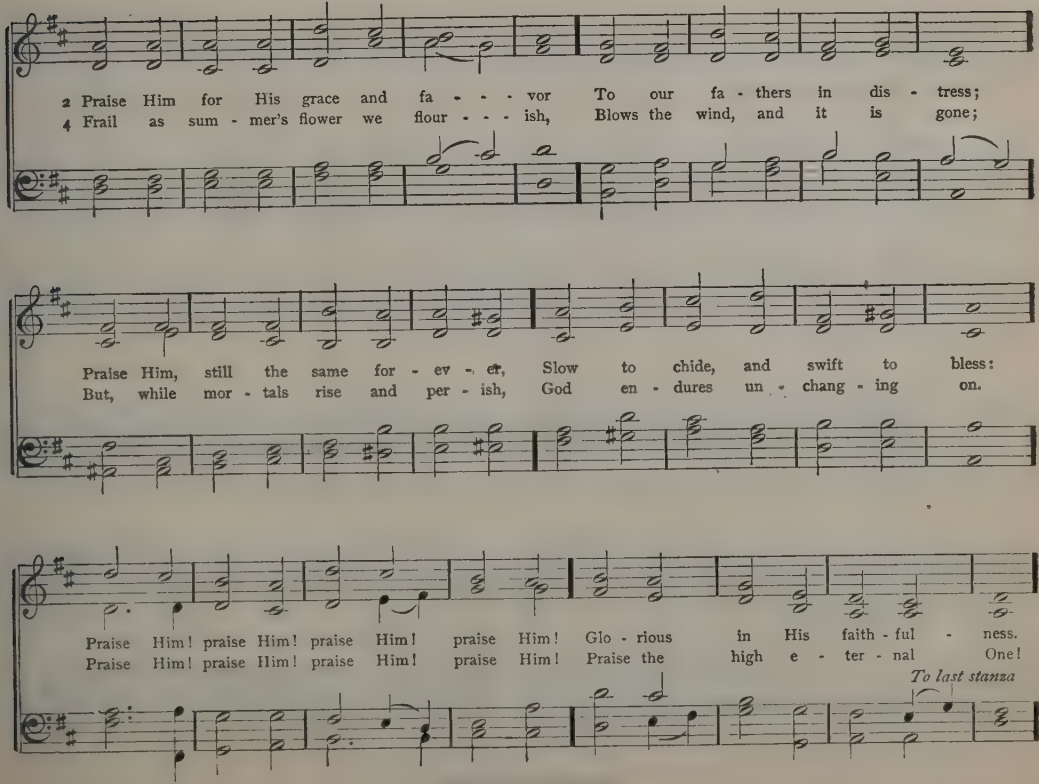
Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

BENEDIC ANIMA 8.7.8.7.8.7.

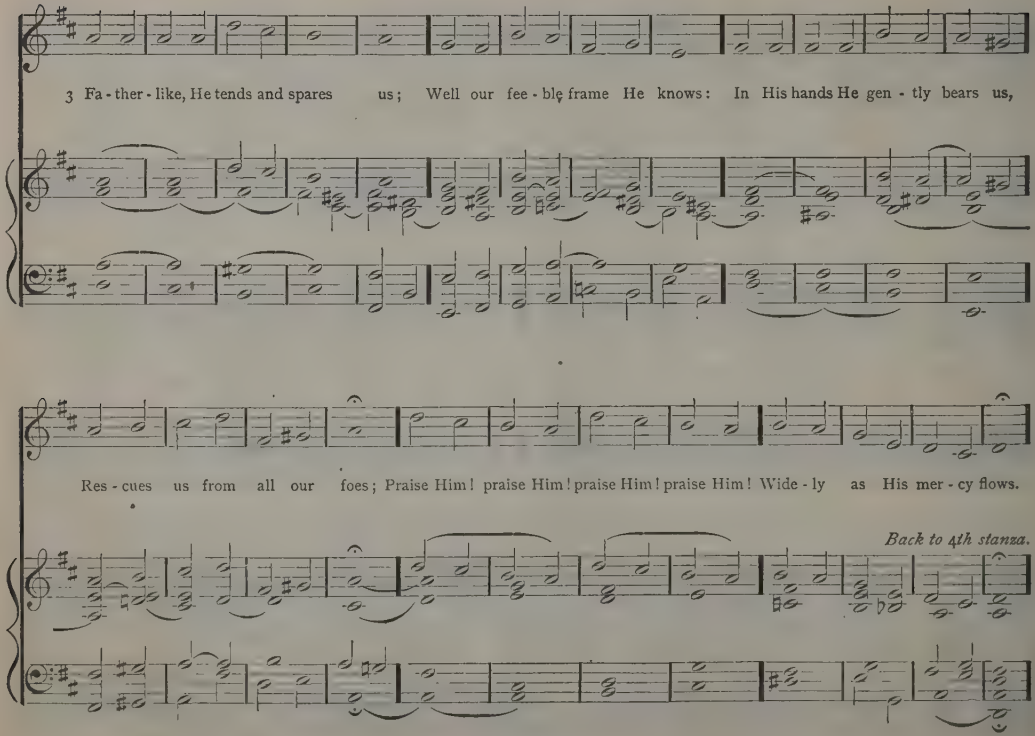
The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847), 1834 — Sir John Goss (1800-1880), 1869

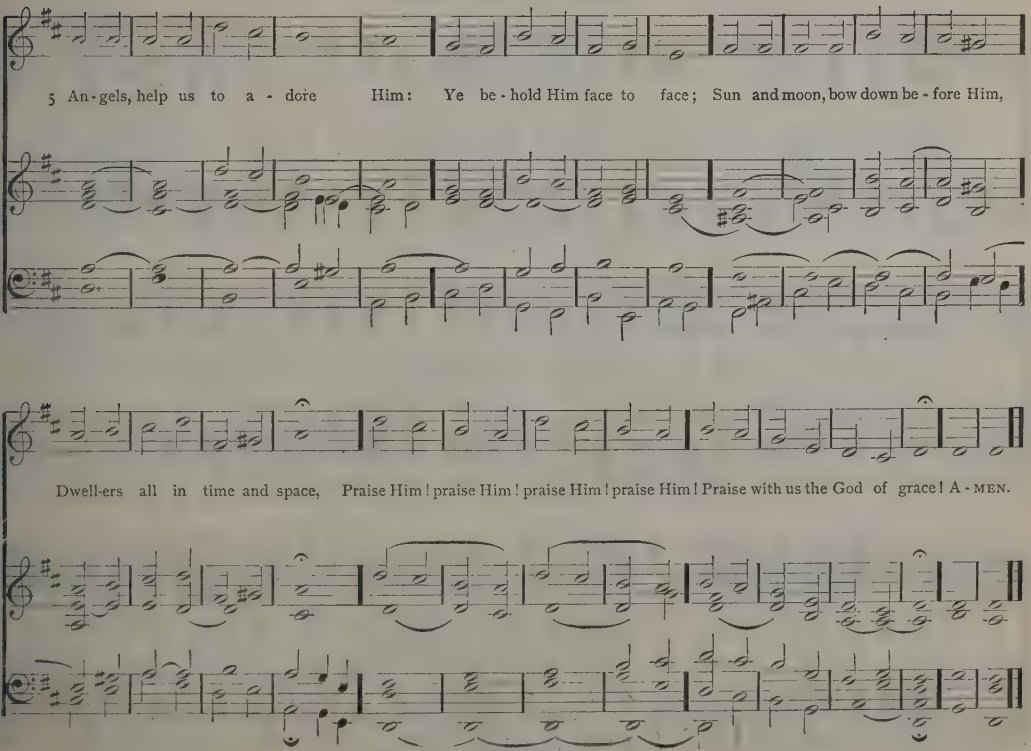

1 Praise, my soul, the King of Heav - en; To His feet thy trib - ute bring; Ransomed, healed, restored, for - giv - en,
Who like thee His praise should sing? Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!

Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven — *Continued*


2 Praise Him for His grace and fa - - - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
4 Frail as sum - mer's flower we flour - - - ish, Blows the wind, and it is gone;
Praise Him, still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un - chang - ing on.
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glo - rious in His faith - ful - ness.
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the high e - ter - nal One!
To last stanza

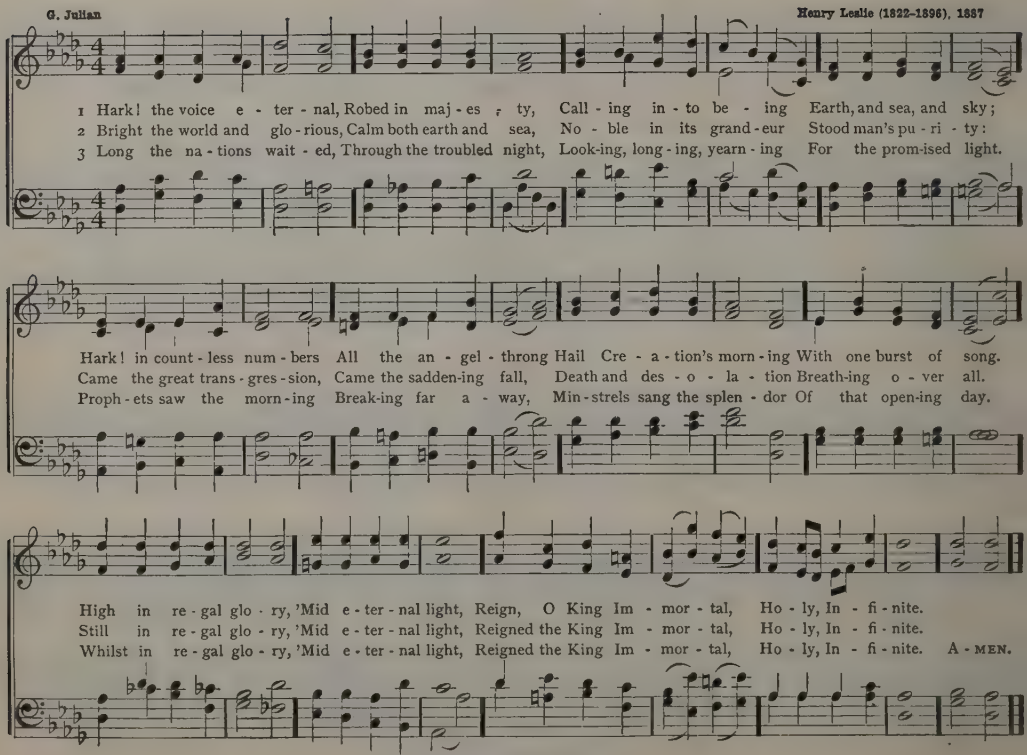
Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven — *Continued*


3 Fa - ther - like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows: In His hands He gen - tly bears us,
Res - cues us from all our foes; Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.
Back to 4th stanza.


5 An-gels, help us to a-dore Him: Ye be-hold Him face to face; Sun and moon, bow down be-fore Him,
Dwell-ers all in time and space, Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace! A-MEN.

Hark! the Voice Eternal

OSWESTRY 6.5. *12 lines*


G. Julian
Henry Leslie (1822–1896), 1857
1 Hark! the voice e - ter - nal, Robed in maj - es - ty, Call - ing in - to be - ing Earth, and sea, and sky;
2 Bright the world and glo - rious, Calm both earth and sea, No - ble in its grand - eur Stood man's pu - ri - ty:
3 Long the na - tions wait - ed, Through the troubled night, Look-ing, long - ing, yearn - ing For the prom-ised light.
Hark! in count - less num - bers All the an - gel - throng Hail Cre - a - tion's morn - ing With one burst of song.
Came the great trans - gres - sion, Came the sadden-ing fall, Death and des - o - la - tion Breath-ing o - ver all.
Proph - ets saw the morn - ing Break-ing far a - way, Min - strels sang the splen - dor Of that open-ing day.
High in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reign, O King Im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite.
Still in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reigned the King Im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite.
Whilst in re - gal glo - ry, 'Mid e - ter - nal light, Reigned the King Im - mor - tal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite. A - MEN.

Hark! the Voice Eternal — *Concluded*

4 Brightly dawned the advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

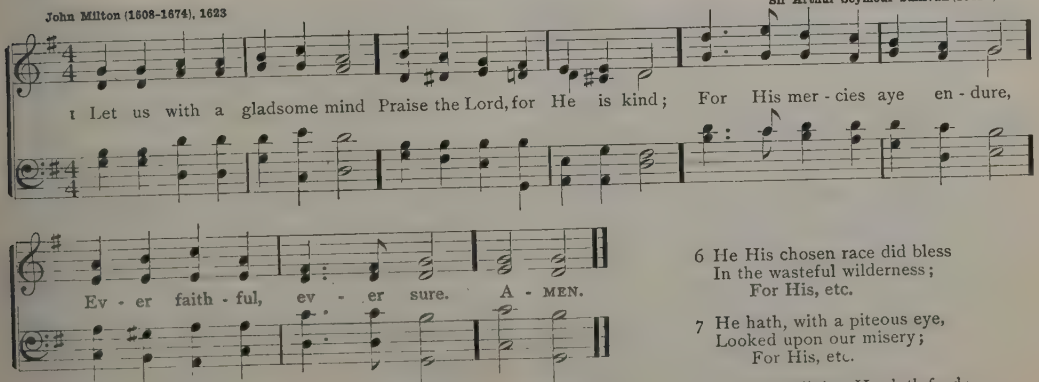
5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, Thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

6 Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest, and King,
To Thy feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.
Thine the pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honor
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite. AMEN.

45 Let Us with a Gladsome Mind

FAITHFUL 7.7.7.7.

John Milton (1608-1674), 1623 — Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)



2 Let us blaze His name abroad,
For of gods He is the God;
For His, etc.

3 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For His, etc.

4 Caused the golden-tressèd sun
All day long his course to run;
For His, etc.

5 And the moon to shine by night,
'Mong her spangled sisters bright;
For His, etc.

6 He His chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For His, etc.

7 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For His, etc.

8 All things living He doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For His, etc.

9 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His great majesty and worth;
For His, etc. AMEN.

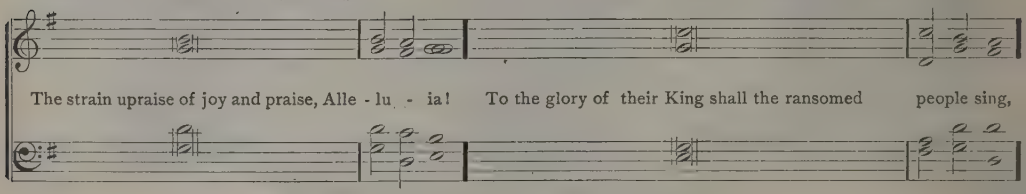
PRAISE TO GOD

The Strain Upraise of Joy and Praise

THE STRAIN UPRAISE

S. Notker, about 862
Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1854

William Hayes (1707-1777), 1740
Adapted by Arthur Henry Dyke Troyte (1811-1857)


The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle - lu - ia!
To the glory of their King shall the ransomed people sing,
Alle - lu - ia! Alle - lu - ia! A - MEN.

And the choirs that | dwell on high || Shall re-echo | through the sky || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

They in the rest of Para | dise who dwell || The blessèd ones with joy the | chorus swell || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

The planets beaming on their | heavenly way || The shining constellations | join and say || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

Ye clouds that onward sweep, ye winds on | pinions light || Ye thunders echoing loud and deep, ye lightnings | wildly bright || In sweet con | sent unite || Your Alle | luia!

Ye floods and ocean billows, ye storms and | winter snow || Ye days of cloudless beauty, hoar-frost and | summer glow || Ye groves that wave in spring, and glorious | forests sing || Alle | luia!

First let the birds with painted | plumage gay || Exalt their great Creator's | praise and say || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

Then let the beasts of earth with | varying strain || Join in creation's hymn and | cry again || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

Here let the mountains thunder forth so | norous || Alle | luia || There let the valleys sing in gentler | chorus || Alle | luia!

Thou jubilant abyss of | ocean cry || Alle | luia || Ye tracts of earth and conti | nents reply || Alle | luia!

To God, who all cre | ation made || The frequent hymn be | duly paid || Alle | luia || Alle | luia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain the Lord Al | mighty loves || Alle | luia || This is the song, the heavenly song that Christ the | King approves || Alle | luia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a | waking || Alle | luia || And children's voices echo answer | making || Alle | luia!

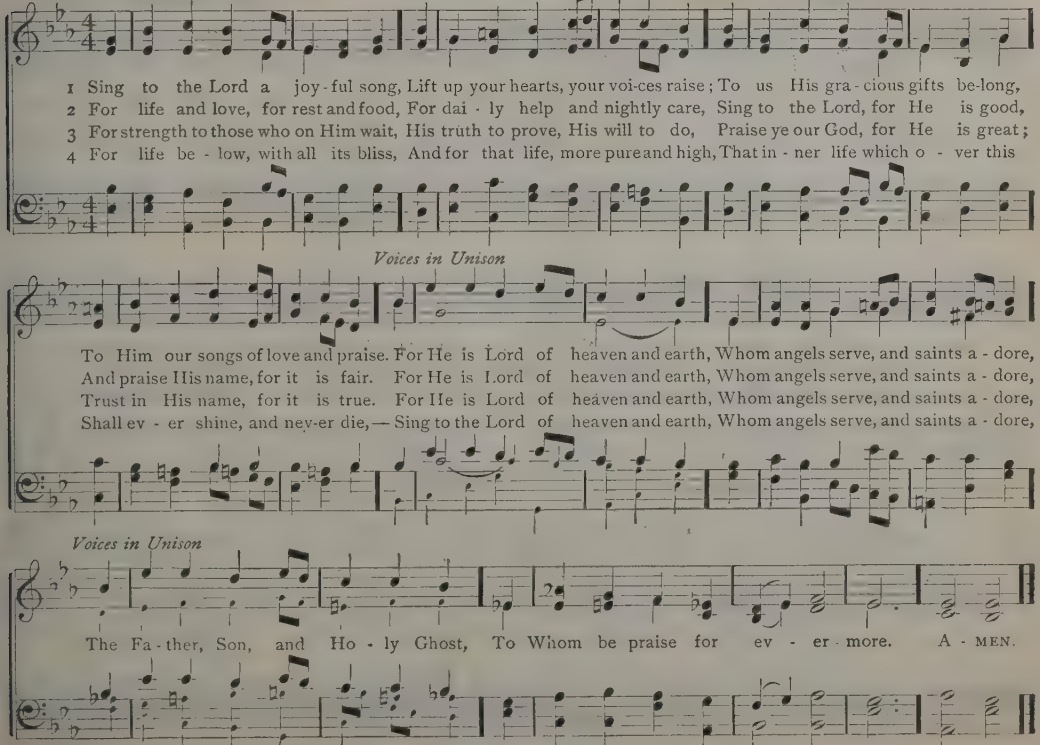
Now from all men | be outpoured || Alleluia | to the Lord || With Alleluia | evermore || The Son and Spirit | we adore.

Praise be done to the | Three in One || Alle | luia || Alle | luia || Alle | luia || AMEN.

Sing to the Lord a Joyful Song

KOENIG L.M.D.

The Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL. D. (1811-1875), 1863 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1872

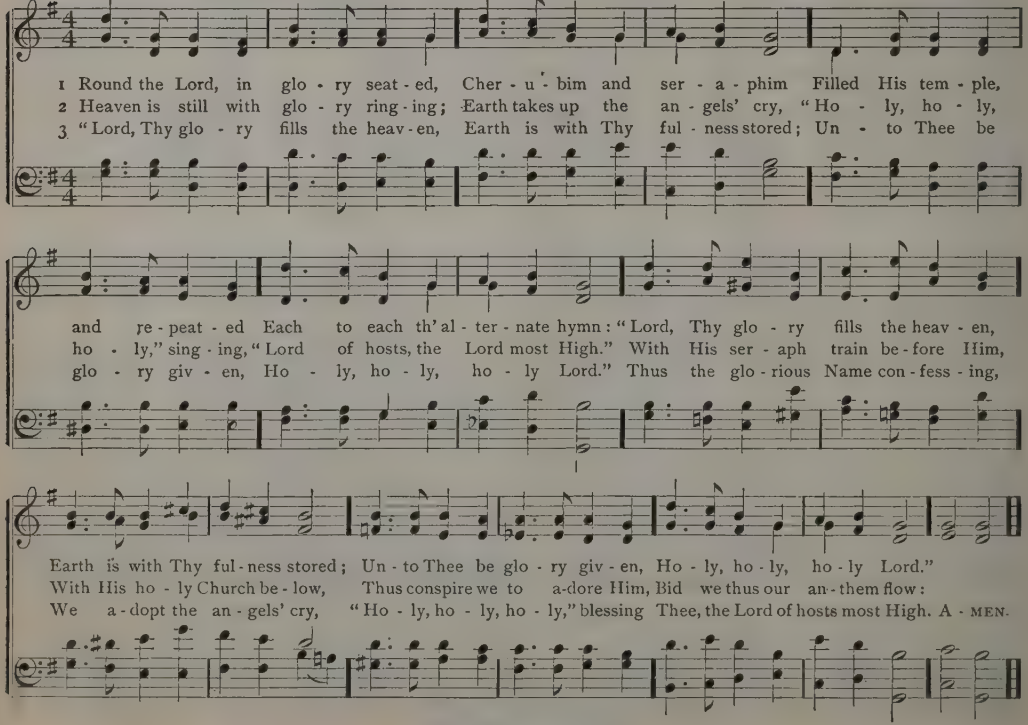

1 Sing to the Lord a joy-ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voi-ces raise; To us His gra-cious gifts be-long,
2 For life and love, for rest and food, For dai-ly help and nightly care, Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
3 For strength to those who on Him wait, His truth to prove, His will to do, Praise ye our God, for He is great;
4 For life be-low, with all its bliss, And for that life, more pure and high, That in-ner life which o-ver this
Voices in Unison
To Him our songs of love and praise. For He is Lord of heaven and earth, Whom angels serve, and saints a-dore,
And praise His name, for it is fair. For He is Lord of heaven and earth, Whom angels serve, and saints a-dore,
Trust in His name, for it is true. For He is Lord of heaven and earth, Whom angels serve, and saints a-dore,
Shall ev-er shine, and ney-er die,— Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth, Whom angels serve, and saints a-dore,
Voices in Unison
The Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, To Whom be praise for ev-er-more. A-MEN.

Round the Lord in Glory Seated

MOULTRIE 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rt. Rev. Richard Mant, D.D. (1776-1848), 1837

Gerard Francis Cobb, A.M. (1838-

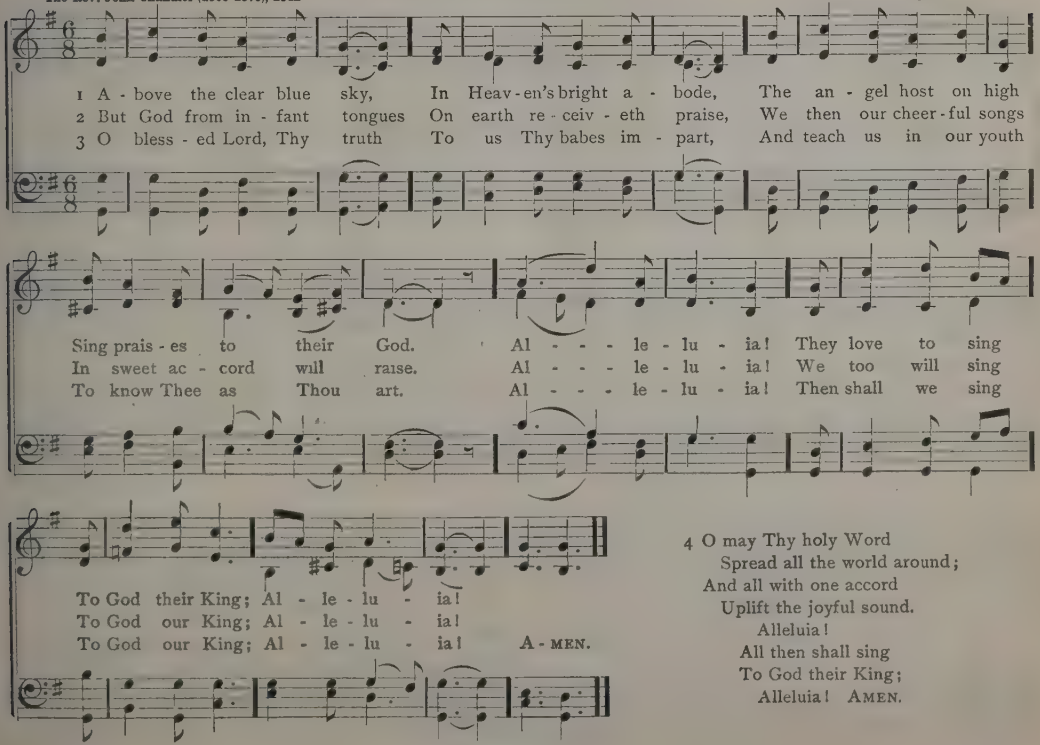

1 Round the Lord, in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Filled His tem - ple,
2 Heaven is still with glo - ry ring - ing; Earth takes up the an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly,
3 "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en, Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored; Un - to Thee be
and re - peat - ed Each to each th' al - ter - nate hymn: "Lord, Thy glo - ry fills the heav - en,
ho - ly," sing - ing, "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High." With His ser - aph train be - fore Him,
glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord." Thus the glo - rious Name con - fess - ing,
Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored; Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord."
With His ho - ly Church be - low, Thus conspire we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an - them flow:
We a - dopt the an - gels' cry, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," blessing Thee, the Lord of hosts most High. A - MEN.

Above the Clear Blue Sky

CHILDREN'S VOICES 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

The Rev. John Chandler (1806-1876), 1841

Edward John Hopkins (1818-)

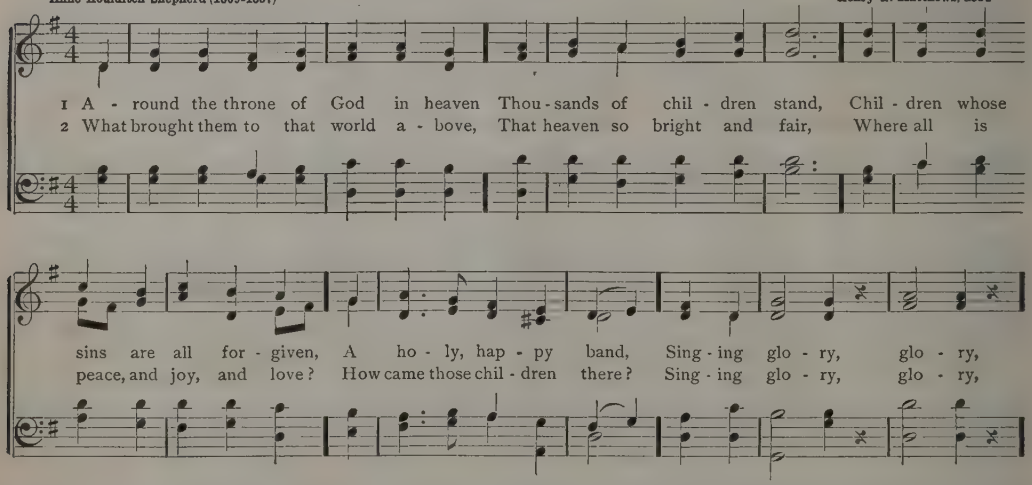

1 A - bove the clear blue sky, In Heav - en's bright a - bode, The an - gel host on high
2 But God from in - fant tongues On earth re - ceiv - eth praise, We then our cheer - ful songs
3 O bless - ed Lord, Thy truth To us Thy babes im - part, And teach us in our youth
Sing prais - es to their God. Al - - - le - lu - ia! They love to sing
In sweet ac - cord will raise. Al - - - le - lu - ia! We too will sing
To know Thee as Thou art. Al - - - le - lu - ia! Then shall we sing
To God their King; Al - le - lu - ia!
To God our King; Al - le - lu - ia!
To God our King; Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

4 O may Thy holy Word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King;
Alleluia! AMEN.

Around the Throne of God in Heaven

CHILDREN'S PRAISES 8.6.8.6.6.7.

Anne Houlditch Shepherd (1809-1857) — Henry E. Matthews, 1854


1 A - round the throne of God in heaven Thou - sands of chil - dren stand, Chil - dren whose
2 What brought them to that world a - bove, That heaven so bright and fair, Where all is
sins are all for - given, A ho - ly, hap - py band, Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry,
peace, and joy, and love? How came those chil - dren there? Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry,
Glo - ry be to God on high.
Glo - ry be to God on high. A - MEN.

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory be to God on high.

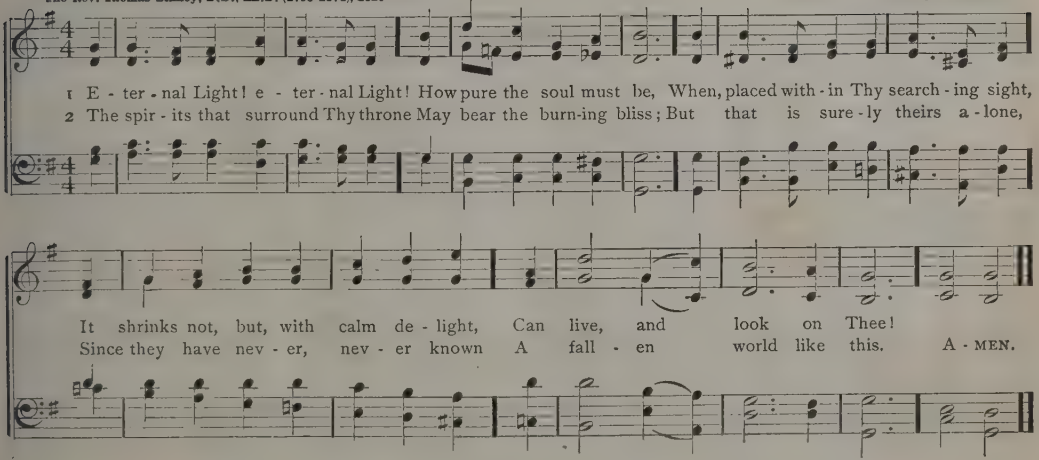
4 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name:
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing glory be to God on high. AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

Eternal Light! Eternal Light!

NEWCASTLE 8.6.8.8.6.

The Rev. Thomas Binney, D.D., LL.D. (1798-1874), 1826 — Henry L. Morley


1 E - ter - nal Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be, When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight,
2 The spir - its that surround Thy throne May bear the burn-ing bliss; But that is sure - ly theirs a - lone,
It shrinks not, but, with calm de - light, Can live, and look on Thee!
Since they have nev - er, nev - er known A fall - en world like this. A - MEN.

3 O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode,—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God.

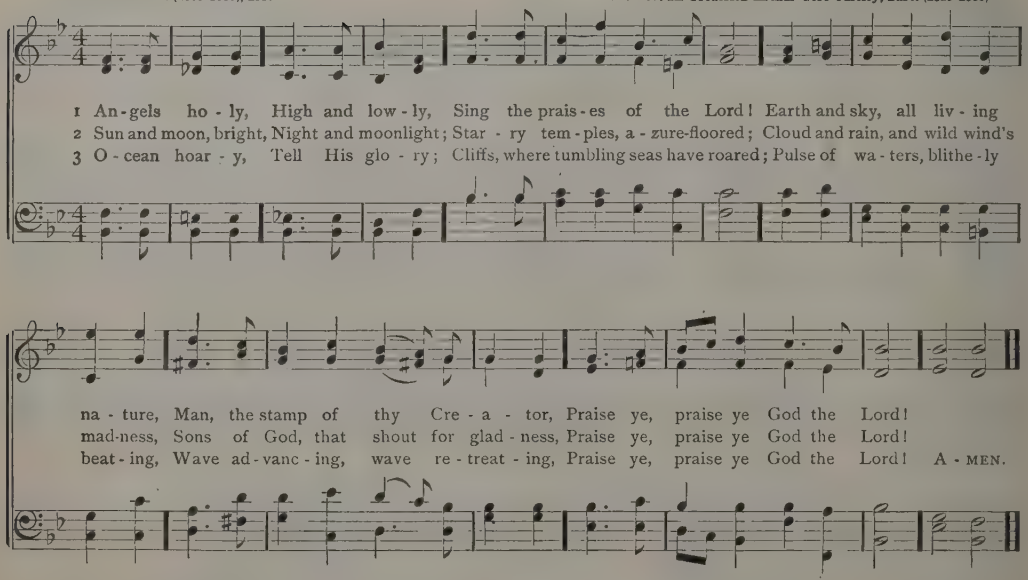
5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love. AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

Angels Holy, High and Lowly

ST. WINIFRED'S 4.4.7.8.8.7.

John Stuart Blackie (1809-1895), 1835 — The Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley, Bart. (1825-1889)


1 An-gels ho-ly, High and low-ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord! Earth and sky, all liv-ing
2 Sun and moon, bright, Night and moonlight; Star-ry tem-ples, a-zure-floored; Cloud and rain, and wild wind's
3 O-cean hoar-y, Tell His glo-ry; Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared; Pulse of wa-ters, blithe-ly
na-ture, Man, the stamp of thy Cre-a-tor, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
mad-ness, Sons of God, that shout for glad-ness, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!
beat-ing, Wave ad-vanc-ing, wave re-treat-ing, Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord! A-MEN.

4 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountains' deep vein poured;
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

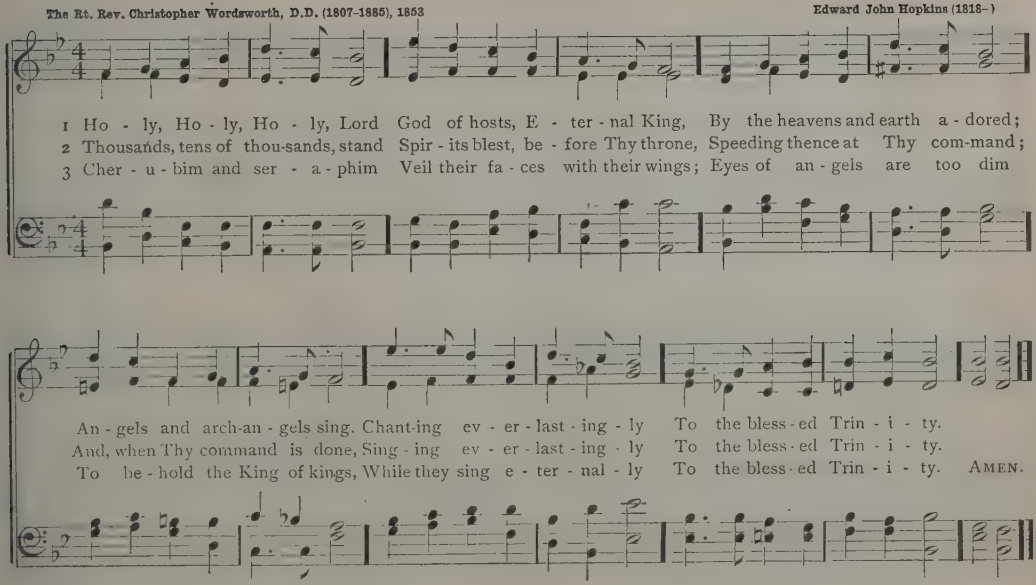
5 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord! AMEN.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts

ST. ATHANASIUS 7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Rt. Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. (1807–1885), 1853

Edward John Hopkins (1818–)


1 Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of hosts, E - ter - nal King, By the heavens and earth a - dored;
2 Thousands, tens of thou-sands, stand Spir - its blest, be - fore Thy throne, Speeding thence at Thy com-mand;
3 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Veil their fa - ces with their wings; Eyes of an - gels are too dim
An - gels and arch-an - gels sing, Chant-ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
And, when Thy command is done, Sing - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
To be - hold the King of kings, While they sing e - ter - nal - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. AMEN.

4 Thee apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee the Church in every land;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

5 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly Host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity. AMEN.

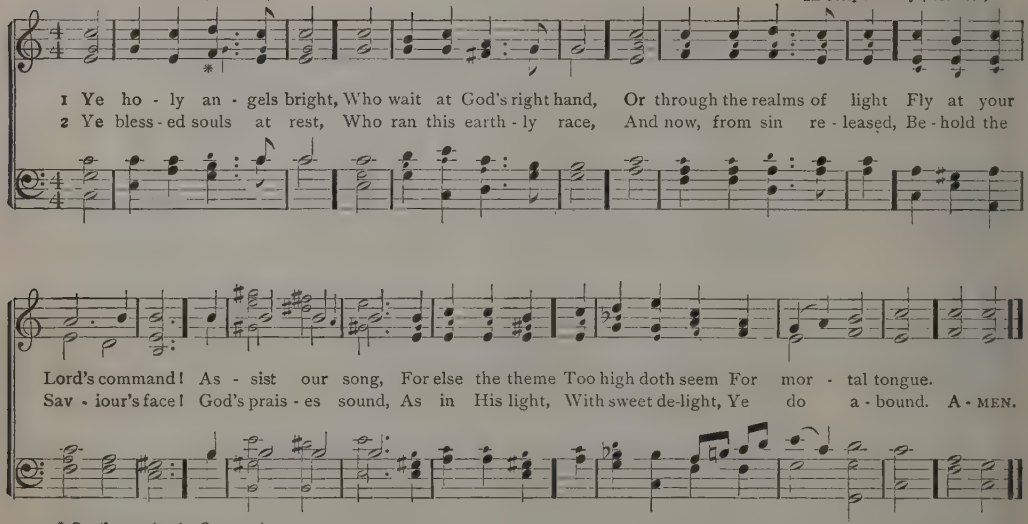
PRAISE TO GOD

Ye Holy Angels Bright

ST. GREGORY 6.6.6.6.8.8.

The Rev. Richard Baxter (1615-1691)

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)


1 Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or through the realms of light Fly at your
2 Ye bless - ed souls at rest, Who ran this earth - ly race, And now, from sin re - leased, Be - hold the
Lord's command! As - sist our song, For else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue.
Sav - iour's face! God's prais - es sound, As in His light, With sweet de-light, Ye do a - bound. A - MEN.

* Small notes for the Organ only

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing:
Take what He gives;
And praise Him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

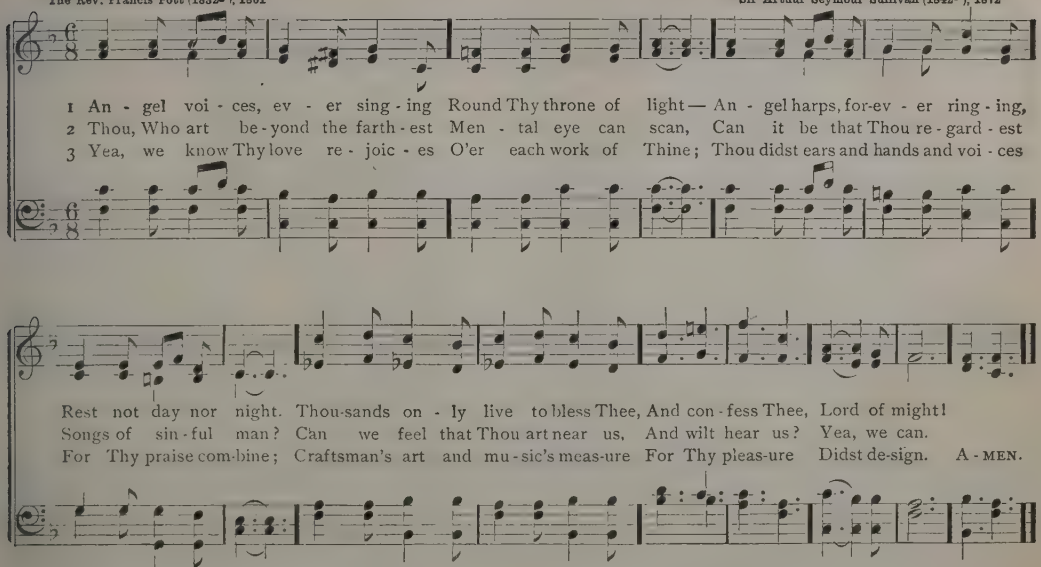
4 My soul, bear thou thy part;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise! AMEN.

Angel Voices, Ever Singing

ANGEL VOICES 8.7.8.7.8.4.8.

The Rev. Francis Pott (1832-), 1861

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1872


1 An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light — An - gel harps, for-ev - er ring - ing,
2 Thou, Who art be - yond the farth - est Men - tal eye can scan, Can it be that Thou re - gard - est
3 Yea, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine; Thou didst ears and hands and voi - ces
Rest not day nor night. Thou-sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!
Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
For Thy praise com-bine; Craftsman's art and mu - sic's meas-ure For Thy pleas-ure Didst de-sign. A - MEN.

4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee:
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

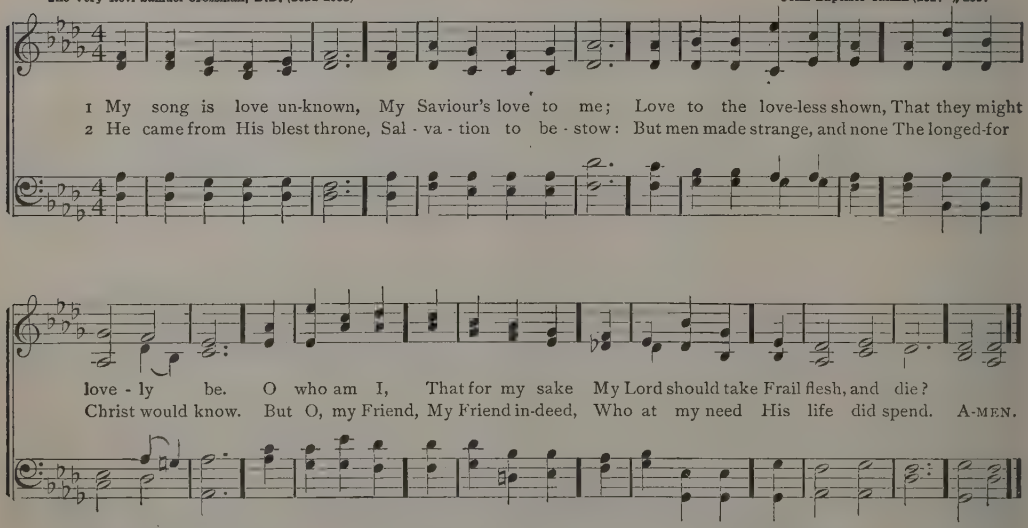
5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessèd Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee. AMEN.

PRAISE TO GOD

My Song is Love Unknown

ST. JOHN 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4

The Very Rev. Samuel Crossman, D.D. (1624-1683) — John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1887


1 My song is love un-known, My Saviour's love to me; Love to the love-less shown, That they might
2 He came from His blest throne, Sal - va - tion to be - stow: But men made strange, and none The longed-for
love - ly be. O who am I, That for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?
Christ would know. But O, my Friend, My Friend in-deed, Who at my need His life did spend. A-MEN.

3 Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day,
Hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise.

5 They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away,
A murderer they save:
The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suffering goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

My Song is Love Unknown — *Concluded*

6 In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was His home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

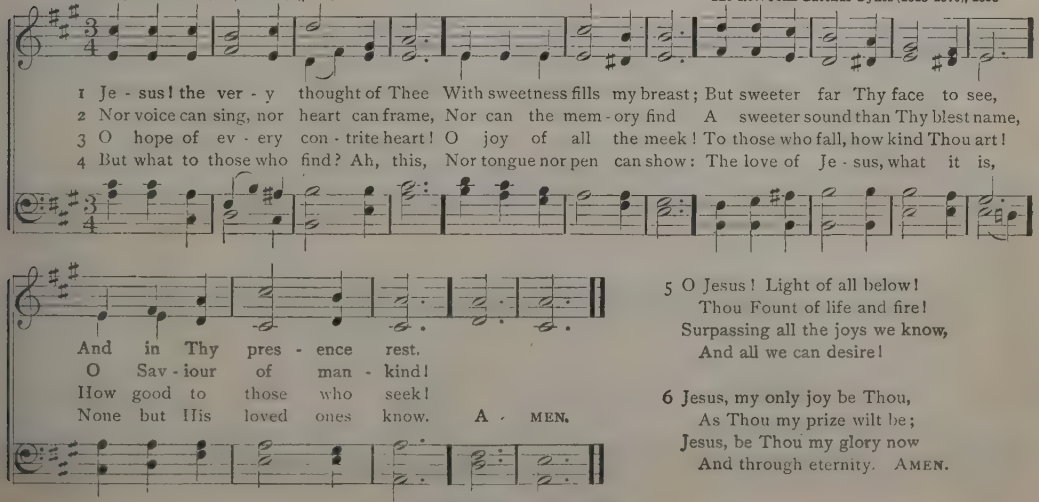
7 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!
Never was grief like Thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend. AMEN.

57 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

ST. AGNES C.M.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), 1130
Tr. The Rev. Edward Caswall (1814-1878), 1849

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1858


1 Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see,
2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
3 O hope of ev - ery con - trite heart! O joy of all the meek! To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this, Nor tongue nor pen can show: The love of Je - sus, what it is,
And in Thy pres - ence rest.
O Sav - iour of man - kind!
How good to those who seek!
None but His loved ones know. A - MEN.

5 O Jesus! Light of all below!
Thou Fount of life and fire!
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

6 Jesus, my only joy be Thou,
As Thou my prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou my glory now
And through eternity. AMEN.

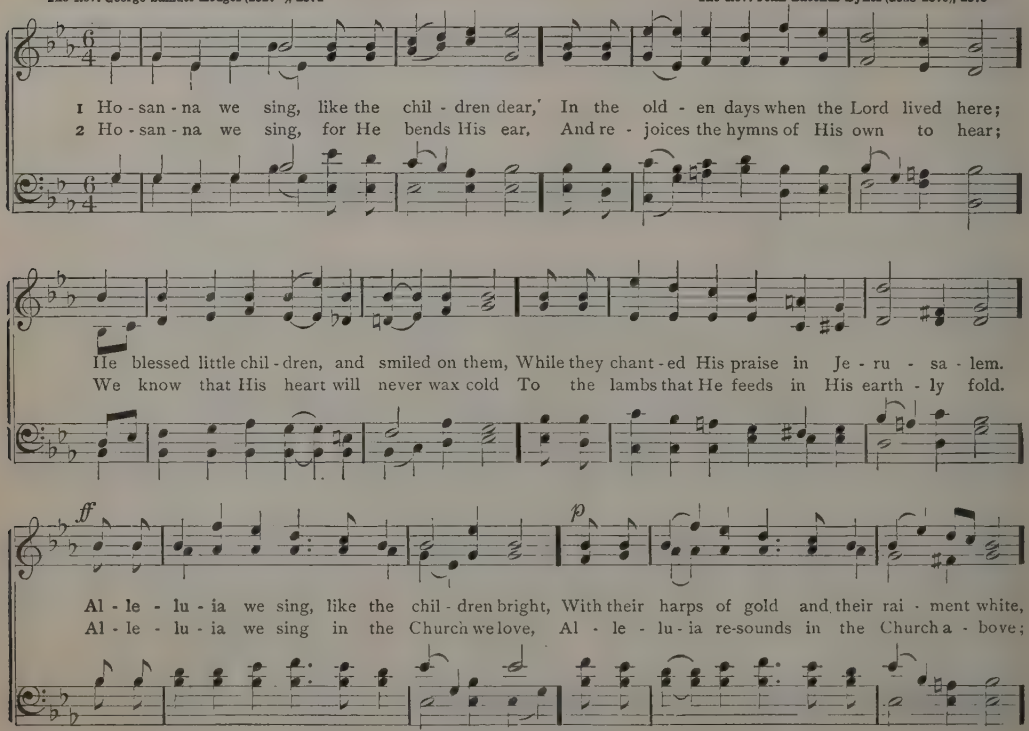
PRAISE TO CHRIST

Hosanna We Sing, Like the Children Dear

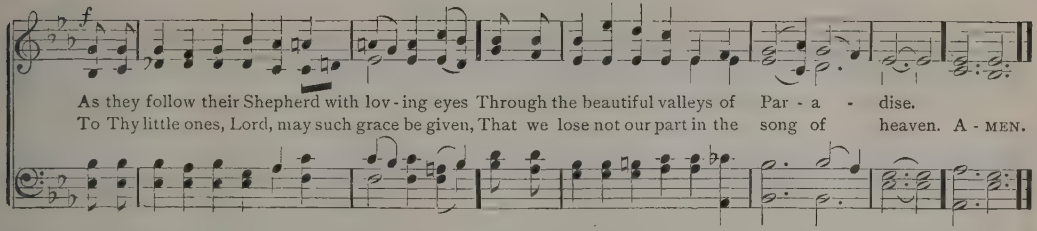
HOSANNA *10. 10. 10. 11. 11. 10. 11. 11.*

The Rev. George Samuel Hodges (1827-), 1874

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1875


1 Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the old - en days when the Lord lived here;
2 Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re - joices the hymns of His own to hear;
He blessed little chil - dren, and smiled on them, While they chant - ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.
We know that His heart will never wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.
ff
p
Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright, With their harps of gold and their rai - ment white,
Al - le - lu - ia we sing in the Church we love, Al - le - lu - ia re-sounds in the Church a - bove;

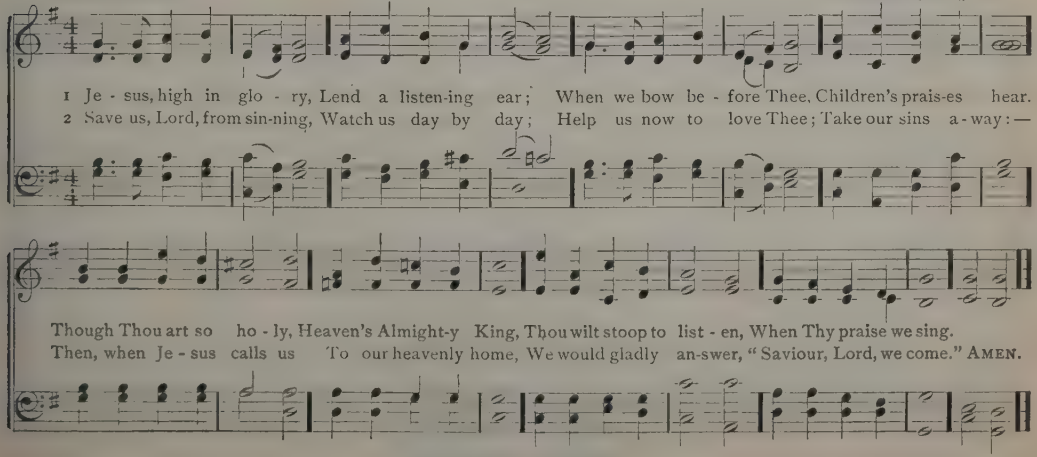
PRAISE TO CHRIST


As they follow their Shepherd with lov - ing eyes Through the beautiful valleys of Par - a - dise.
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of heaven. A - MEN.

59 Jesus, High in Glory

HOLY PRAISE 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

J. Erskine Clark, 1847 — Sir John Stainer (1840-), 1872

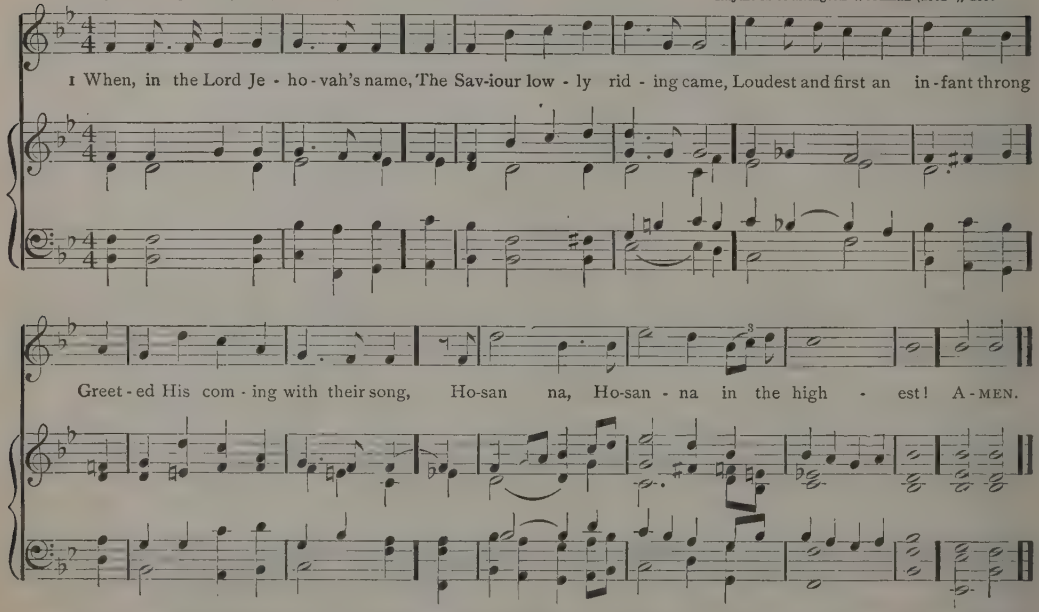

1 Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a listen-ing ear; When we bow be - fore Thee, Children's prais-es hear.
2 Save us, Lord, from sin-ning, Watch us day by day; Help us now to love Thee; Take our sins a - way: —
Though Thou art so ho - ly, Heaven's Almight-y King, Thou wilt stoop to list - en, When Thy praise we sing.
Then, when Je - sus calls us To our heavenly home, We would gladly an-swer, "Saviour, Lord, we come." AMEN.

When, in the Lord Jehovah's Name

PACKER 8.8.8.8.10.

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871), 1844

Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-), 1895


1 When, in the Lord Je - ho - vah's name, The Sav-iour low - ly rid - ing came, Loudest and first an in-fant throng
Greet - ed His com - ing with their song, Ho-san na, Ho-san - na in the high - est! A - MEN.

2 We too are taught to know the Lord,
To fear His name, to read His Word;
And though we simple are and young,
Can praise Him with our joyful song,
Hosanna in the highest!

3 Soon shall the Lord again pass by
To judgment from His throne on high;
And from the saints' assembled throng
Shall burst upon the world the song,
Hosanna in the highest!

4 Then may our youthful band be found
With coronals of triumph crowned;
Raising, the heavenly hosts among,
Our chorus of eternal song,
Hosanna in the highest! AMEN.

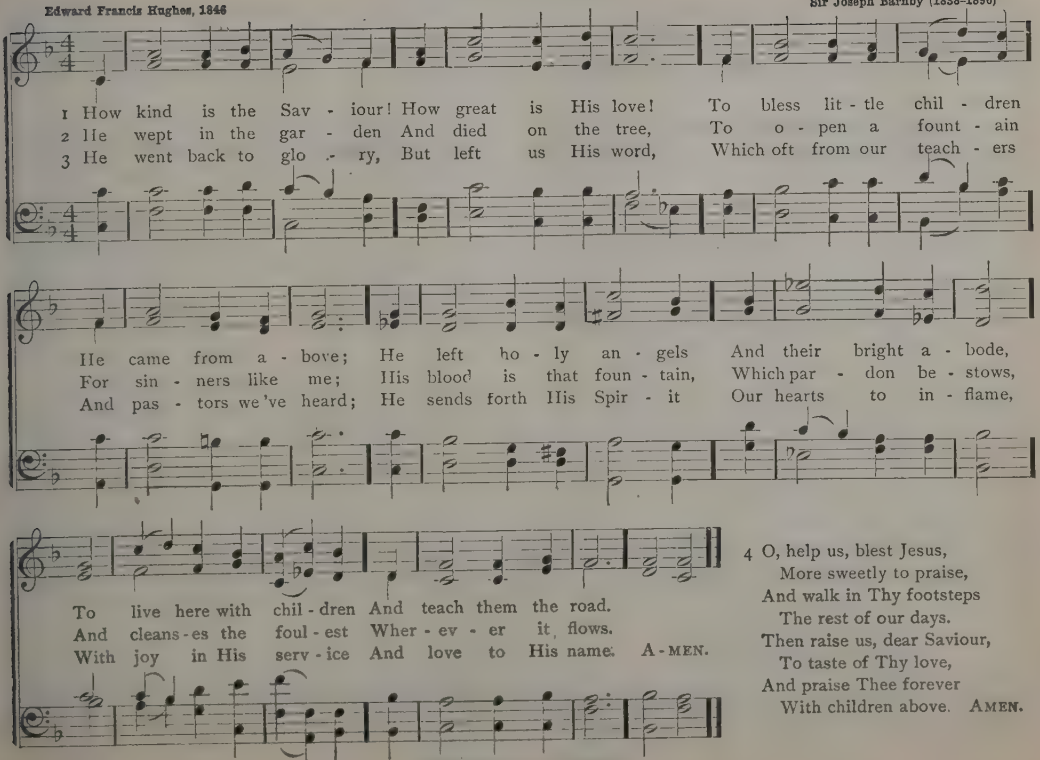
PRAISE TO CHRIST

How Kind is the Saviour

MENTONE 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

Edward Francis Hughes, 1846

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)


1 How kind is the Sav - iour! How great is His love! To bless lit - tle chil - dren
2 He wept in the gar - den And died on the tree, To o - pen a fount - ain
3 He went back to glo - ry, But left us His word, Which oft from our teach - ers
He came from a - bove; He left ho - ly an - gels And their bright a - bode,
For sin - ners like me; His blood is that foun - tain, Which par - don be - stows,
And pas - tors we've heard; He sends forth His Spir - it Our hearts to in - flame,
To live here with chil - dren And teach them the road.
And cleans - es the foul - est Wher - ev - er it flows.
With joy in His serv - ice And love to His name. A - MEN.

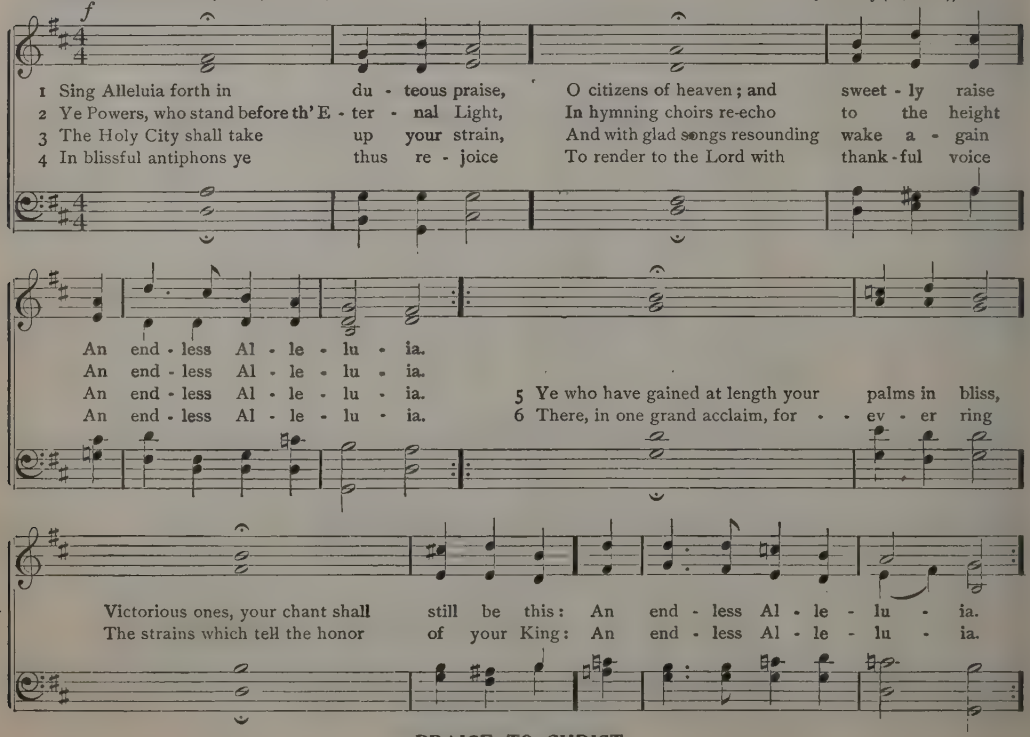
4 O, help us, blest Jesus,
More sweetly to praise,
And walk in Thy footsteps
The rest of our days.
Then raise us, dear Saviour,
To taste of Thy love,
And praise Thee forever
With children above. AMEN.

Sing Alleluia forth in Duteous Praise

THE ENDLESS ALLELUIA

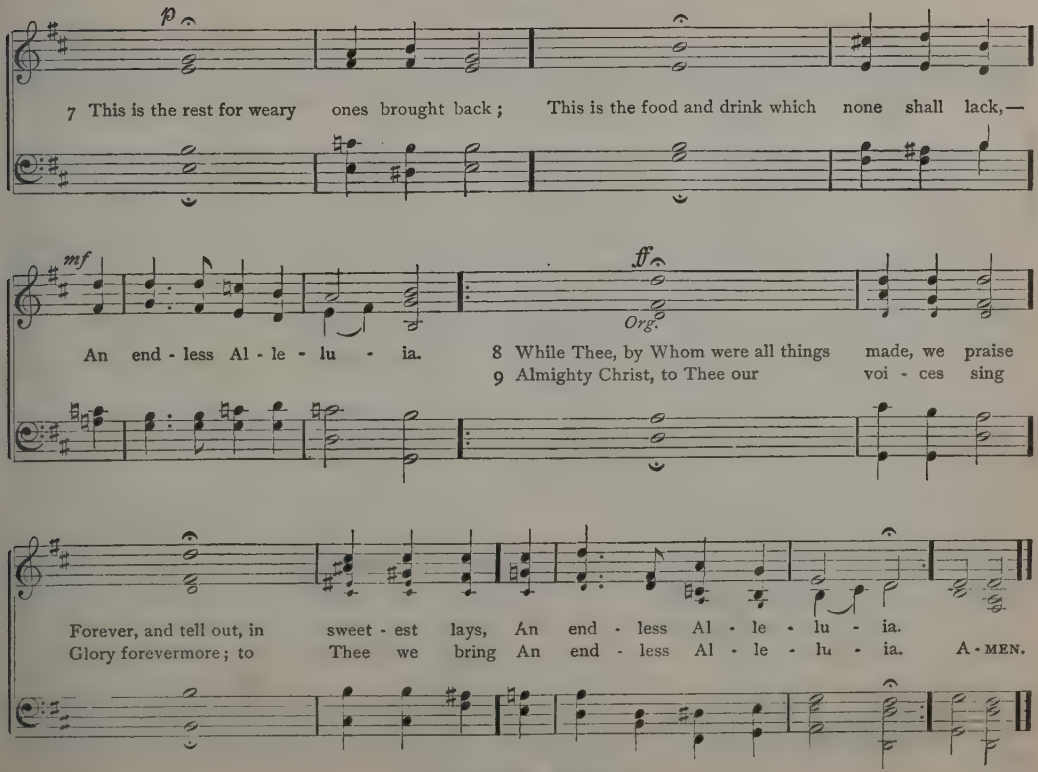
Mozarabic Breviary, 5th Century
Tr. The Rev. John Ellerton, M. A. (1826-1893), 1865

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1867


f
1 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise, O citizens of heaven; and sweetly raise
2 Ye Powers, who stand before th' Eternal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
3 The Holy City shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding wake again
4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.
An endless Alleluia.
An endless Alleluia.
An endless Alleluia.
5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this: An endless Alleluia.
The strains which tell the honor of your King: An endless Alleluia.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

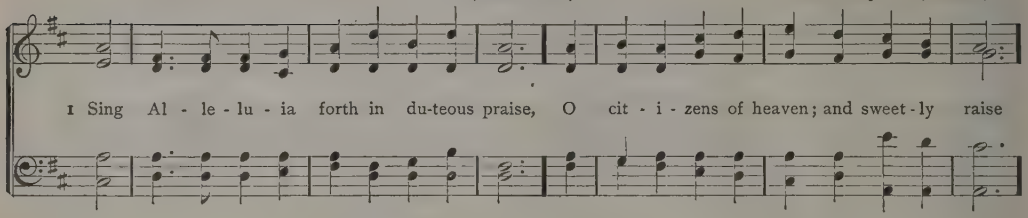
Sing Alleluia forth in Duteous Praise — *Concluded*

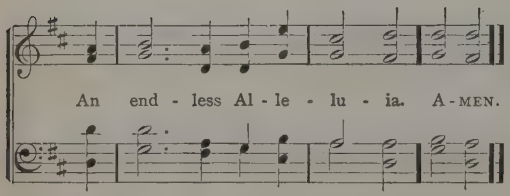

p
7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back; This is the food and drink which none shall lack,—
mf
ff
Org.
An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voi - ces sing
Forever, and tell out, in sweet - est lays, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
Glory forevermore; to Thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - MEN.

Sing Alleluia forth in Duteous Praise

ALLELUIA PERENNE 10.10.7.

(SECOND TUNE) William Henry Monk (1823-1889)





2 Ye Powers who stand before th' Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this:
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, forever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King:
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,—
An endless Alleluia.

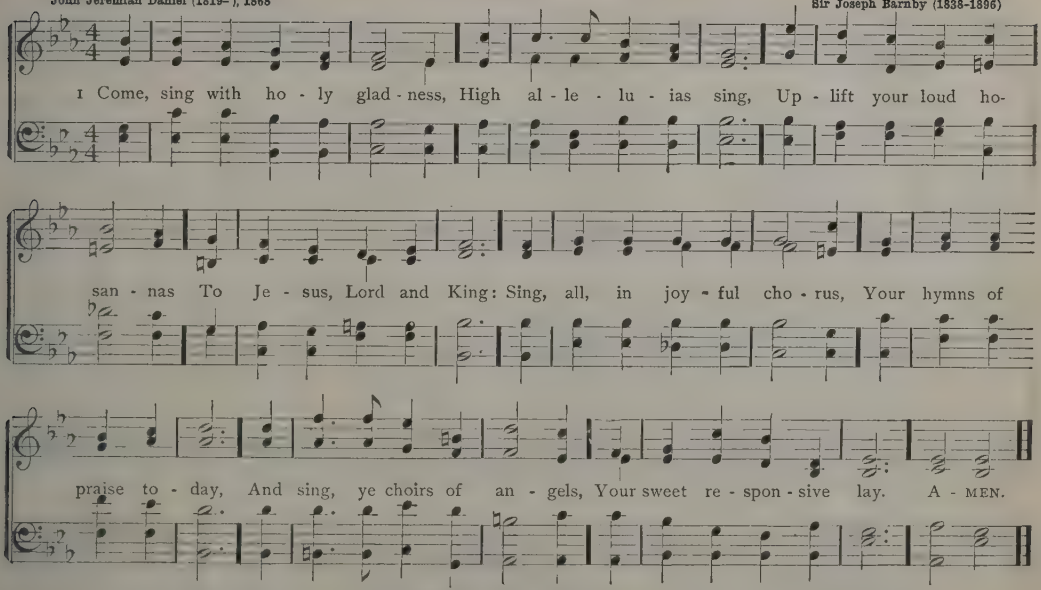
8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory forevermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. AMEN.

Come, Sing with Holy Gladness

GLADNESS 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

John Jeremiah Daniel (1819–), 1868 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)


1 Come, sing with ho - ly glad - ness, High al - le - lu - ias sing, Up - lift your loud ho-
san - nas To Je - sus, Lord and King: Sing, all, in joy - ful cho - rus, Your hymns of
praise to - day, And sing, ye choirs of an - gels, Your sweet re - spon - sive lay. A - MEN.

2 'T is good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,
'T is meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King;
For Jesus is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden,
The one Redeemer blest.

3 O boys, be strong in Jesus,
To toil for Him is gain,
And Jesus wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane.
O maidens, live for Jesus,
Who was a maiden's son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

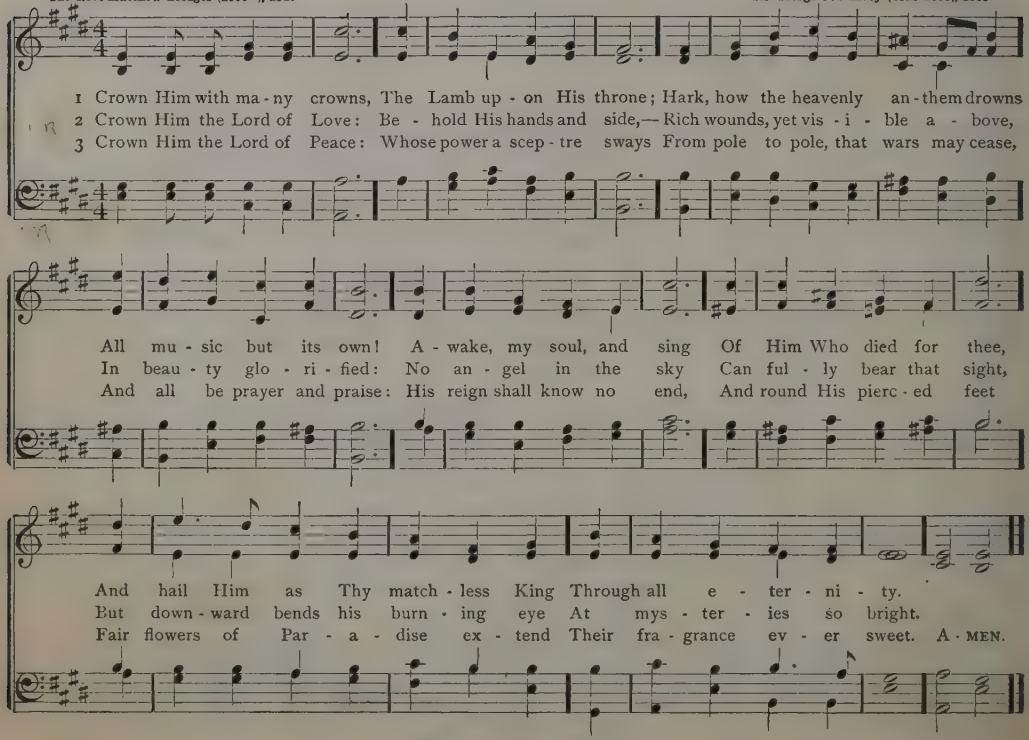
4 Soon in the golden city
Thy children all shall play,
And through the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day.
O Christ, prepare Thy children,
With that triumphant throng,
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing the eternal song. AMEN.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

Crown Him with Many Crowns

DIADEMATA S.M.D.

The Rev. Matthew Bridges (1800–), 1847 — Sir George Job Elvey (1816–1893), 1868


1 Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark, how the heavenly an - them drowns
2 Crown Him the Lord of Love: Be - hold His hands and side,— Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove,
3 Crown Him the Lord of Peace: Whose power a scep - tre sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him Who died for thee,
In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
And all be prayer and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
And hail Him as Thy match - less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
But down - ward bends his burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Fair flowers of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra - grance ev - er sweet. A - MEN.

Crown Him with Many Crowns — *Concluded*

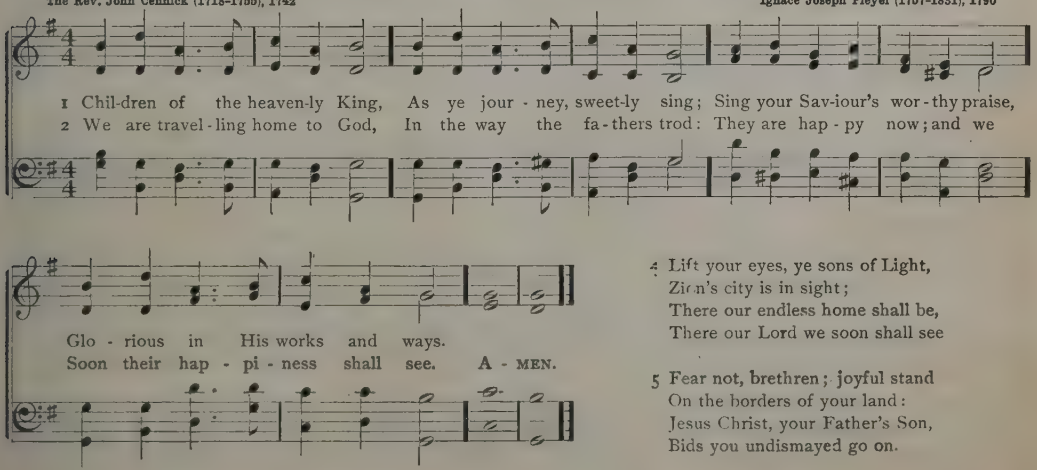
4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.

All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
The praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity. AMEN.

65 Children of the Heavenly King

PLEYEL'S HYMN 7.7.7.7.

The Rev. John Cennick (1718–1755), 1742 — Ignace Joseph Pleyel (1757–1831), 1790


1 Chil-dren of the heaven-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing; Sing your Sav-iour's wor - thy praise,
2 We are travel - ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod: They are hap - py now; and we
Glo - rious in His works and ways.
Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see. A - MEN.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see

5 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

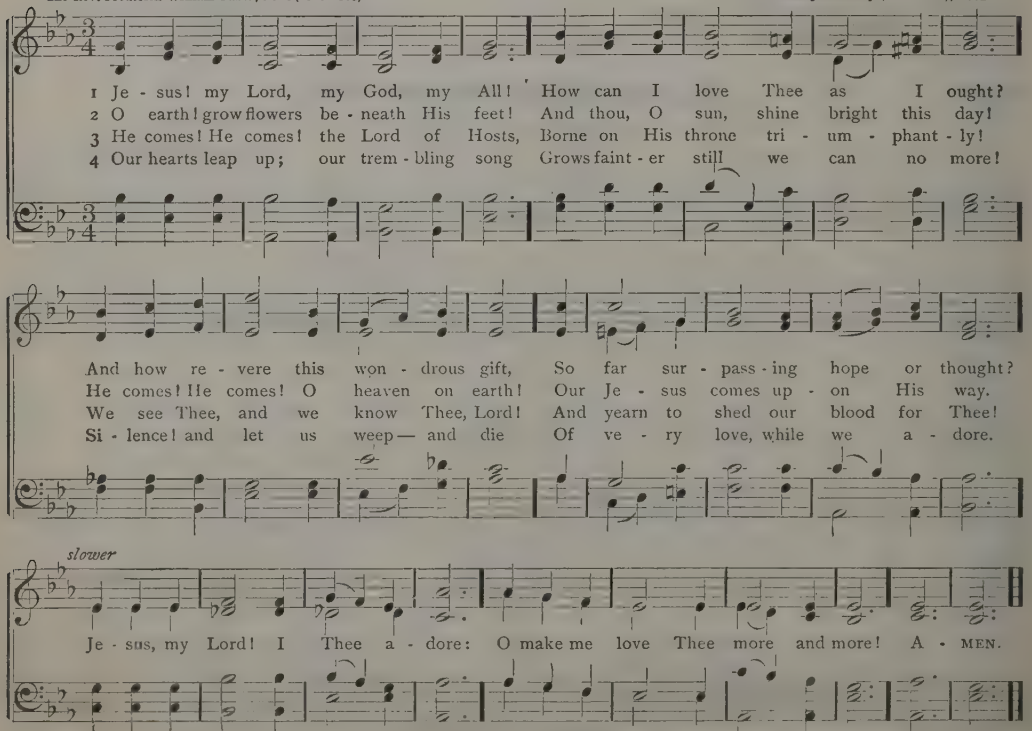
6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. AMEN.

Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All

ST. CHRYSOSTOM 8.8.8.8.8.8.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814–1863)

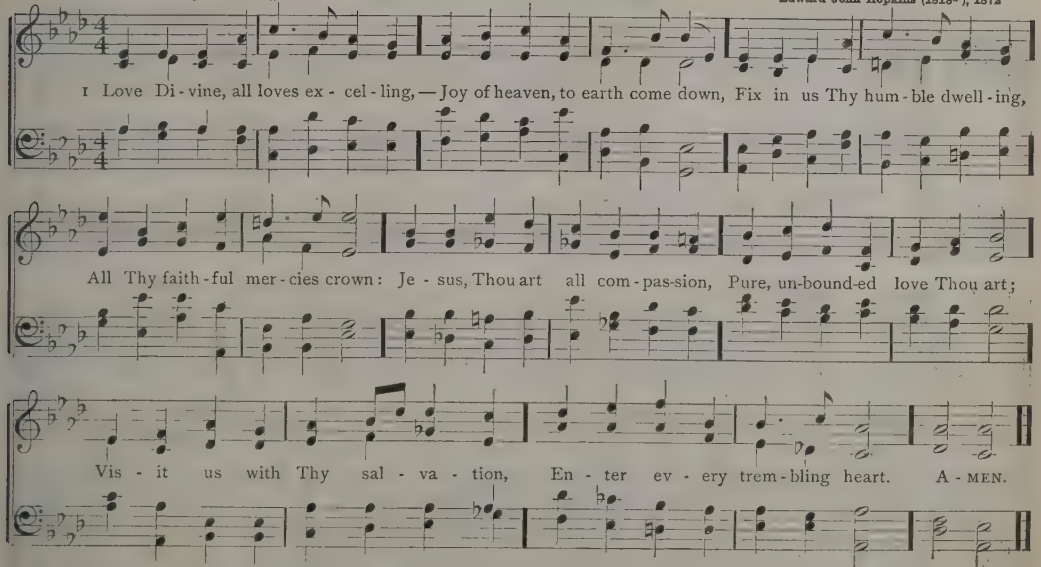
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896), 1872


1 Je - sus! my Lord, my God, my All! How can I love Thee as I ought?
2 O earth! grow flowers be - neath His feet! And thou, O sun, shine bright this day!
3 He comes! He comes! the Lord of Hosts, Borne on His throne tri - um - phant - ly!
4 Our hearts leap up; our trem - bling song Grows faint - er still we can no more!
And how re - vere this won - drous gift, So far sur - pass - ing hope or thought?
He comes! He comes! O heaven on earth! Our Je - sus comes up - on His way.
We see Thee, and we know Thee, Lord! And yearn to shed our blood for Thee!
Si - lence! and let us weep— and die Of ve - ry love, while we a - dore.
slower
Je - sus, my Lord! I Thee a - dore: O make me love Thee more and more! A - MEN.

Love Divine, all Loves Excelling

ST. JOSEPH 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1746 — Edward John Hopkins (1818-), 1872


1 Love Di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, — Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing,
All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown: Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart. A - MEN.

2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its Beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!
Let us all Thy Life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
Glory in Thy precious love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

PRAISE TO CHRIST

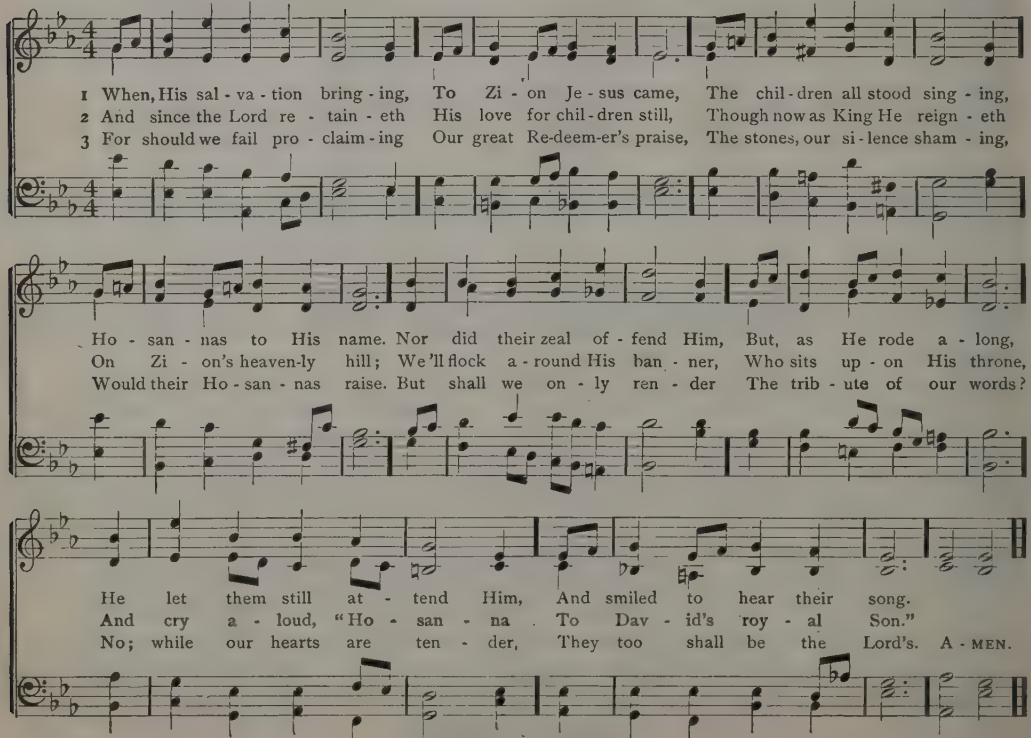
AMEN.

When, His Salvation Bringing

AMSTERDAM 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. John King (1788–1858), 1830

Berthold Tours (1838–), 1872

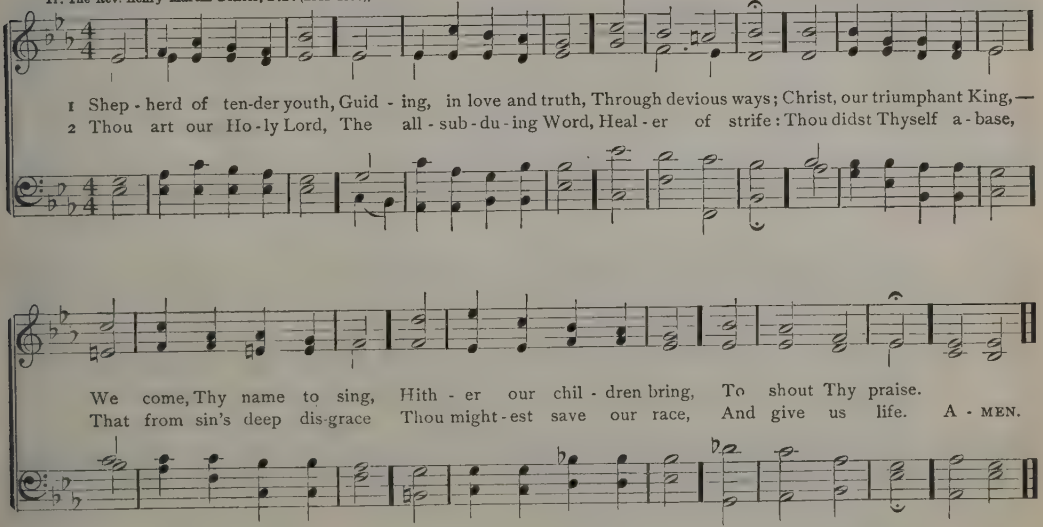

1 When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil - dren all stood sing - ing,
2 And since the Lord re - tain - eth His love for chil - dren still, Though now as King He reign - eth
3 For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Re-deem-er's praise, The stones, our si - lence sham - ing,
Ho - san - nas to His name. Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,
On Zi - on's heaven-ly hill; We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, Who sits up - on His throne,
Would their Ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute of our words?
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, "Ho - san - na To Dav - id's roy - al Son."
No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's. A - MEN.

Shepherd of Tender Youth

ST. AMBROSE 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

St. Clement of Alexandria (170 ?-220 ?)
Tr. The Rev. Henry Martin Dexter, D.D. (1821-1890), 1846

William Henry Monk (1823-1889)


1 Shep - herd of ten-der youth, Guid - ing, in love and truth, Through devious ways; Christ, our triumphant King,—
2 Thou art our Ho - ly Lord, The all - sub - du - ing Word, Heal - er of strife: Thou didst Thyself a - base,
We come, Thy name to sing, Hith - er our chil - dren bring, To shout Thy praise.
That from sin's deep dis-grace Thou might - est save our race, And give us life. A - MEN.

3 O wisdom's Great High Priest,
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of holy love:
And in our mortal pain,
None calls on Thee in vain:
Help Thou dost not refrain,—
Help from above.

4 Be ever near our side,
Our Shepherd and our Guide,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to Thy Church belong,
Unite, and swell the song
To Christ our King. AMEN.

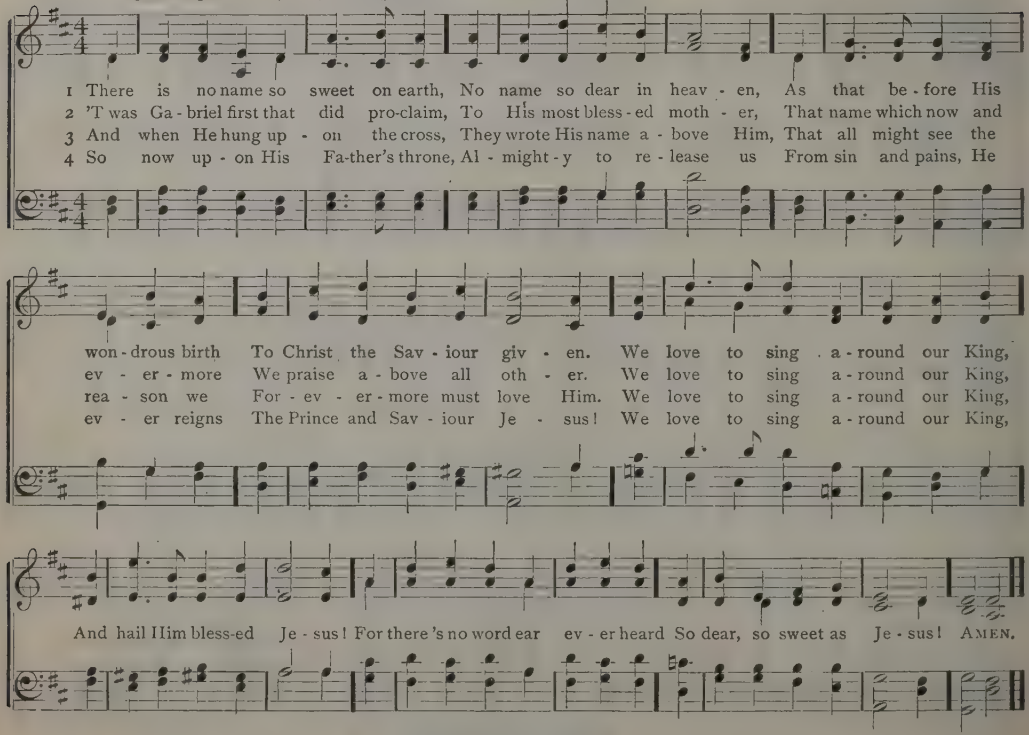
PRAISE TO CHRIST

There is no Name so Sweet on Earth

THE BLESSED NAME 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. George Washington Bethune, D.D. (1805–1862), 1858

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)


1 There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heav - en, As that be - fore His
2 'T was Ga - briel first that did pro-claim, To His most bless - ed moth - er, That name which now and
3 And when He hung up - on the cross, They wrote His name a - bove Him, That all might see the
4 So now up - on His Fa-ther's throne, Al - might - y to re - lease us From sin and pains, He
won - drous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en. We love to sing a - round our King,
ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er. We love to sing a - round our King,
rea - son we For - ev - er - more must love Him. We love to sing a - round our King,
ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - iour Je - sus! We love to sing a - round our King,
And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus! For there 's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus! AMEN.

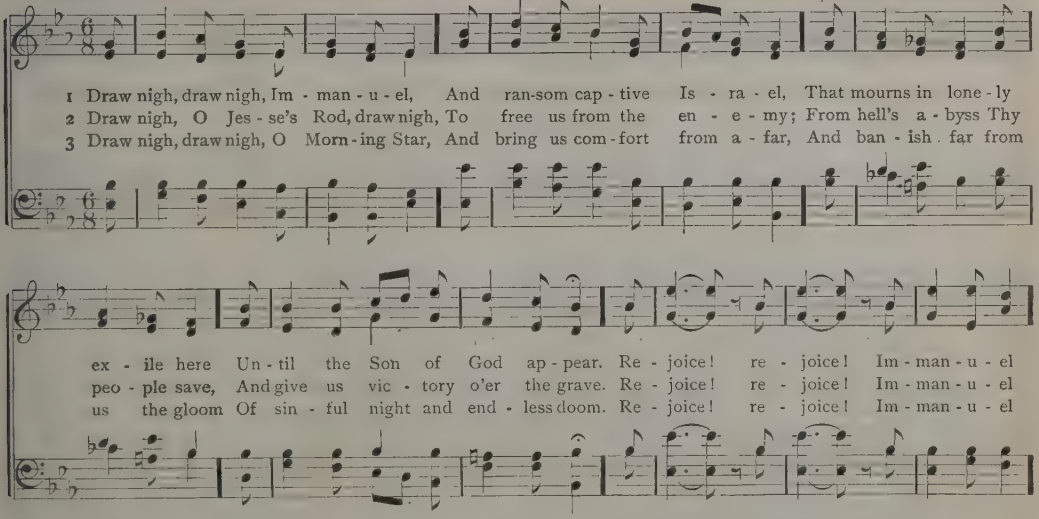
PRAISE TO CHRIST

Draw Nigh, Draw Nigh, Immanuel

GOUNOD 8.8.8.8.8.8.

Mozarabic Breviary (12th Century)
Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818–1866), 1851

Charles François Gounod (1818–1893), 1872


1 Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im - man - u - el, And ran-som cap - tive Is - ra - el, That mourns in lone - ly
2 Draw nigh, O Jes - se's Rod, draw nigh, To free us from the en - e - my; From hell's a - byss Thy
3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn - ing Star, And bring us com - fort from a - far, And ban - ish far from
ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el
peo - ple save, And give us vic - tory o'er the grave. Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el
us the gloom Of sin - ful night and end - less doom. Re - joice! re - joice! Im - man - u - el
Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el! A - MEN.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! rejoice! etc.

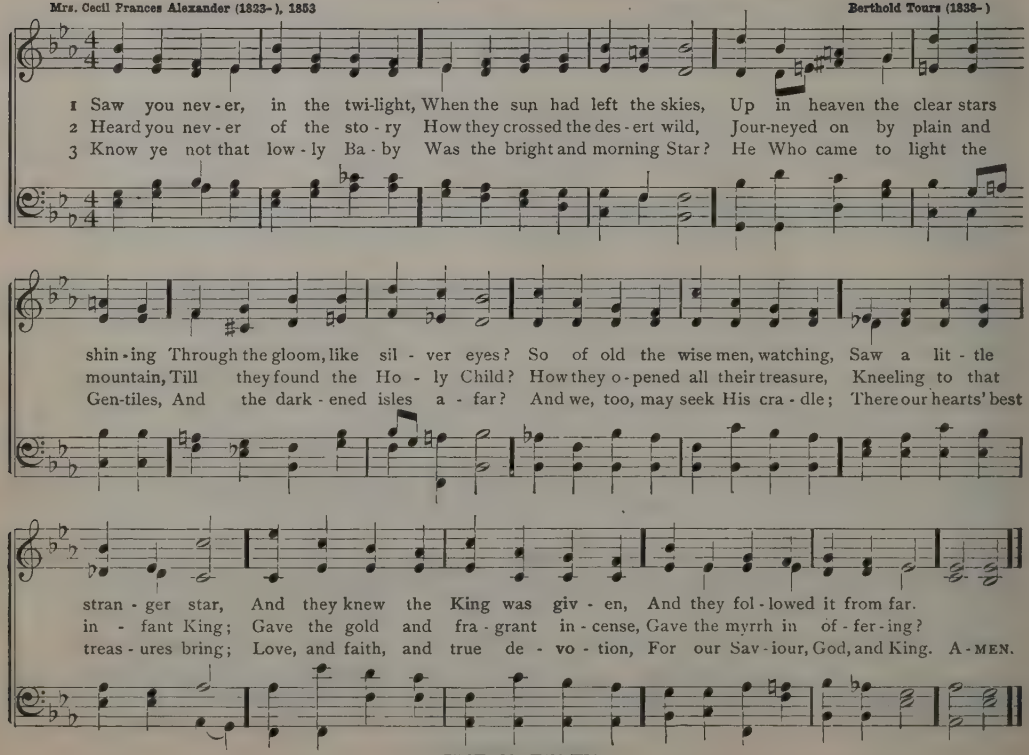
5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who once from Sinai's flaming height
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy law,
In cloud and majesty and awe.
Rejoice! rejoice! etc. AMEN.

Saw You Never, in the Twilight

THE WISE MEN 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-), 1853

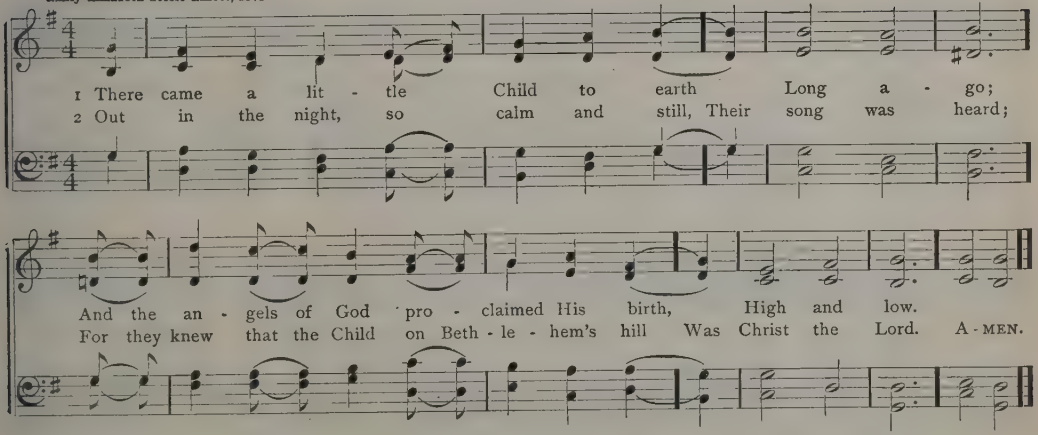
Berthold Tours (1838-)


1 Saw you nev - er, in the twi-light, When the sun had left the skies, Up in heaven the clear stars
2 Heard you nev - er of the sto - ry How they crossed the des - ert wild, Jour-neyed on by plain and
3 Know ye not that low - ly Ba - by Was the bright and morning Star? He Who came to light the
shin - ing Through the gloom, like sil - ver eyes? So of old the wise men, watching, Saw a lit - tle
mountain, Till they found the Ho - ly Child? How they o - pened all their treasure, Kneeling to that
Gen-tiles, And the dark - ened isles a - far? And we, too, may seek His cra - dle; There our hearts' best
stran - ger star, And they knew the King was giv - en, And they fol - lowed it from far.
in - fant King; Gave the gold and fra - grant in - cense, Gave the myrrh in of - fer - ing?
treas - ures bring; Love, and faith, and true de - vo - tion, For our Sav - iour, God, and King. A - MEN.

There Came a Little Child to Earth

CHRIST CHILD *Irregular*

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott, 1873 — R. N. Matthews


1 There came a lit - tle Child to earth Long a - go;
2 Out in the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard;
And the an - gels of God pro - claimed His birth, High and low.
For they knew that the Child on Beth - le - hem's hill Was Christ the Lord. A - MEN.

3 Far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand
Robed in white,—

4 In white more pure than the spotless snow;
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
On Christmas night.

5 They sang how the Lord of that world so fair
A child was born;
And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorn.

6 And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die,
That the children of earth might forever reign
With Him on high.

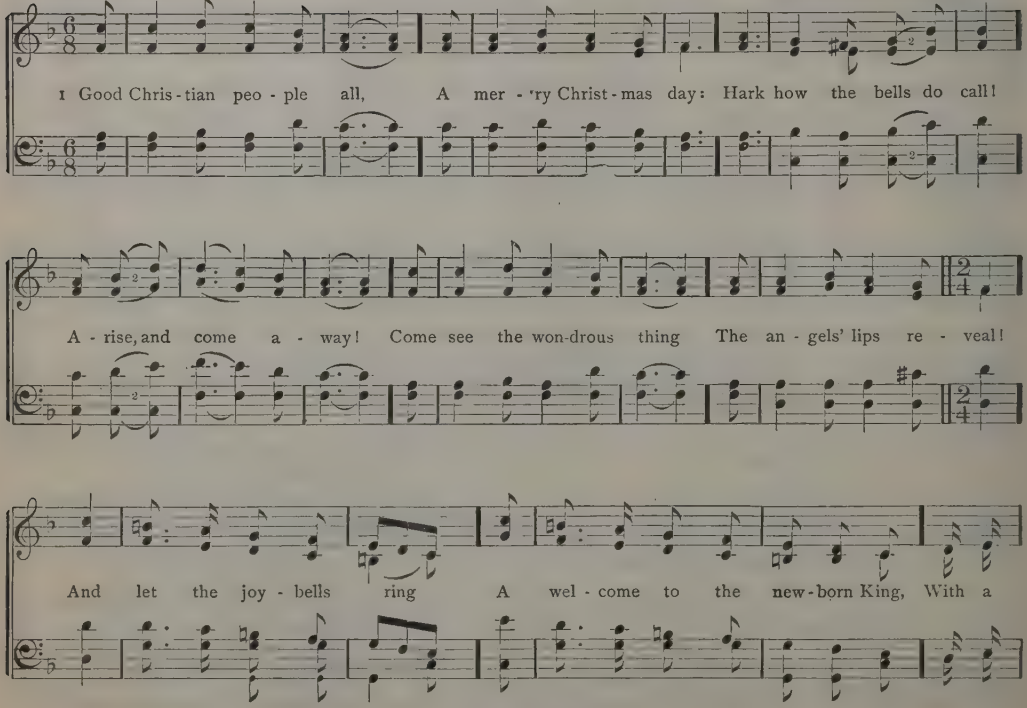
7 He hath put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land;
And He leads to where fountains of water flow,
That chosen band.

8 And forevermore in the robes so fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a child. AMEN.

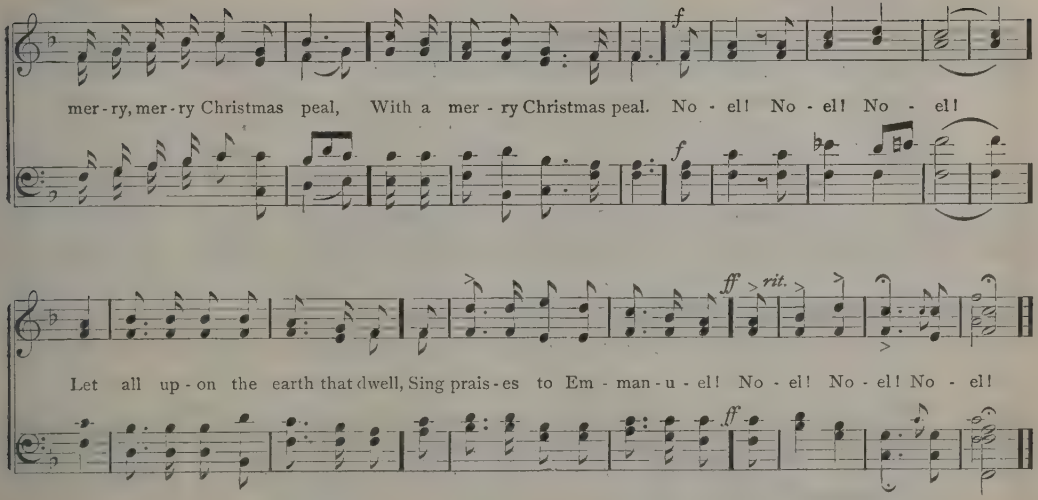
Good Christian People All

ST. ZACHARIAS *Irregular*

The Rev. E. Haskins, M.A., 1877 — Henry Gough Trembath (1845-), 1877


1 Good Chris - tian peo - ple all, A mer - 'ry Christ - mas day: Hark how the bells do call!
A - rise, and come a - way! Come see the won-drous thing The an - gels' lips re - veal!
And let the joy - bells ring A wel - come to the new-born King, With a

Good Christian People All — *Concluded*


mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas peal, With a mer - ry Christmas peal. No - el! No - el! No - el!
Let all up - on the earth that dwell, Sing prais - es to Em - man - u - el! No - el! No - el! No - el!
f
ff
rit.

2 O, praise the King of Heaven!
For on this blessèd morn
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born!
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

3 Springs forth a fruitful rod
From Jesse's royal stem,
And Christ, Incarnate God,
Is born in Bethlehem.
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

4 Enwrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid,
Behold Him, by Whose hands
The heavens and earth were made.
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc.

5 The darkness now is past,
The light of life doth shine,
The day hath dawned at last,
Behold the appointed sign.
Come, see the wondrous thing, etc

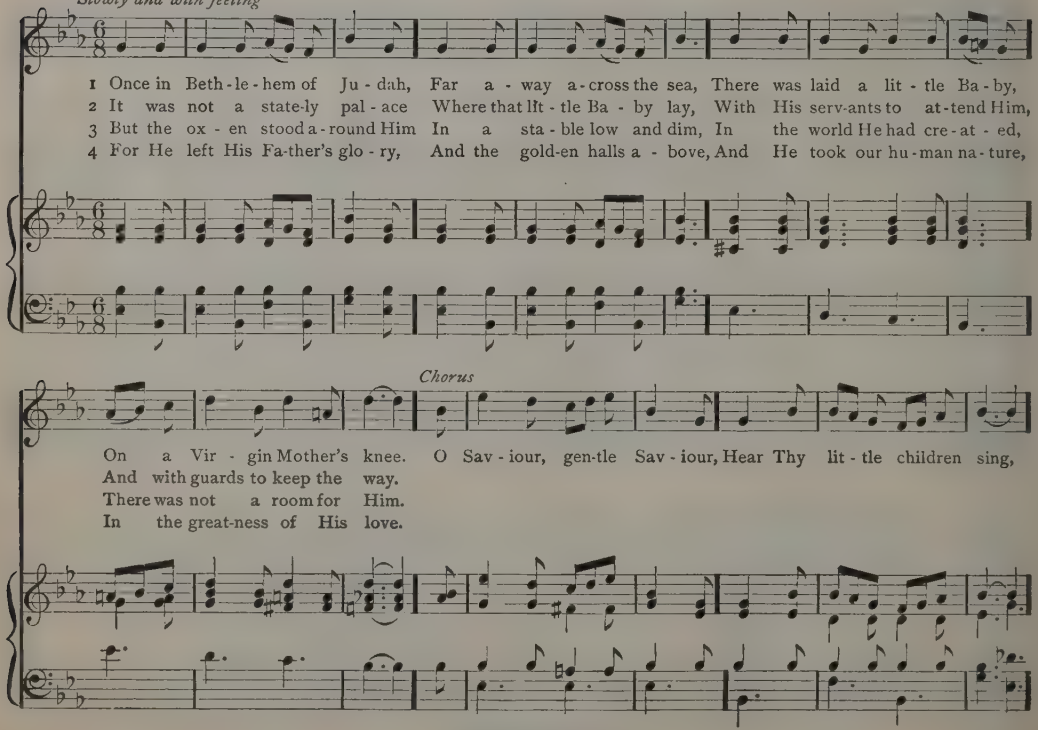
Once in Bethlehem of Judah

ONCE IN BETHLEHEM *Irregular*

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-)

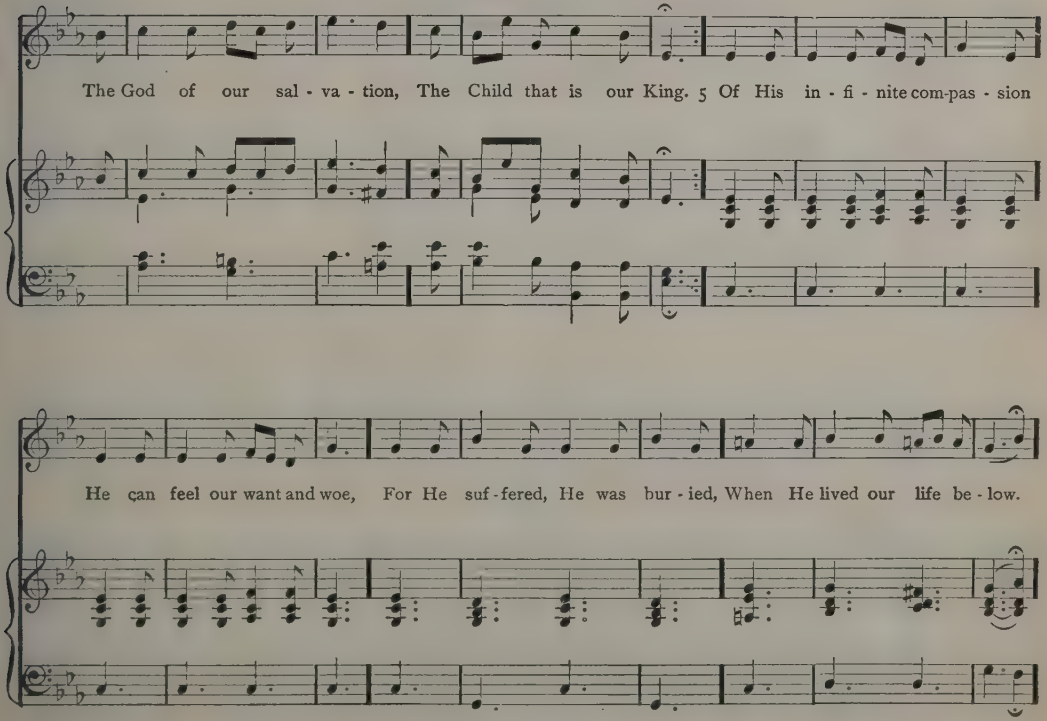
John Henry Maunder

Slowly and with feeling

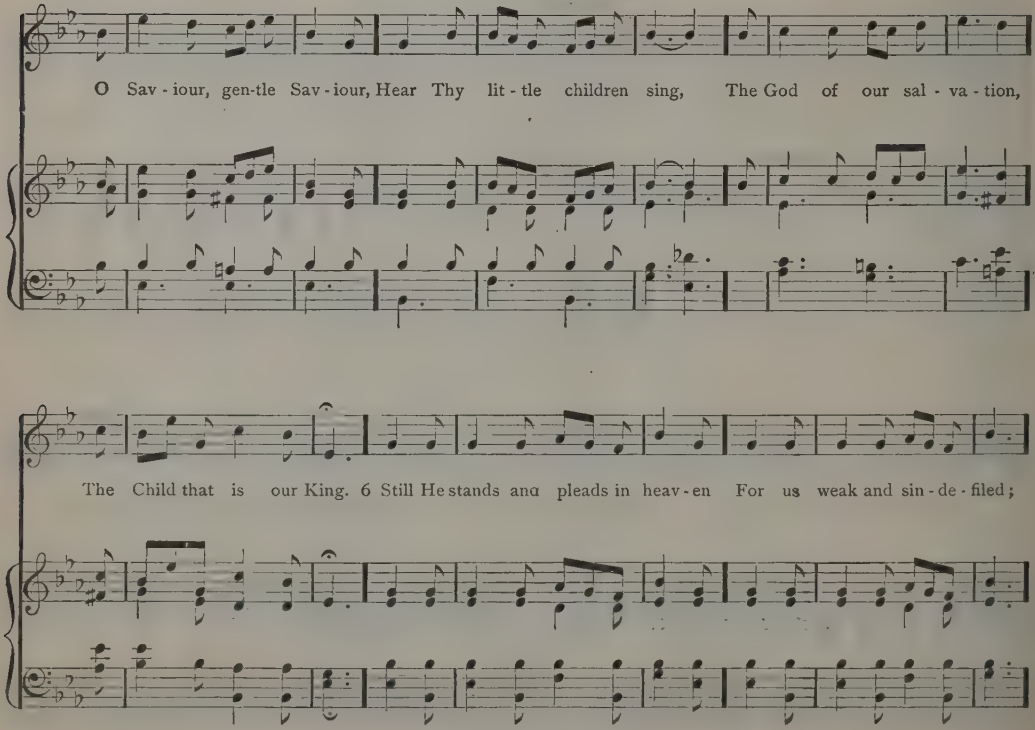

1 Once in Beth-le-hem of Ju-dah, Far a-way a-cross the sea, There was laid a lit-tle Ba-by,
2 It was not a state-ly pal-ace Where that lit-tle Ba-by lay, With His serv-ants to at-tend Him,
3 But the ox-en stood a-round Him In a sta-ble low and dim, In the world He had cre-at-ed,
4 For He left His Fa-ther's glo-ry, And the gold-en halls a-bove, And He took our hu-man na-ture,
Chorus
On a Vir-gin Mother's knee. O Sav-iour, gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear Thy lit-tle children sing,
And with guards to keep the way.
There was not a room for Him.
In the great-ness of His love.

Once in Bethlehem of Judah — *Continued*

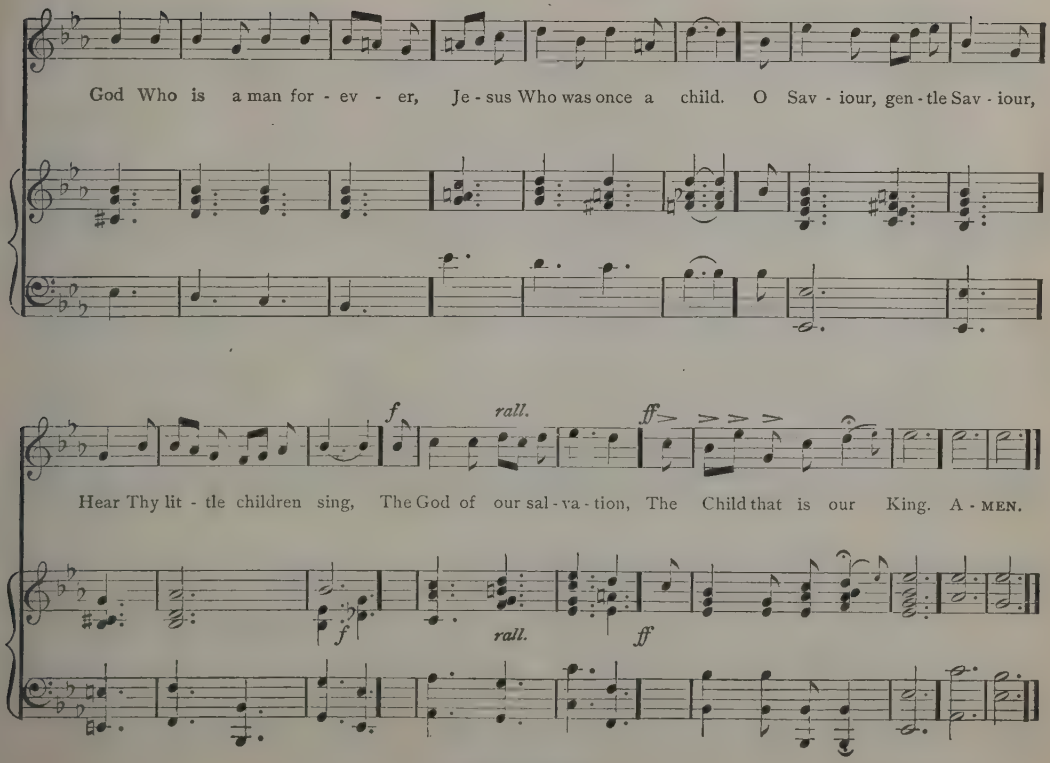
Repeat for 2d, 3d, and 4th verses


The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King. 5 Of His in - fi - nite com-pas - sion
He can feel our want and woe, For He suf - fered, He was bur - ied, When He lived our life be - low.

Once in Bethlehem of Judah — *Continued*


O Sav - iour, gen-tle Sav - iour, Hear Thy lit - tle children sing, The God of our sal - va - tion,
The Child that is our King. 6 Still He stands and pleads in heav - en For us weak and sin - de - filed;

Once in Bethlehem of Judah — *Concluded*

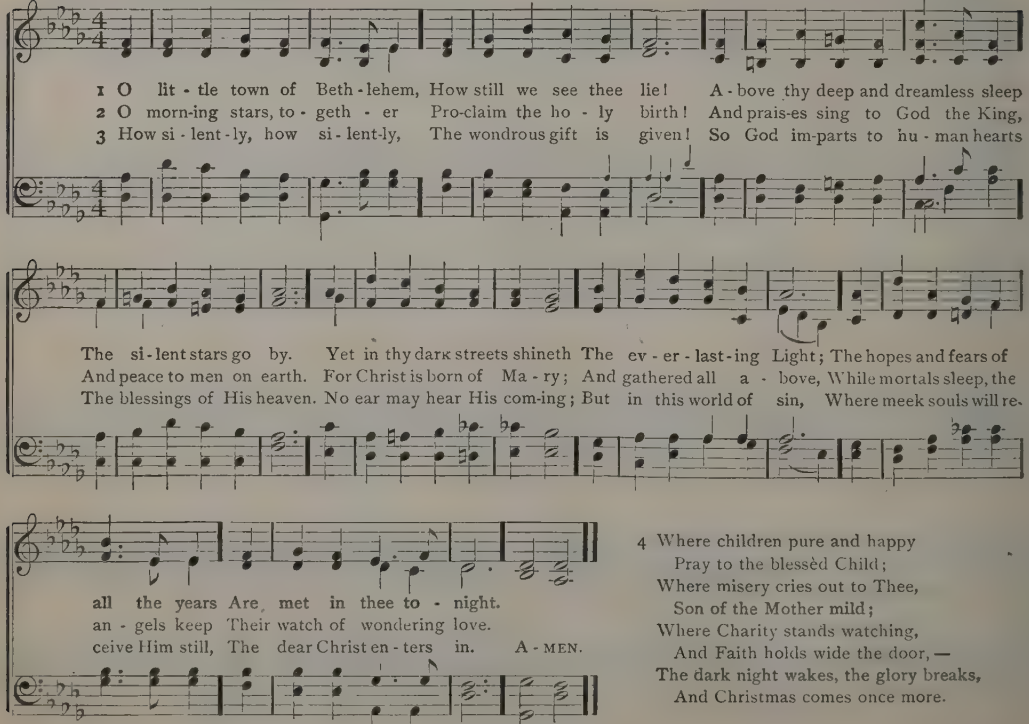

God Who is a man for - ev - er, Je - sus Who was once a child. O Sav - iour, gen - tle Sav - iour,
f
rall.
ff
Hear Thy lit - tle children sing, The God of our sal - va - tion, The Child that is our King. A - MEN.
f
rall.
ff

O Little Town of Bethlehem

BETHLEHEM . 8.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

The Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. (1835–1893)

Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-), 1895


1 O lit - tle town of Beth - lehem, How still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and dreamless sleep
2 O morn-ing stars, to - geth - er Pro-claim the ho - ly birth! And prais-es sing to God the King,
3 How si - lent - ly, how si - lent-ly, The wondrous gift is given! So God im-parts to hu - man hearts
The si - lent stars go by. Yet in thy dark streets shineth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The hopes and fears of
And peace to men on earth. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gathered all a - bove, While mortals sleep, the
The blessings of His heaven. No ear may hear His com-ing; But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re-
all the years Are met in thee to - night.
an - gels keep Their watch of wondering love.
ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in. A - MEN.

4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessèd Child;
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;
Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door, —
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

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O Little Town of Bethlehem — *Concluded*

5 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! AMEN.

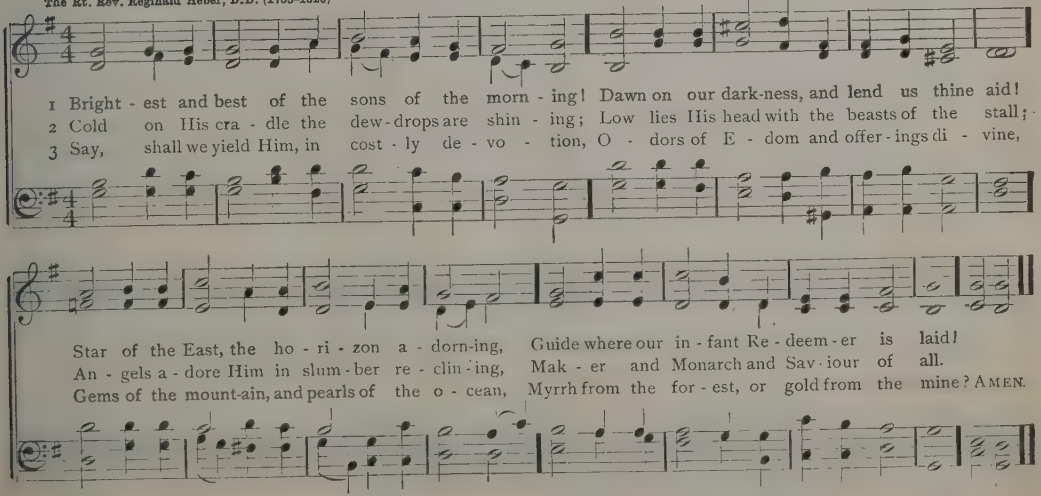
77

Brightest and Best

ST. NINIAN *11. 10. 11. 10.*

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826)

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)


1 Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing! Dawn on our dark-ness, and lend us thine aid!
2 Cold on His cra - dle the dew-drops are shin - ing; Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
3 Say, shall we yield Him, in cost - ly de - vo - tion, O - dors of E - dom and offer-ings di - vine,
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid!
An - gels a - dore Him in slum-ber re - clin - ing, Mak - er and Monarch and Sav - iour of all.
Gems of the mount-ain, and pearls of the o - cean, Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine? AMEN.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid! AMEN.

In the Field with their Flocks Abiding

ST. INNOCENTS *Irregular*

The Rev. Frederick William Farrar (1831-), 1871

John Farmer

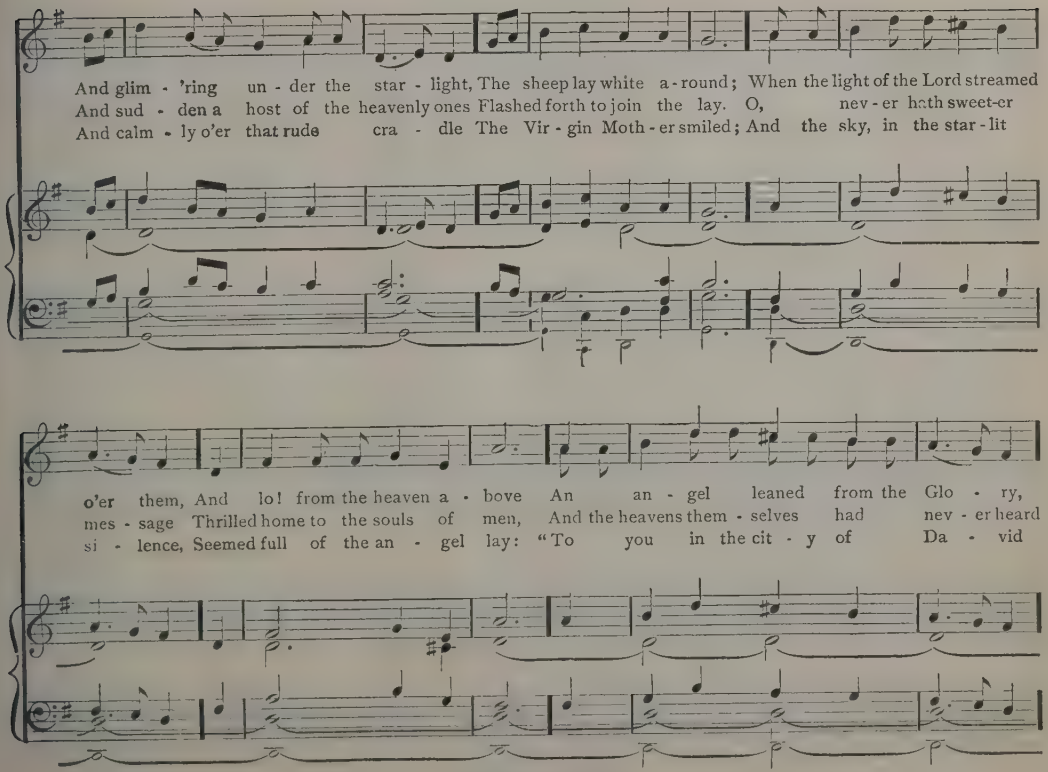
Allegretto.

p sempre legato.

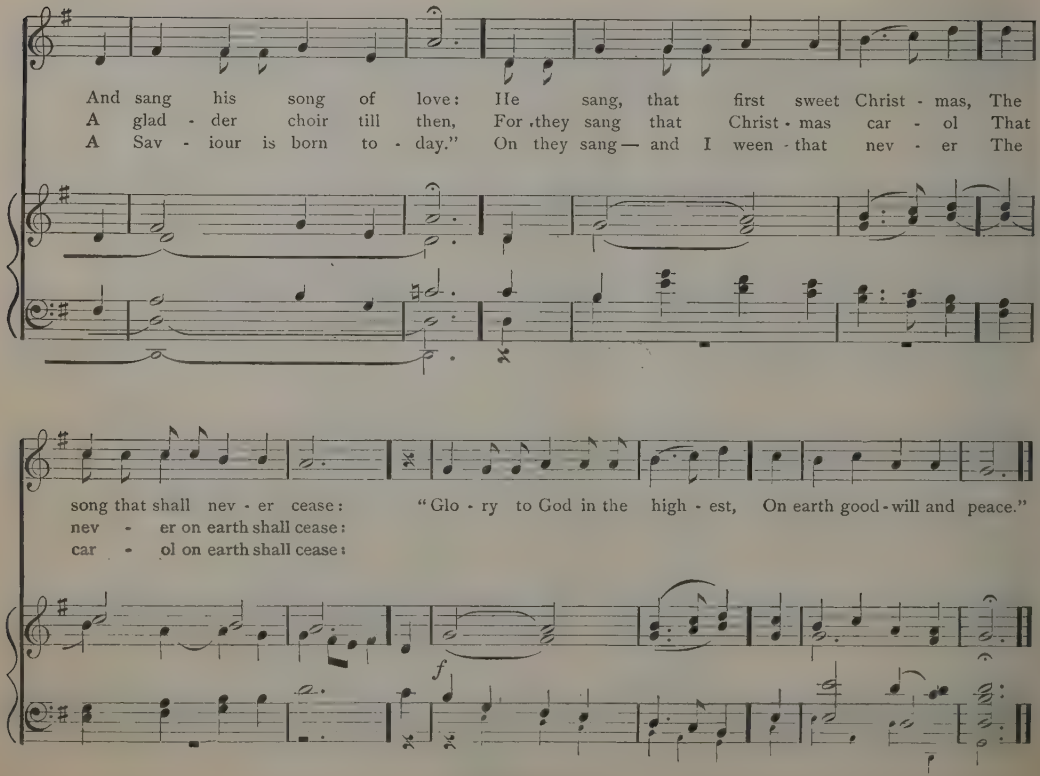
Ped.

1 In the field with their flocks a - - - bid - ing, They lay on the dew - y ground;
2 "To you in the cit - y of Da - vid A Sav - iour is born to - day;"
3 And the shep - herds came to the man ger, And gazed on the Ho - ly Child;

In the Field with their Flocks Abiding — *Continued*


And glim - 'ring un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white a - round; When the light of the Lord streamed
And sud - den a host of the heavenly ones Flashed forth to join the lay. O, nev - er hath sweet-er
And calm - ly o'er that rude cra - dle The Vir - gin Moth - er smiled; And the sky, in the star - lit
o'er them, And lo! from the heaven a - bove An an - gel leaned from the Glo - ry,
mes - sage Thrilled home to the souls of men, And the heavens them - selves had nev - er heard
si - lence, Seemed full of the an - gel lay: "To you in the cit - y of Da - vid

In the Field with their Flocks Abiding — *Concluded*

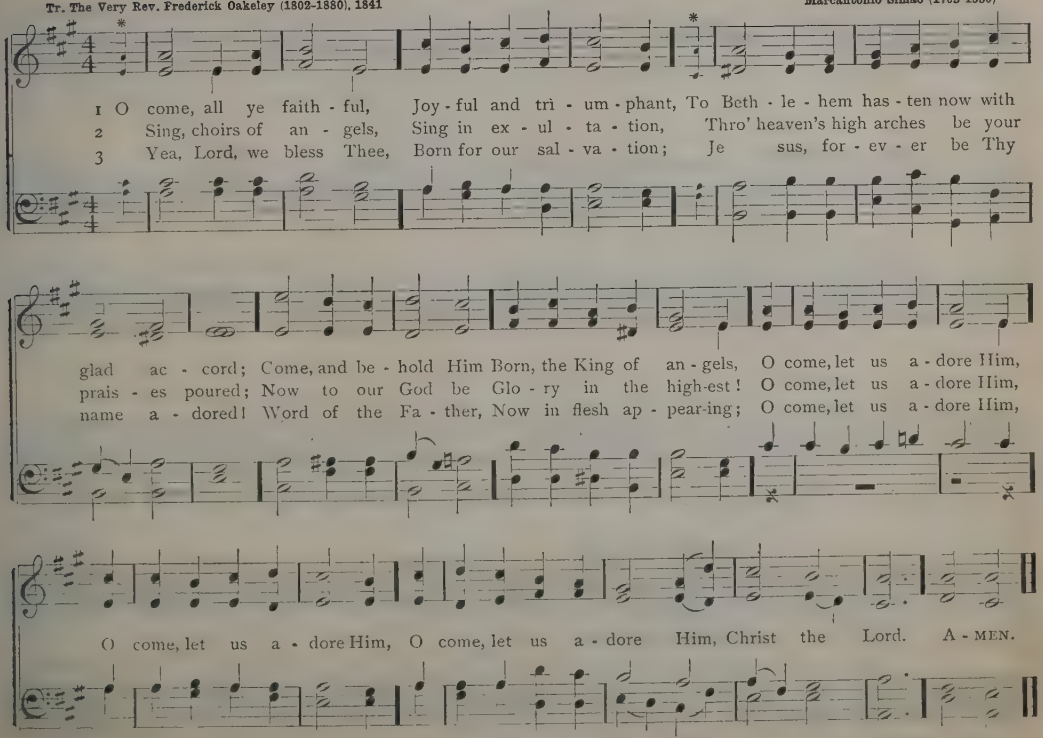

And sang his song of love: He sang, that first sweet Christ - mas, The
A glad - der choir till then, For they sang that Christ - mas car - ol That
A Sav - iour is born to - day." On they sang — and I ween - that nev - er The
song that shall nev - er cease:
nev - er on earth shall cease:
car - ol on earth shall cease:
"Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good - will and peace."
f

O Come, All Ye Faithful

ADESTE FIDELES - *Irregular*

Tr. The Very Rev. Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880), 1841

Marcantonio Simão (1763-1830)


1 O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and trì - um - phant, To Beth - le - hem has - ten now with
2 Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Thro' heaven's high arches be your
3 Yea, Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal - va - tion; Je sus, for - ev - er be Thy
glad ac - cord; Come, and be - hold Him Born, the King of an - gels, O come, let us a - dore Him,
prais - es poured; Now to our God be Glo - ry in the high-est! O come, let us a - dore Him,
name a - dored! Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear-ing; O come, let us a - dore Him,
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ the Lord. A - MEN.

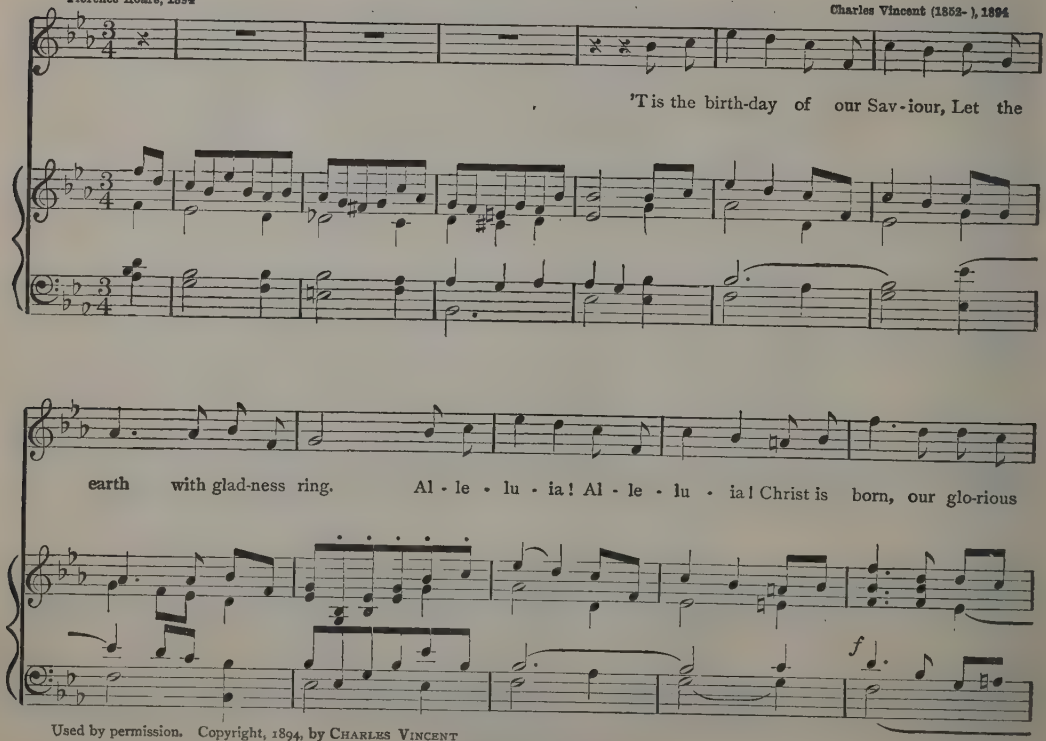
* Small notes for first verse only

'T is the Birthday of Our Saviour

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Florence Hoare, 1894

Charles Vincent (1852-), 1894



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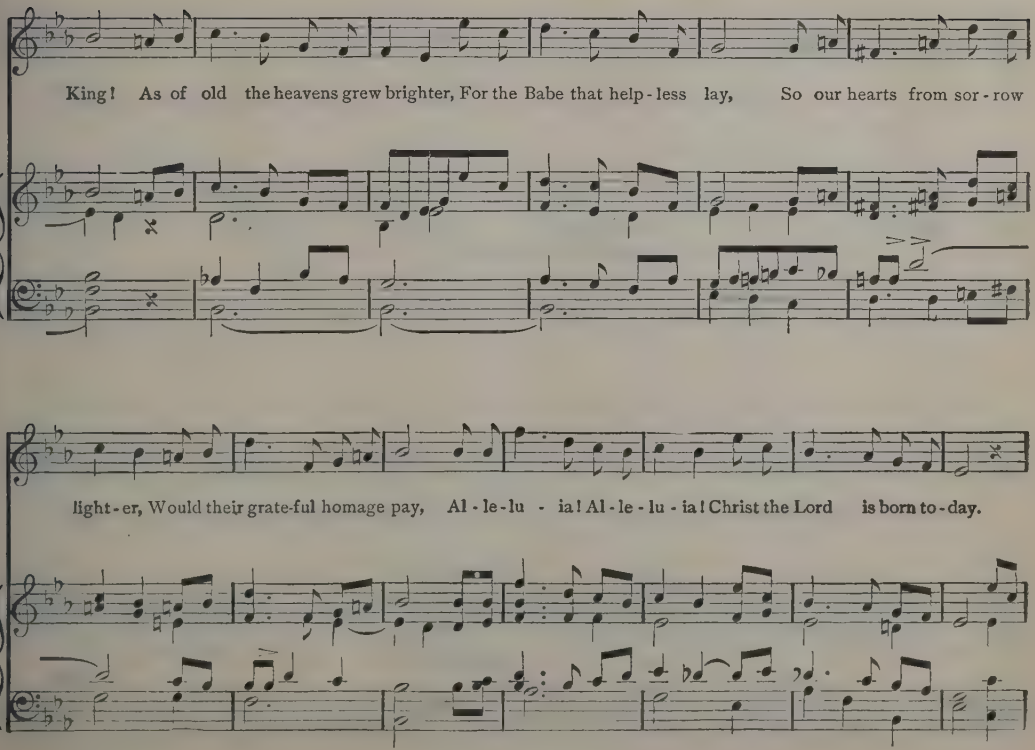
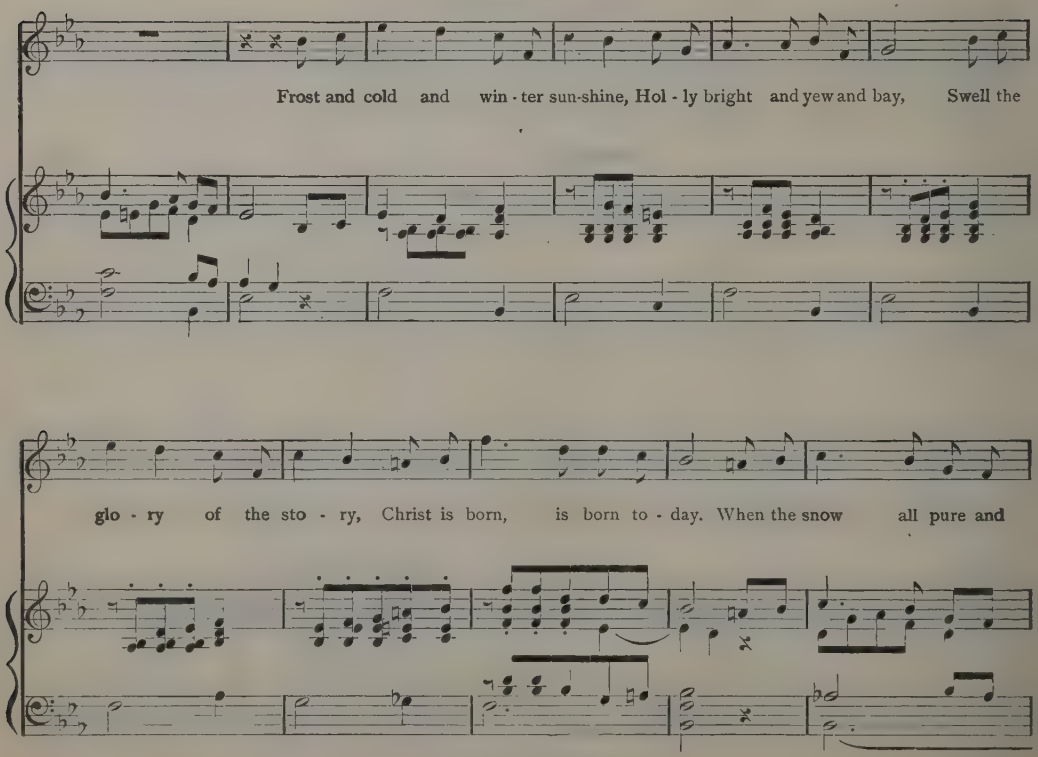
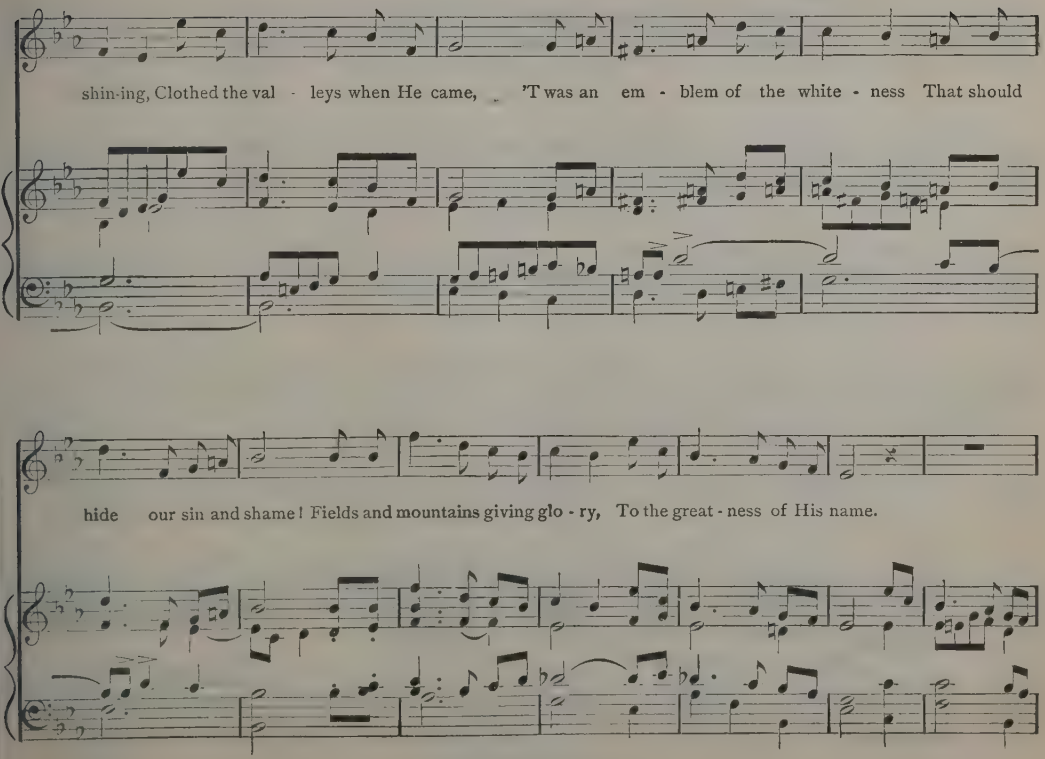
'T is the Birthday of Our Saviour — *Continued*

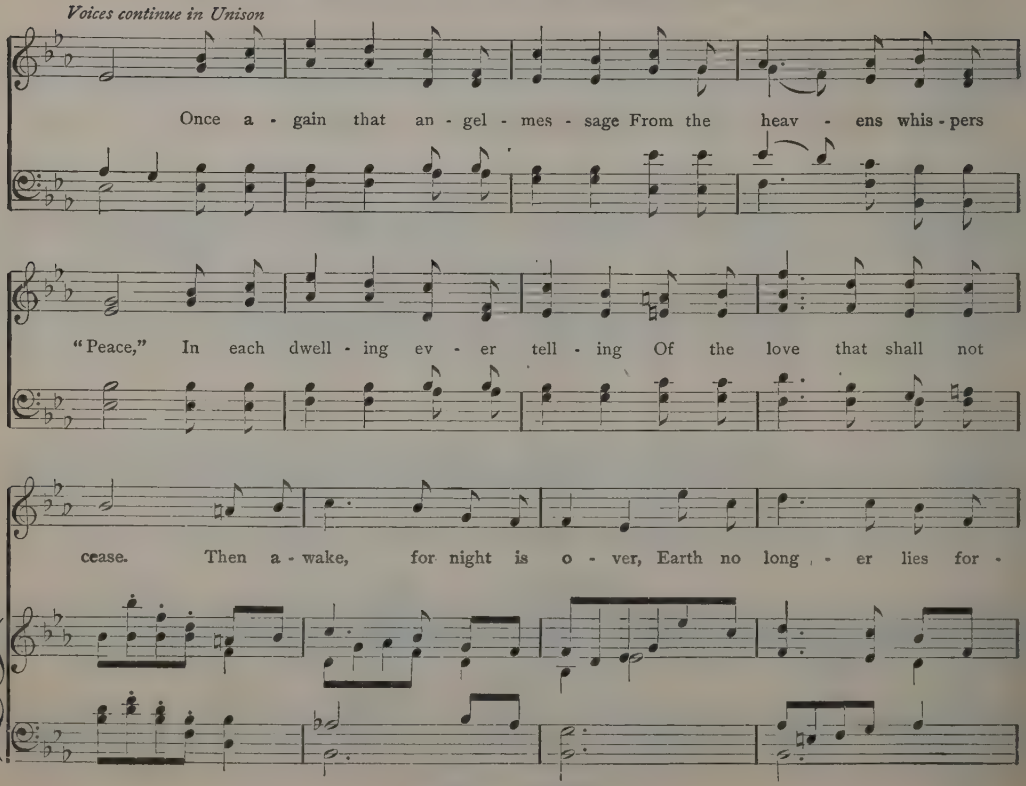

King! As of old the heavens grew brighter, For the Babe that help-less lay, So our hearts from sor-row
light-er, Would their grate-ful homage pay, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord is born to-day.

'T is the Birthday of Our Saviour — *Continued*

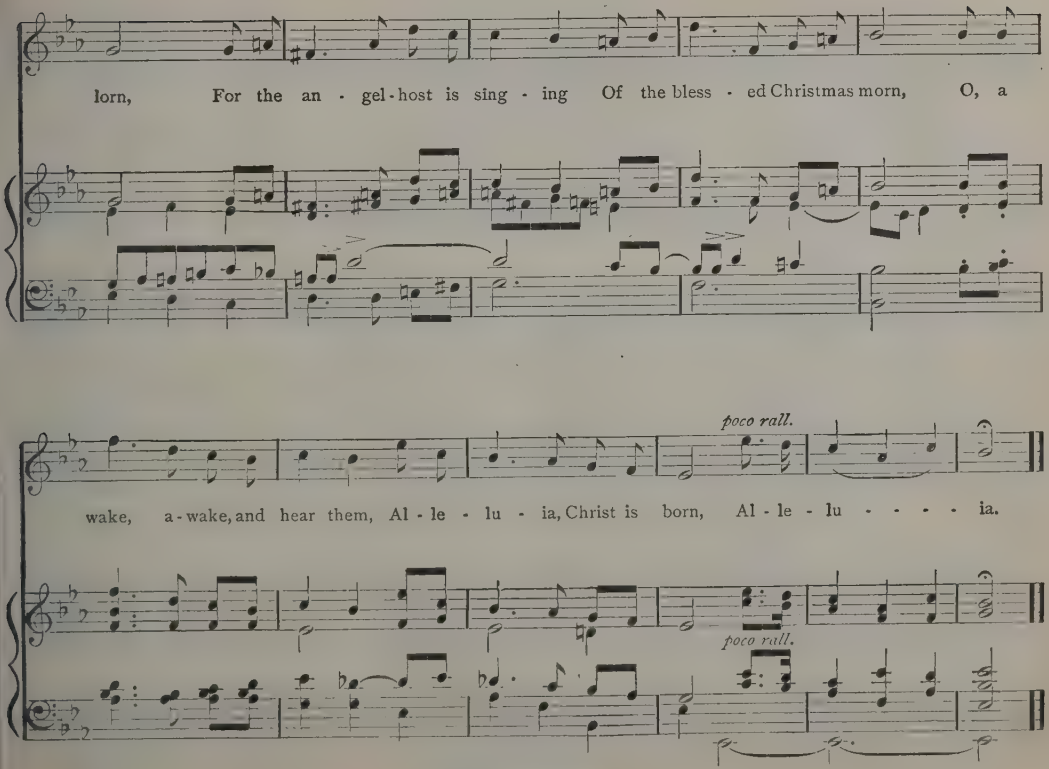

Frost and cold and win - ter sun-shine, Hol - ly bright and yew and bay, Swell the
glo - ry of the sto - ry, Christ is born, is born to - day. When the snow all pure and


shin-ing, Clothed the val - leys when He came, 'T was an em - blem of the white - ness That should
hide our sin and shame! Fields and mountains giving glo - ry, To the great - ness of His name.

'T is the Birthday of Our Saviour — *Continued*


Voices continue in Unison
Once a - gain that an - gel - mes - sage From the heav - ens whis - pers
"Peace," In each dwell - ing ev - er tell - ing Of the love that shall not
cease. Then a - wake, for night is o - ver, Earth no long - er lies for -

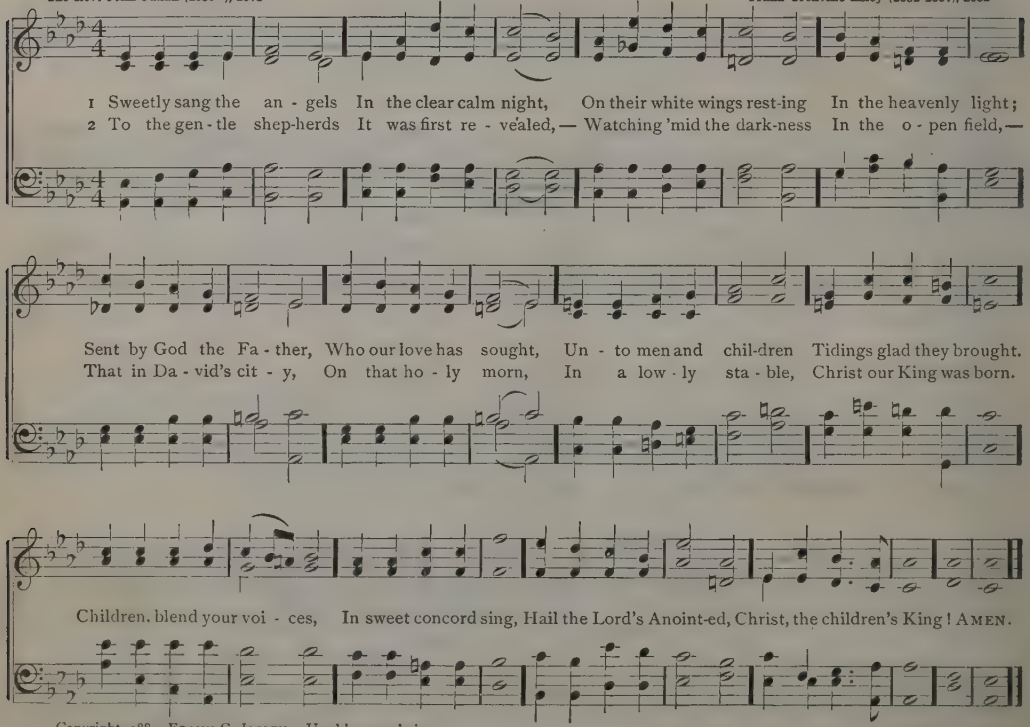
'T is the Birthday of Our Saviour — *Concluded*


lorn, For the an - gel-host is sing - ing Of the bless - ed Christmas morn, O, a
poco rall.
wake, a-wake, and hear them, Al - le - lu - ia, Christ is born, Al - le - lu - - - - ia.
poco rall.

Sweetly Sang the Angels

DANIA 6.5. 12 lines

The Rev. John Julian (1839-), 1873 — Frank Grenville Ilsley (1831-1887), 1881


1 Sweetly sang the an - gels In the clear calm night, On their white wings rest-ing In the heavenly light;
2 To the gen - tle shep-herds It was first re - vealed, — Watching 'mid the dark-ness In the o - pen field, —
Sent by God the Fa - ther, Who our love has sought, Un - to men and chil-dren Tidings glad they brought.
That in Da - vid's cit - y, On that ho - ly morn, In a low - ly sta - ble, Christ our King was born.
Children, blend your voi - ces, In sweet concord sing, Hail the Lord's Anoint-ed, Christ, the children's King! AMEN.

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Sweetly Sang the Angels — *Concluded*

3 Gladdened by the tidings,
Hastily they sped
To the crowded city
And the manger bed;
There they found the Saviour,
With His mother mild:
Him they loved and worshipped,
Though a lowly child.
Children, blend your voices, etc.

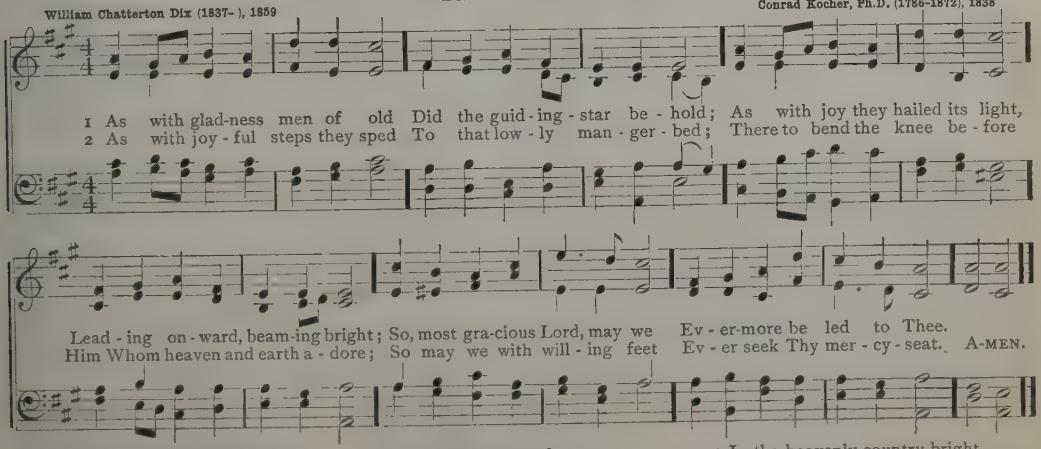
4 In His simple childhood,
And His sacred youth,
All His ways were holy,
All His words were truth;
For our sins He suffered,
And, through grief untold,
All His lambs He purchased
For His sacred fold.
Children, blend your voices, etc.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Make us like to Thee;
Loving, true, and tender,
Thou wouldst have us be.
Blessings rich and holy,
At this Christmas-tide,
Pour Thou out upon us,
Saviour, King, and Guide!
Children, blend your voices, etc.
AMEN.

82 As with Gladness Men of Old

DIX 7.7.7.7.7.7.

William Chatterton Dix (1837–), 1859 — Conrad Kocher, Ph.D. (1786–1872), 1838


1 As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing - star be - hold; As with joy they hailed its light,
2 As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed; There to bend the knee be - fore
Lead - ing on - ward, beam-ing bright; So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev - er-more be led to Thee.
Him Whom heaven and earth a - dore; So may we with will - ing feet Ev - er seek Thy mer - cy - seat. A-MEN.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way,
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun Which goes not down;
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. AMEN.

It Came upon the Midnight Clear

PRINCE OF PEACE C.M.D.

The Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, D.D. (1810-1876), 1849

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)

1 It came up-on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels bend - ing near the earth,
2 Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peaceful wings un-furled; And still their heavenly mu - sic floats
3 O ye, beneath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bending low, Who toil a - long the climb-ing way

To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all - gra-cious King;
O'er all the wea - ry world: A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hovering wing,
With pain - ful steps and slow! Look now, for glad and gold-en hours Come swift - ly on the wing:

f

The world in sol - emn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing, The bless-ed an - gels sing.
O rest be-side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing, And hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

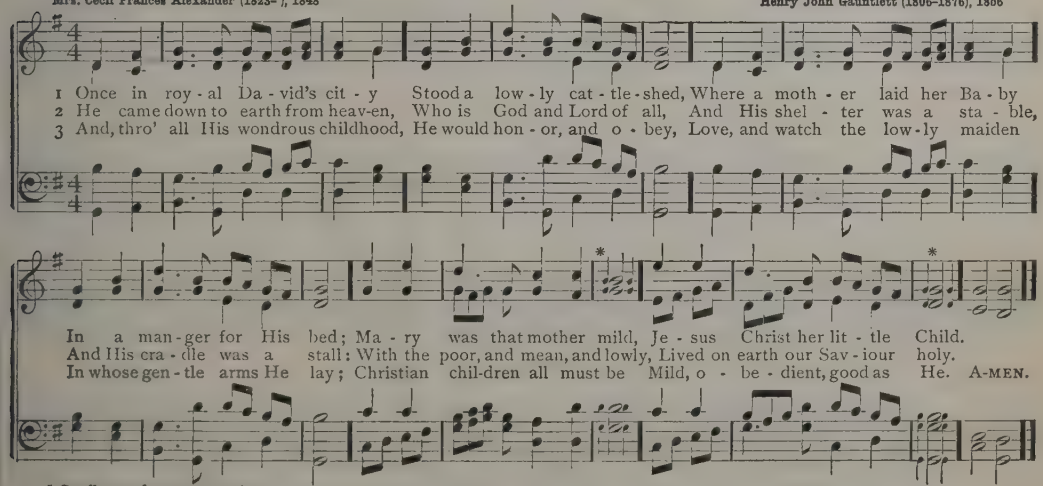
It Came upon the Midnight Clear — *Concluded*

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing. AMEN.

84 Once in Royal David's City

IRBY *8.7.8.7.7.7.*

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–), 1848 — Henry John Gauntlett (1806–1876), 1856


1 Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle - shed, Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by
2 He came down to earth from heav-en, Who is God and Lord of all, And His shel - ter was a sta - ble,
3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood, He would hon - or, and o - bey, Love, and watch the low - ly maiden
In a man - ger for His bed; Ma - ry was that mother mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.
And His cra - dle was a stall: With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Sav - iour holy.
In whose gen - tle arms He lay; Christian chil-dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good as He. A-MEN.

* Small notes for verses 3 and 4

4 For He is our childhood's Pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

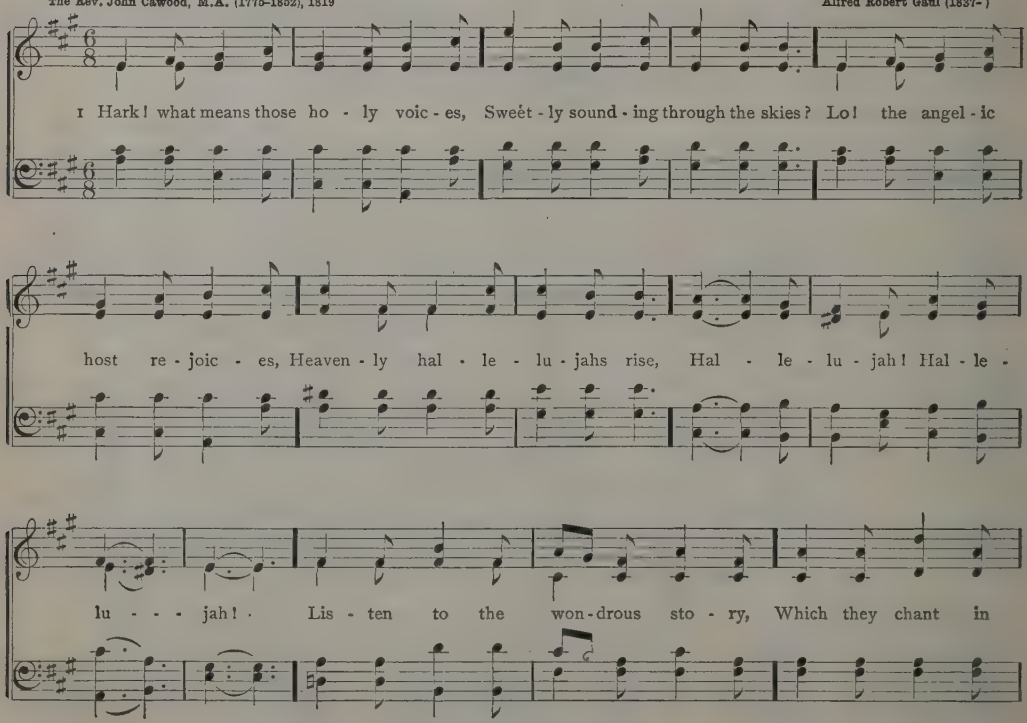
5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wait around. AMEN.

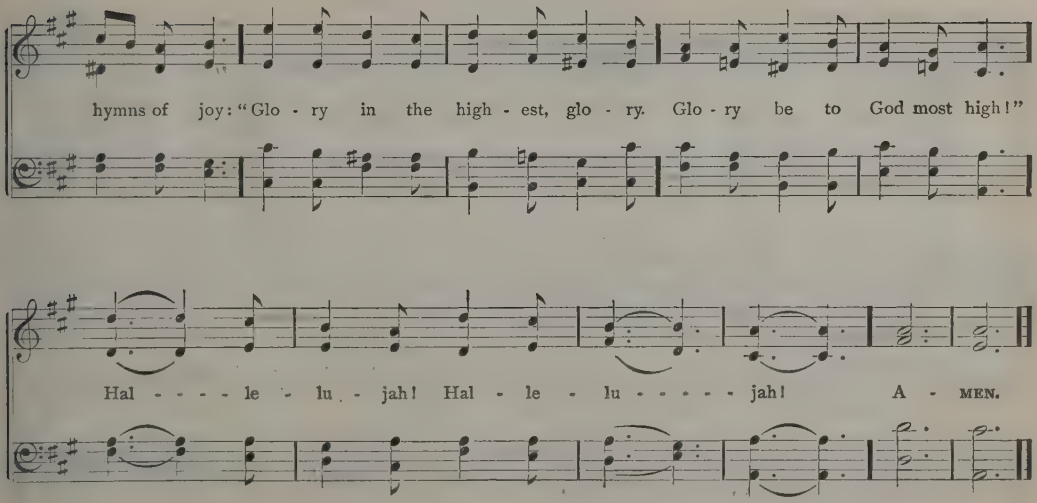
Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices

SONG OF ANGELS 8.7.8.7.8.

The Rev. John Cawood, M.A. (1775–1852), 1819 — Alfred Robert Gaul (1837–)


1 Hark! what means those ho - ly voic - es, Sweét - ly sound - ing through the skies? Lo! the angel - ic
host re - joic - es, Heaven - ly hal - le - lu - jahs rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
lu - - - jah! Lis - ten to the won - drous sto - ry, Which they chant in

Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices — *Concluded*



2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,"
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ is born, the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His glory sing:
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

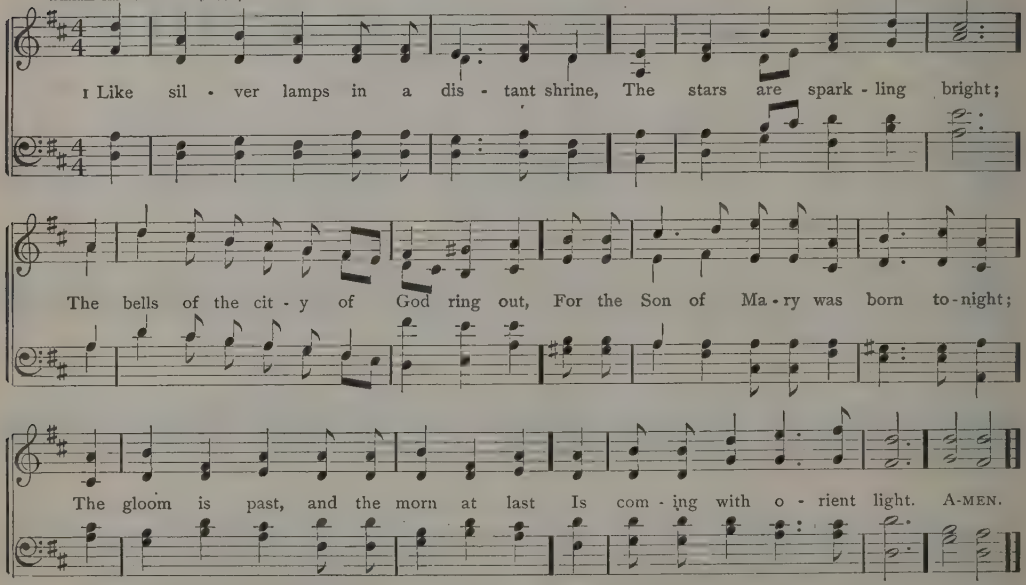
3 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name and taste His joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
"Glory be to God most high!"
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth,
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! AMEN.

Like Silver Lamps in a Distant Shrine

ST. STEPHEN THE MARTYR *Irregular*

William Chatterton Dix (1837-)

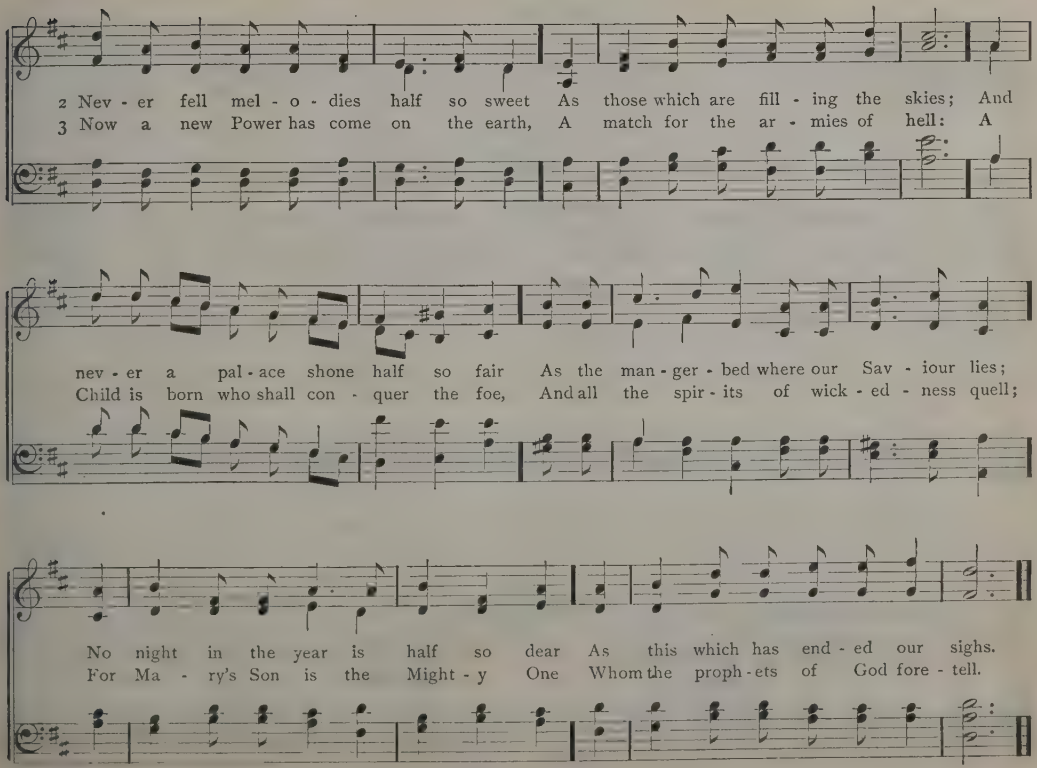
Charles Steggall (1826-)


1 Like sil - ver lamps in a dis - tant shrine, The stars are spark - ling bright;
The bells of the cit - y of God ring out, For the Son of Ma - ry was born to - night;
The gloom is past, and the morn at last Is com - ing with o - rient light. A-MEN.

4 The stars of heaven still shine as at first
They gleamed on this wonderful night;
The bells of the city of God peal out,
And the angels' song still rings in the height;
And love still turns where the Godhead burns,
Hid in Flesh from fleshly sight.

5 Faith sees no longer the stable-floor,
The pavement of sapphire is there;
The clear light of heaven streams out to the world:
And angels of God are crowding the air;
And heaven and earth, through the spotless birth,
Are at peace on this night so fair. AMEN.

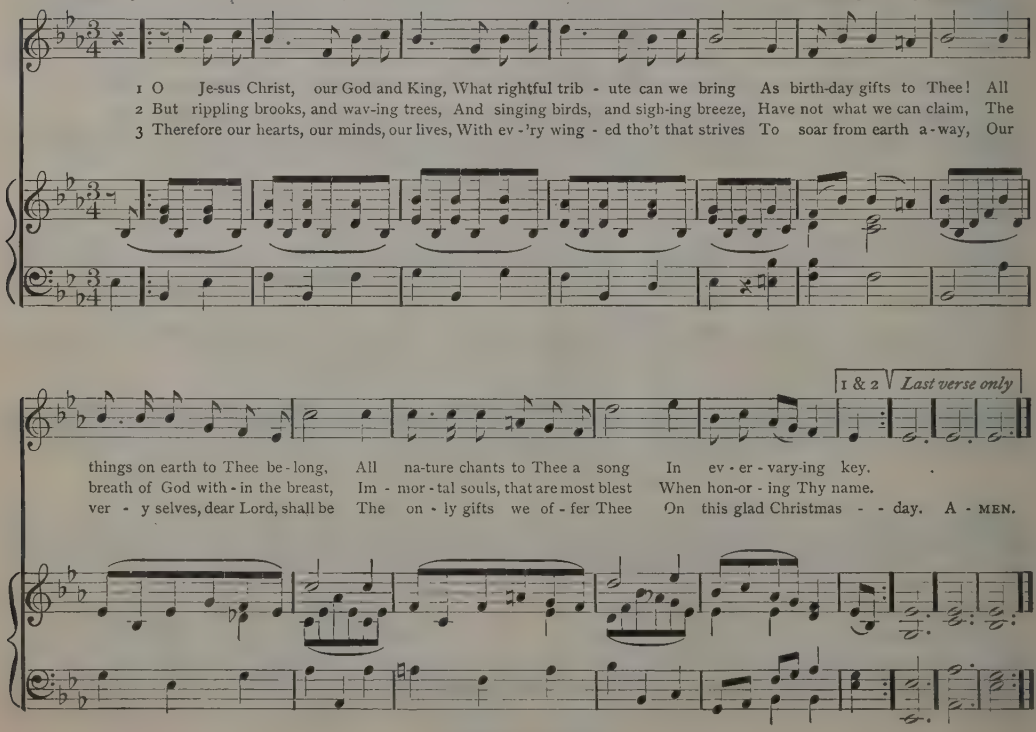
Like Silver Lamps in a Distant Shrine — *Concluded*


2 Nev - er fell mel - o - dies half so sweet As those which are fill - ing the skies; And
3 Now a new Power has come on the earth, A match for the ar - mies of hell: A
nev - er a pal - ace shone half so fair As the man - ger - bed where our Sav - iour lies;
Child is born who shall con - quer the foe, And all the spir - its of wick - ed - ness quell;
No night in the year is half so dear As this which has end - ed our sighs.
For Ma - ry's Son is the Might - y One Whom the proph - ets of God fore - tell.

87 O Jesus Christ, our God and King

OUR BEST GIFT 8.8.6.8.8.6.

Caroline May — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

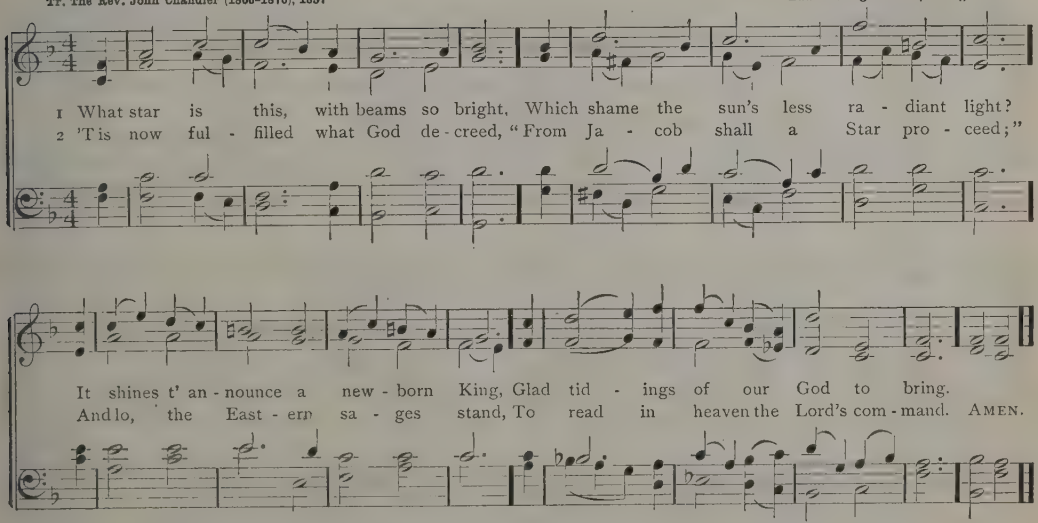

1 O Je-sus Christ, our God and King, What rightful trib - ute can we bring As birth-day gifts to Thee! All
2 But rippling brooks, and wav-ing trees, And singing birds, and sigh-ing breeze, Have not what we can claim, The
3 Therefore our hearts, our minds, our lives, With ev -'ry wing - ed tho't that strives To soar from earth a-way, Our
1 & 2
Last verse only
things on earth to Thee be-long, All na-ture chants to Thee a song In ev - er - vary-ing key.
breath of God with-in the breast, Im - mor - tal souls, that are most blest When hon-or - ing Thy name.
ver - y selves, dear Lord, shall be The on - ly gifts we of - fer Thee On this glad Christmas - - day. A - MEN.

What Star is This?

RADIANCE L.M.

Charles Coffin (1676-1749), 1736
Tr. The Rev. John Chandler (1806-1876), 1837

Edwin George Monk (1819-), 1872


1 What star is this, with beams so bright, Which shame the sun's less ra - diant light?
2 'T is now ful - filled what God de - creed, "From Ja - cob shall a Star pro - ceed;"
It shines t' an - nounce a new - born King, Glad tid - ings of our God to bring.
And lo, the East - ern sa - ges stand, To read in heaven the Lord's com - mand. AMEN.

3 While outward signs the star displays,
An inward Light the Lord conveys,
And urges them, with force benign,
To seek the Giver of the sign.

4 True love can brook no dull delay,
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all,
They leave at once at God's high call.

5 O Jesus, while the Star of grace
Invites us now to seek Thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that Light which shines so well.

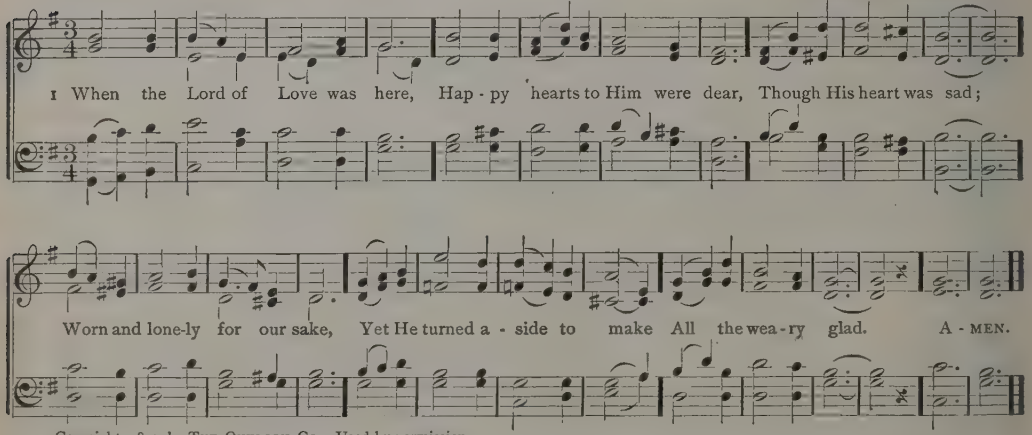
6 To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise! AMEN.

When the Lord of Love was Here

ARMSTRONG 7.7.5.7.7.5.

The Rev. Stopford Augustus Brooke, M.A. (1832-)

George Whitfield Chadwick (1854-)


1 When the Lord of Love was here, Hap - py hearts to Him were dear, Though His heart was sad;
Worn and lone-ly for our sake, Yet He turned a - side to make All the wea - ry glad. A - MEN.

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2 Meek and lowly were His ways;
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers and birds and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,—
God had His abode.

4 Fill us with Thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

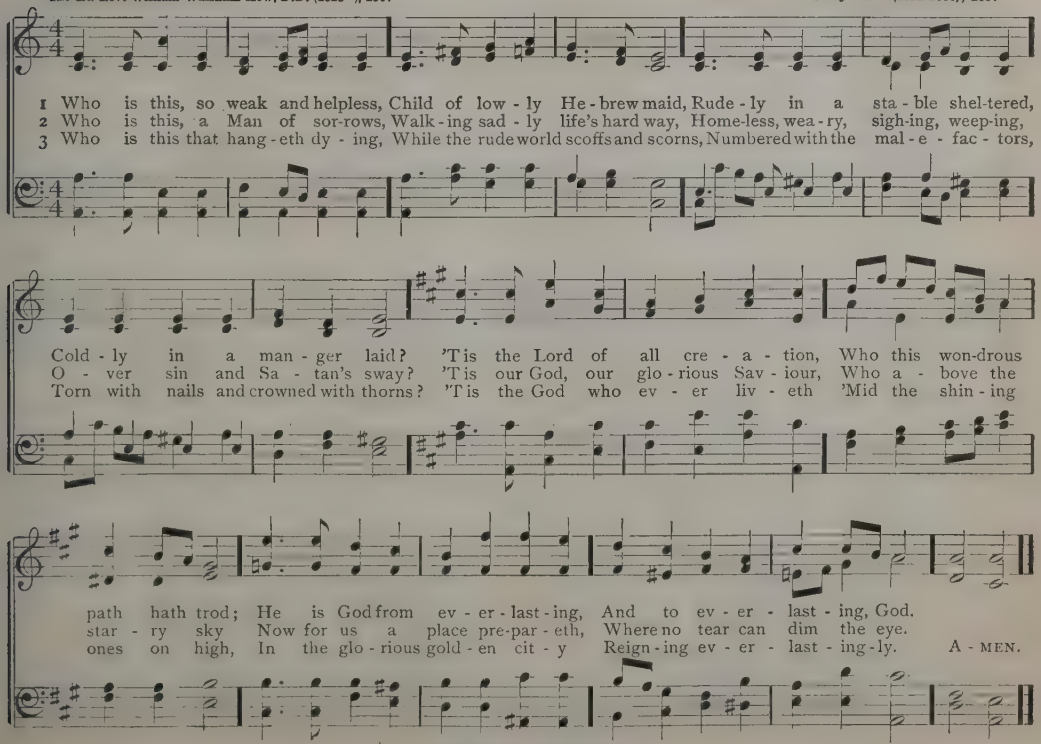
5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above. AMEN.

Who is This, so Weak and Helpless?

EXALTATION 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How, D.D. (1823-), 1867

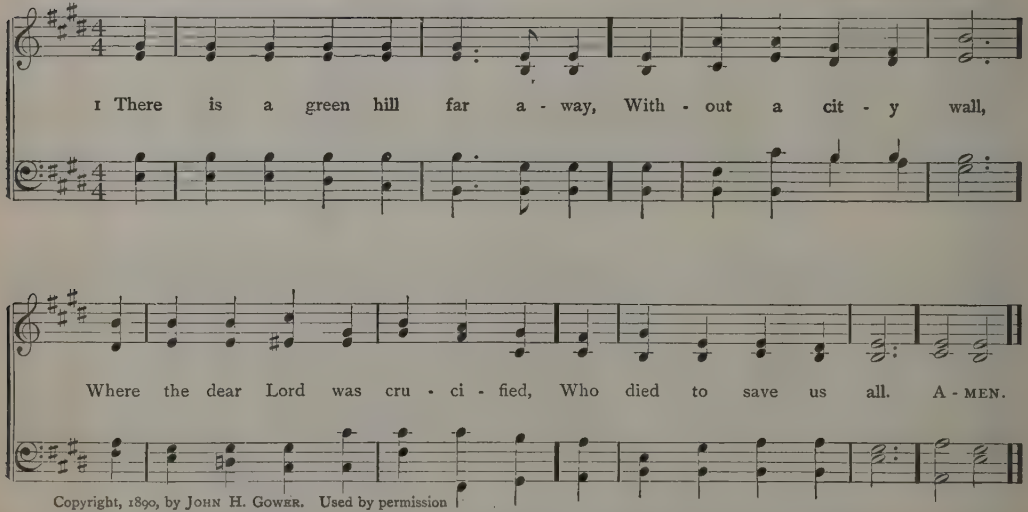
Henry Leslie (1822-1896), 1887


1 Who is this, so weak and helpless, Child of low - ly He - brew maid, Rude - ly in a sta - ble shel-tered,
2 Who is this, a Man of sor-rows, Walk - ing sad - ly life's hard way, Home-less, wea - ry, sigh-ing, weep-ing,
3 Who is this that hang - eth dy - ing, While the rude world scoffs and scorns, Numbered with the mal - e - fac - tors,
Cold - ly in a man - ger laid? 'Tis the Lord of all cre - a - tion, Who this won-drous
O - ver sin and Sa - tan's sway? 'Tis our God, our glo - rious Sav - iour, Who a - bove the
Torn with nails and crowned with thorns? 'Tis the God who ev - er liv - eth 'Mid the shin - ing
path hath trod; He is God from ev - er - last - ing, And to ev - er - last - ing, God.
star - ry sky Now for us a place pre-par - eth, Where no tear can dim the eye.
ones on high, In the glo - rious gold - en cit - y Reign - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly. A - MEN.

There is a Green Hill Far Away

MEDITATION C. M.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–), 1848 — John Henry Gower (1855–)



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2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do. AMEN.

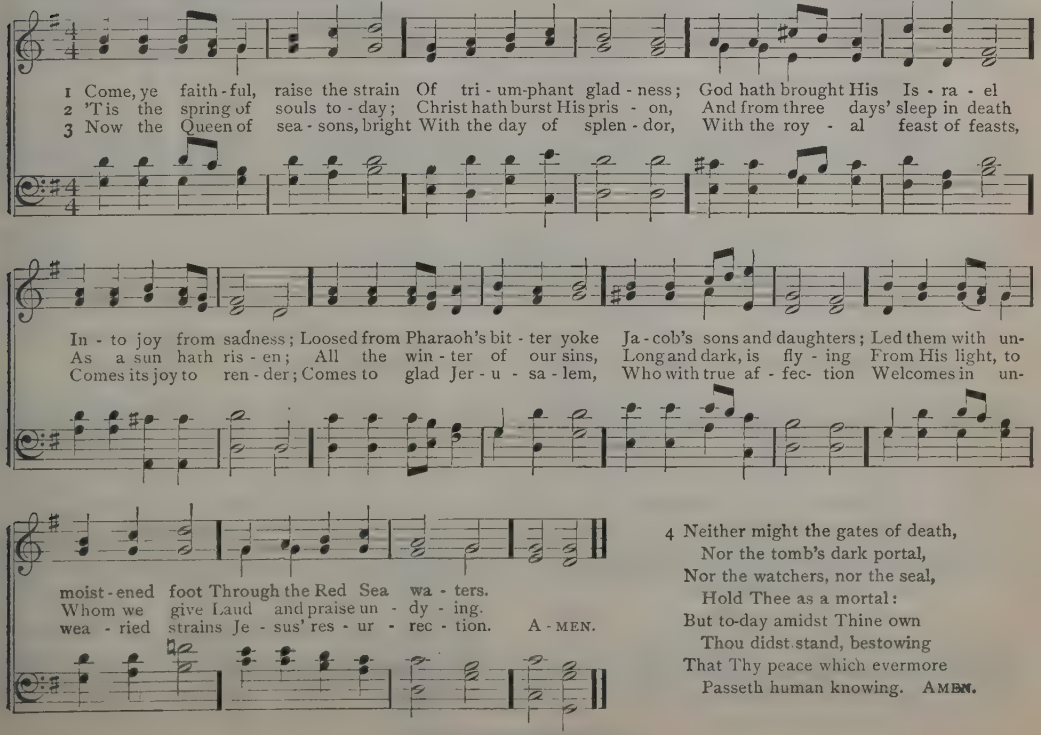
THE PASSION

Come ye Faithful, Raise the Strain

ST. KEVIN 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

St. John Damascene, 750
Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1859

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1874


1 Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-um-phant glad-ness; God hath brought His Is-ra-el
2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day; Christ hath burst His pris-on, And from three days' sleep in death
3 Now the Queen of sea-sons, bright With the day of splen-dor, With the roy-al feast of feasts,
In-to joy from sadness; Loosed from Pharaoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daughters; Led them with un-
As a sun hath ris-en; All the win-ter of our sins, Long and dark, is fly-ing From His light, to
Comes its joy to ren-der; Comes to glad Jer-u-sa-lem, Who with true af-fec-tion Welcomes in un-
moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters.
Whom we give Laud and praise un-dy-ing.
wea-ried strains Je-sus' res-ur-rec-tion. A-MEN.

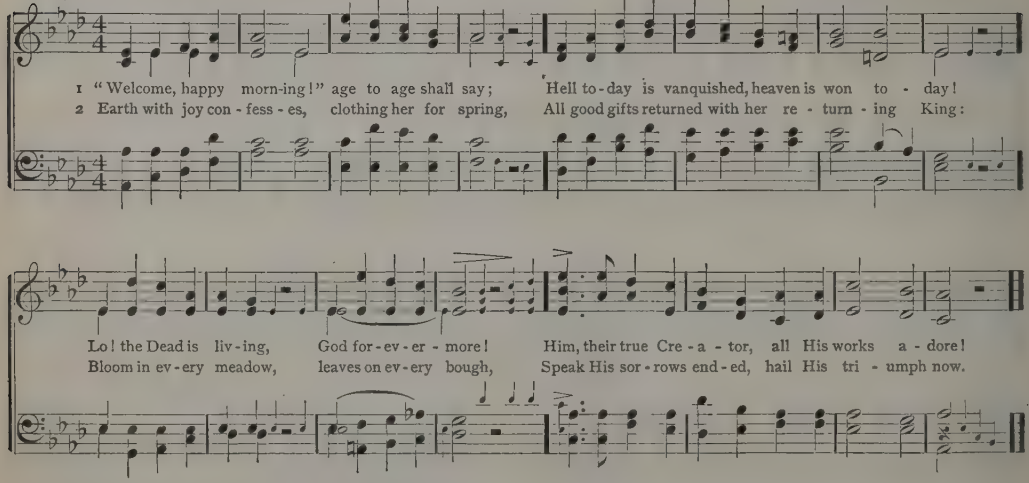
4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing. AMEN.

93 Welcome, Happy Morning

WELCOME 11.11.11.11.

Tr. The Rev. John Ellerton, M.A. (1826-1893), 1871

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1870


1 "Welcome, happy morn-ing!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to - day!
2 Earth with joy con - fess - es, clothing her for spring, All good gifts returned with her re - turn - ing King:
Lo! the Dead is liv-ing, God for-ev-er - more! Him, their true Cre-a - tor, all His works a - dore!
Bloom in ev-ery meadow, leaves on ev-ery bough, Speak His sor-rows end-ed, hail His tri - umph now.

3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

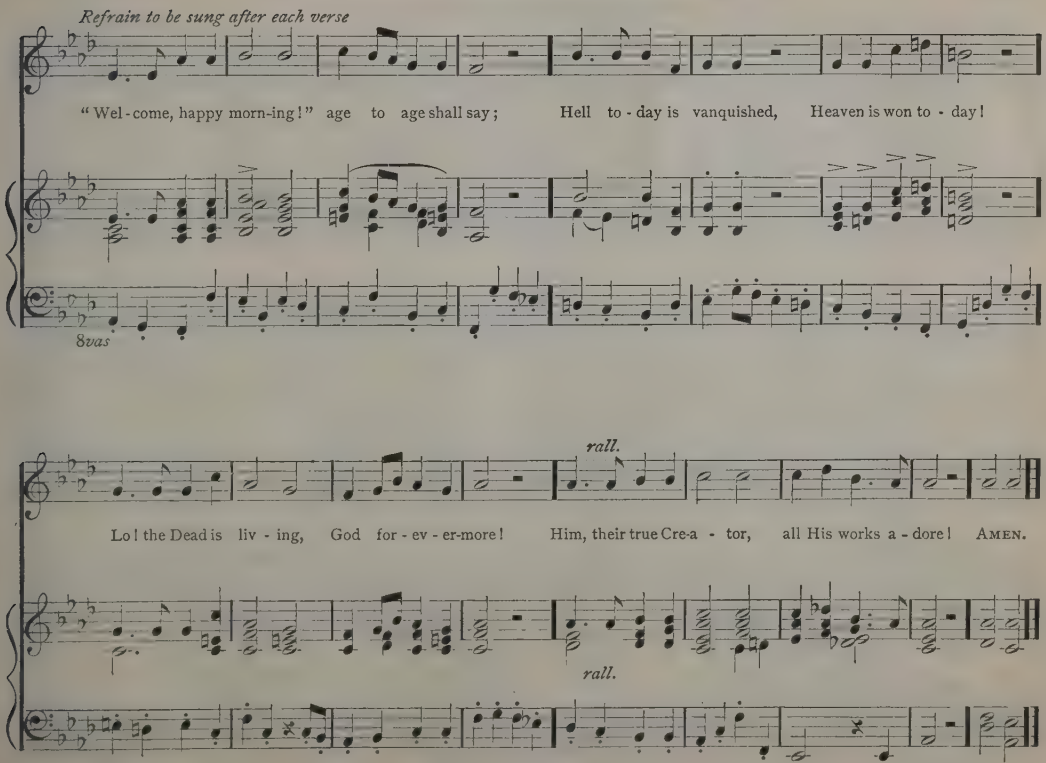
4 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou, from Heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

5 Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show.
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word:
'T is Thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc.

6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chains;
All that now is fallen, raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" etc. AMEN.

THE RESURRECTION

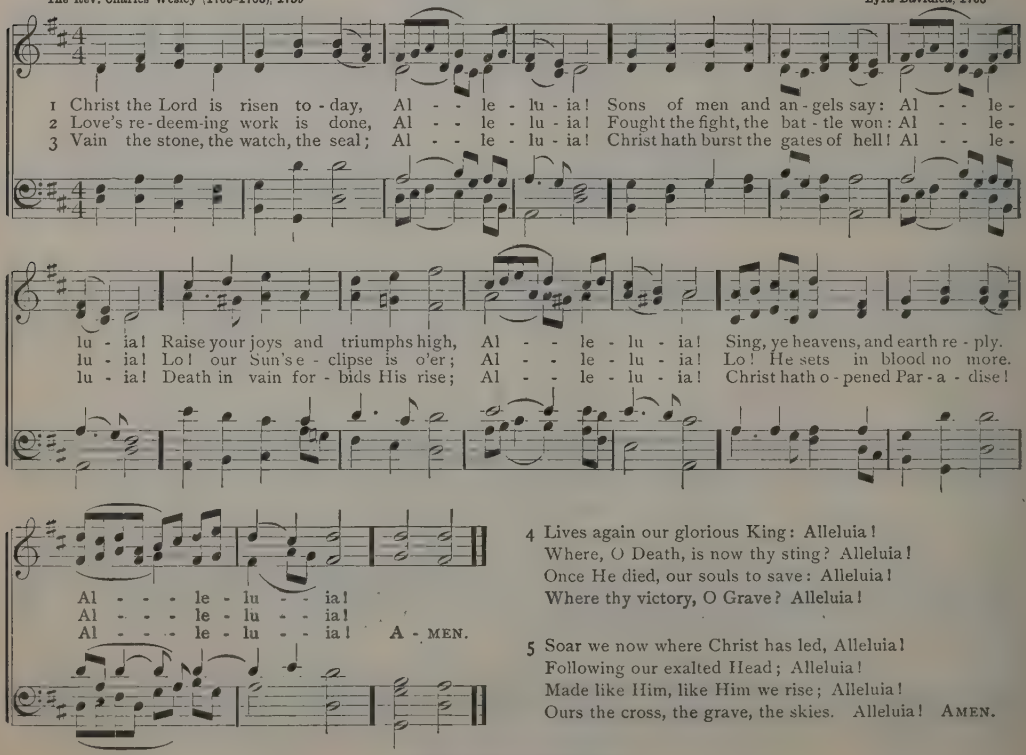
Welcome, Happy Morning — *Concluded*


Refrain to be sung after each verse
"Wel - come, happy morn-ing!" age to age shall say; Hell to - day is vanquished, Heaven is won to - day!
8vas
rall.
Lo! the Dead is liv - ing, God for - ev - er-more! Him, their true Cre-a - tor, all His works a - dore! AMEN.
rall.

Christ the Lord is Risen To-day

EASTER HYMN 11.11.11.11.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708–1788), 1739 — Lyra Davidica, 1708


1 Christ the Lord is risen to-day, Al - - le - lu - ia! Sons of men and an-gels say: Al - - le-
2 Love's re-deem-ing work is done, Al - - le - lu - ia! Fought the fight, the bat-tle won: Al - - le-
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Al - - le - lu - ia! Christ hath burst the gates of hell! Al - - le-
lu - ia! Raise your joys and triumphs high, Al - - le - lu - ia! Sing, ye heavens, and earth re-ply.
lu - ia! Lo! our Sun's e-clipse is o'er; Al - - le - lu - ia! Lo! He sets in blood no more.
lu - ia! Death in vain for-bids His rise; Al - - le - lu - ia! Christ hath o-pened Par-a-dise!
Al - - - - le - lu - - - ia!
Al - - - - le - lu - - - ia!
Al - - - - le - lu - - - ia! A - MEN.

4 Lives again our glorious King: Alleluia!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting? Alleluia!
Once He died, our souls to save: Alleluia!
Where thy victory, O Grave? Alleluia!

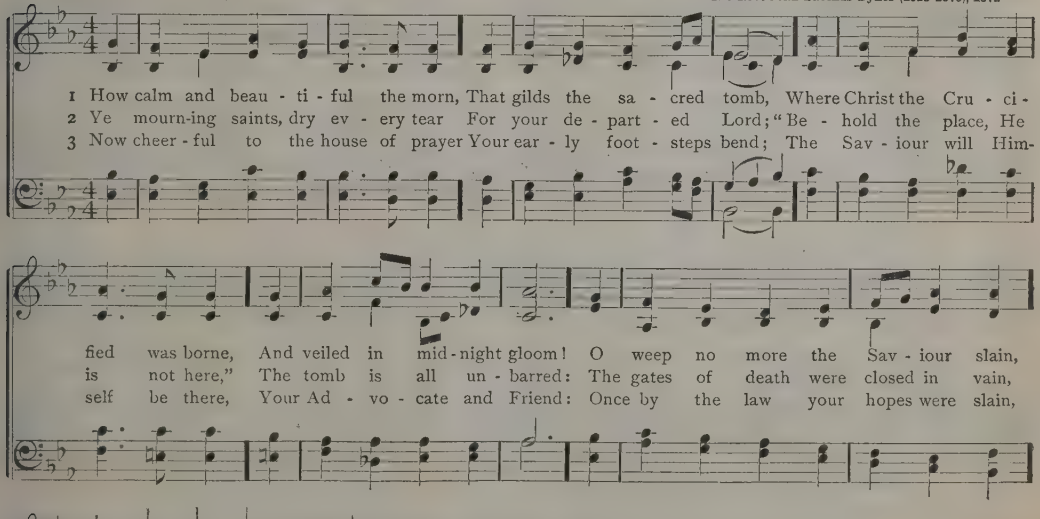
5 Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia!
Following our exalted Head; Alleluia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Alleluia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Alleluia! AMEN.

How Calm and Beautiful the Morn

EUCHARIST 8.6.8.6.8.8.

Thomas Hastings (1784-1872), 1832

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823 1876), 1872

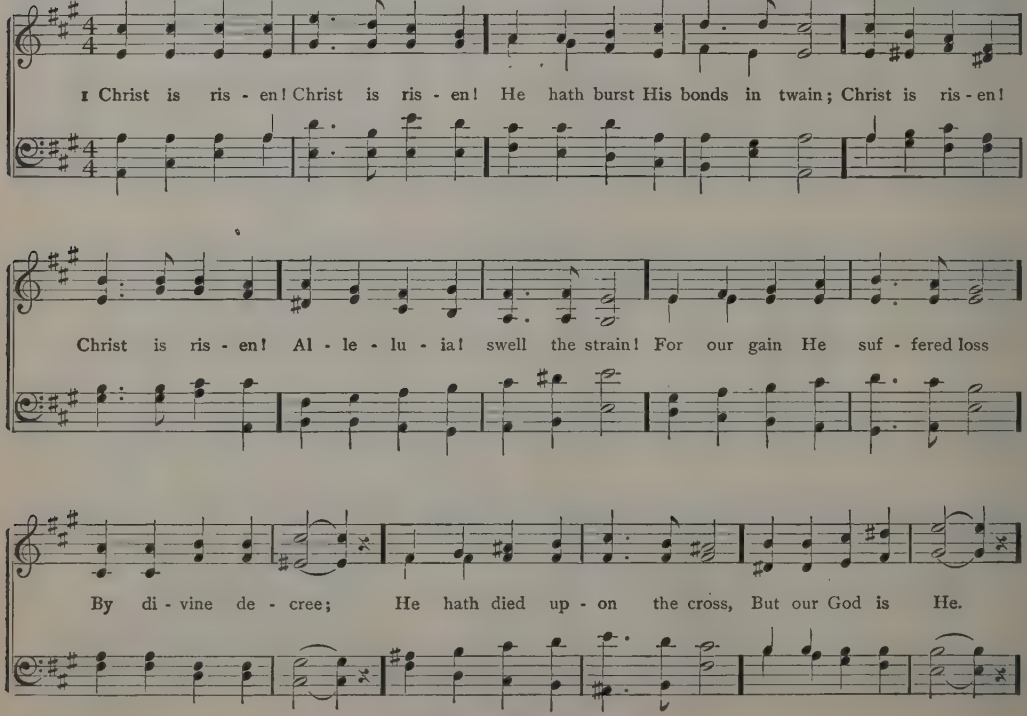

1 How calm and beau - ti - ful the morn, That gilds the sa - cred tomb, Where Christ the Cru - ci-
2 Ye mourn-ing saints, dry ev - ery tear For your de - part - ed Lord; "Be - hold the place, He
3 Now cheer - ful to the house of prayer Your ear - ly foot - steps bend; The Sav - iour will Him-
fied was borne, And veiled in mid - night gloom! O weep no more the Sav - iour slain,
is not here," The tomb is all un - barred: The gates of death were closed in vain,
self be there, Your Ad - vo - cate and Friend: Once by the law your hopes were slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives a - gain.
The Lord is risen, He lives a - gain.
But now in Christ ye live a - gain. A - MEN.

4 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen That once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again. AMEN.

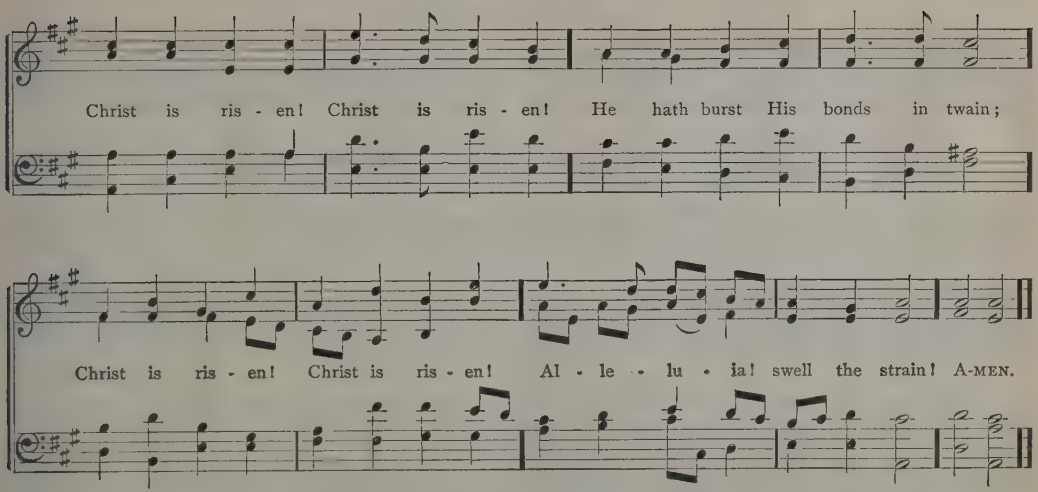
Christ is Risen! Christ is Risen

RESURREXIT *8.7.8.7.7.5.7.5.8.7.8.7.*

The Rev. Archer Thompson Gurney (1820-1887), 1862 — Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1872


1 Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en!
Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! For our gain He suf - fered loss
By di - vine de - cree; He hath died up - on the cross, But our God is He.

Christ is Risen! Christ is Risen — *Concluded*


Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain! A-MEN.

2 See, the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love;
He forevermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!

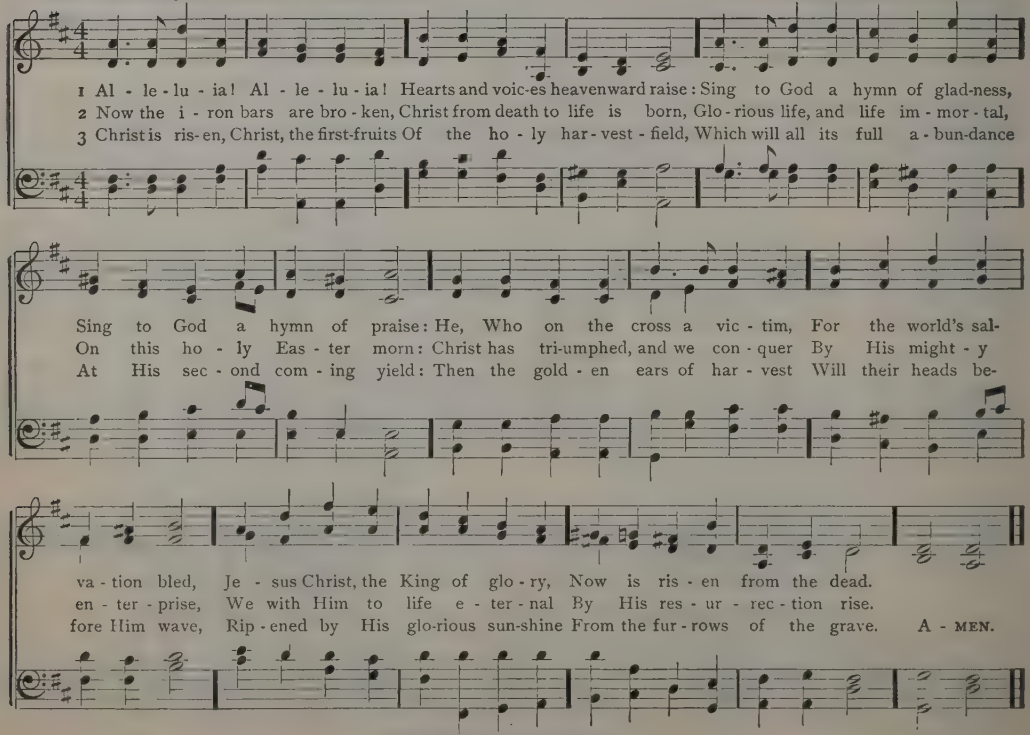
3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice:
He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen,
O'er the universe to reign. AMEN.

THE RESURRECTION

97 Alleluia! Alleluia!

LUX EOI 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rt. Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. (1807-1885), 1872 — Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)


1 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts and voic-es heavenward raise: Sing to God a hymn of glad-ness,
2 Now the i - ron bars are bro - ken, Christ from death to life is born, Glo - rious life, and life im - mor - tal,
3 Christ is ris-en, Christ, the first-fruits Of the ho - ly har - vest - field, Which will all its full a - bun-dance
Sing to God a hymn of praise: He, Who on the cross a vic - tim, For the world's sal-
On this ho - ly Eas - ter morn: Christ has tri-umphed, and we con - quer By His might - y
At His sec - ond com - ing yield: Then the gold - en ears of har - vest Will their heads be-
va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead.
en - ter - prise, We with Him to life e - ter - nal By His res - ur - rec - tion rise.
fore Him wave, Rip - ened by His glo-rious sun-shine From the fur - rows of the grave. A - MEN.

THE RESURRECTION

Alleluia! Alleluia! — *Concluded*

4 Christ is risen, we are risen!
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face:
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

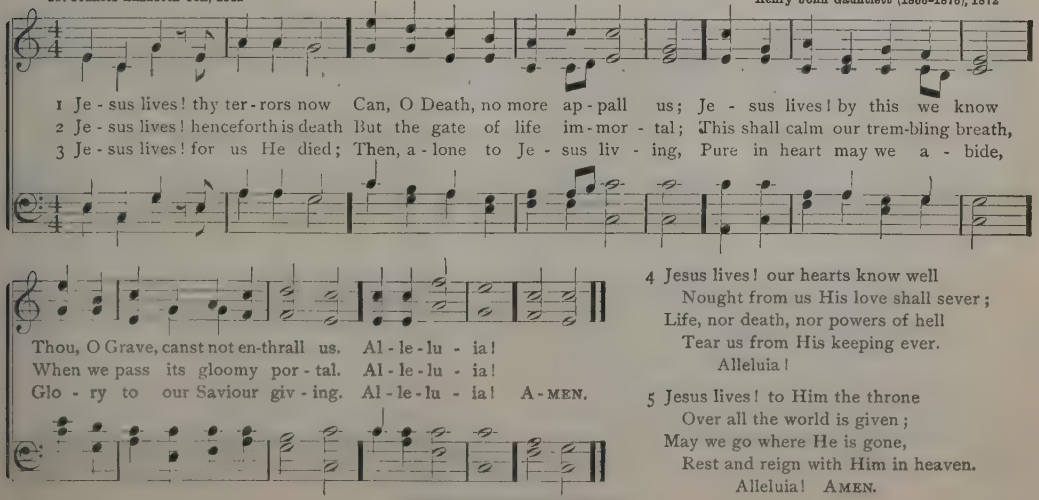
5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glory be to God on high;
Alleluia to the Saviour
Who has won the victory;
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
To the Triune Majesty. AMEN.

98 Jesus Lives! Thy Terrors now

ST. ALBINUS 7.8.7.8.4.

Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715-1769), 1757
Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841

Henry John Gauntlett (1806-1876), 1872


1 Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can, O Death, no more ap - pall us; Je - sus lives! by this we know
2 Je - sus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life im - mor - tal; This shall calm our trem-bling breath,
3 Je - sus lives! for us He died; Then, a - lone to Je - sus liv - ing, Pure in heart may we a - bide,
Thou, O Grave, canst not en-thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia!
When we pass its gloomy por - tal. Al - le - lu - ia!
Glo - ry to our Saviour giv - ing. Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

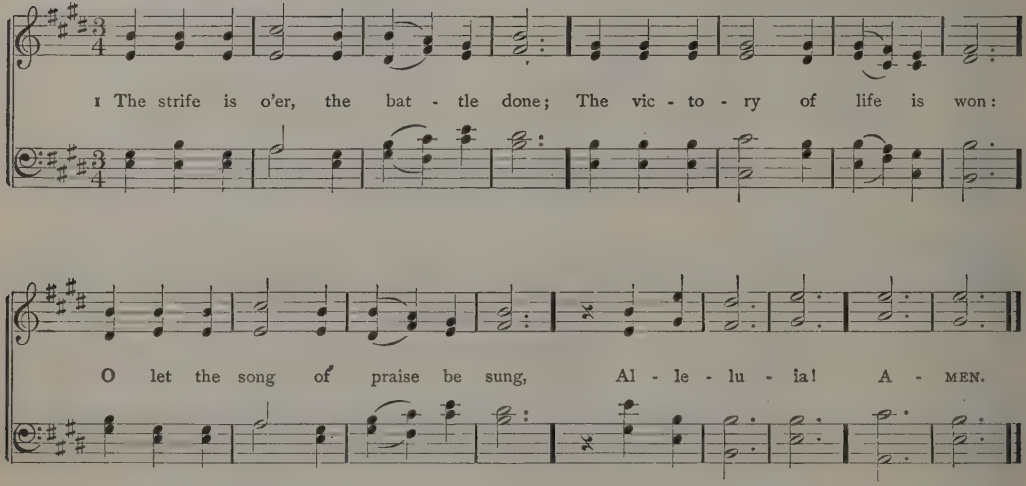
5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia! AMEN.

The Strife is O'er

PALESTRINA 8.8.8.4.

Tr. The Rev. Francis Pott (1832-), 1859

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1524–1594)



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days have quickly sped:
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

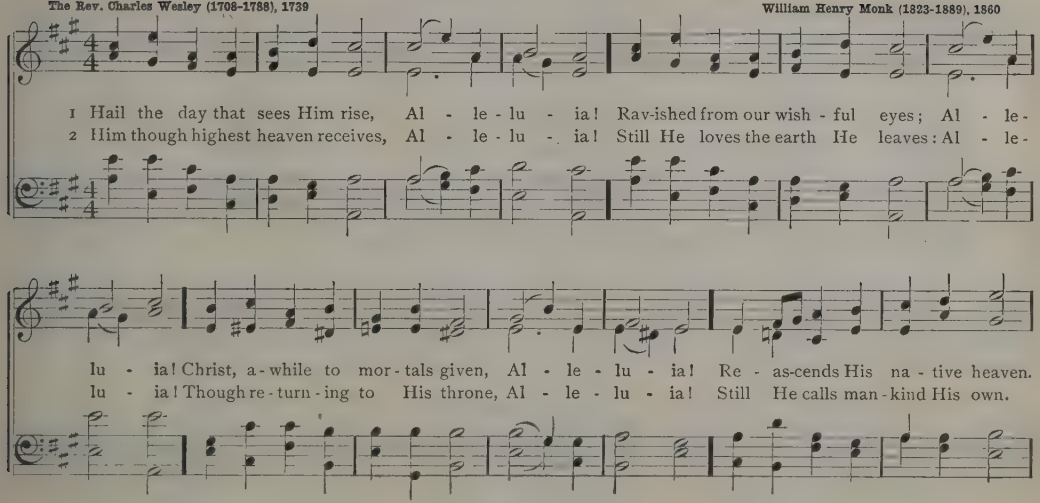
5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia! AMEN.

Hail the Day that Sees Him Rise

ASCENSION 11. 11. 11. 11.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1739

William Henry Monk (1823-1889), 1860


1 Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! Rav-ished from our wish - ful eyes; Al - le-
2 Him though highest heaven receives, Al - le - lu - ia! Still He loves the earth He leaves: Al - le-
lu - ia! Christ, a-while to mor-tals given, Al - le - lu - ia! Re - as-cends His na - tive heaven.
lu - ia! Though re-turn-ing to His throne, Al - le - lu - ia! Still He calls man-kind His own.
Al - - le - lu - ia!
Al - - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

3 Still for us His death He pleads; Alleluia!
Prevalent, He intercedes: Alleluia!
Near Himself prepares our place, Alleluia!
Harbinger of human race. Alleluia!

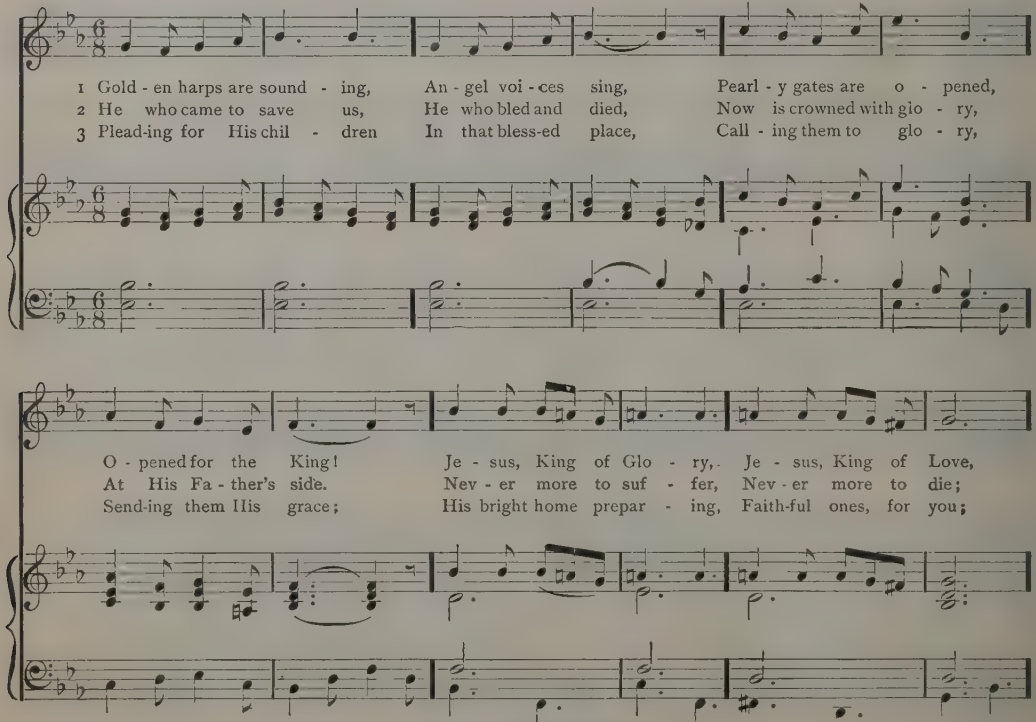
4 Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia!
High above yon azure height, Alleluia!
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia!
Following Thee beyond the skies. Alleluia! AMEN.

Golden Harps are Sounding

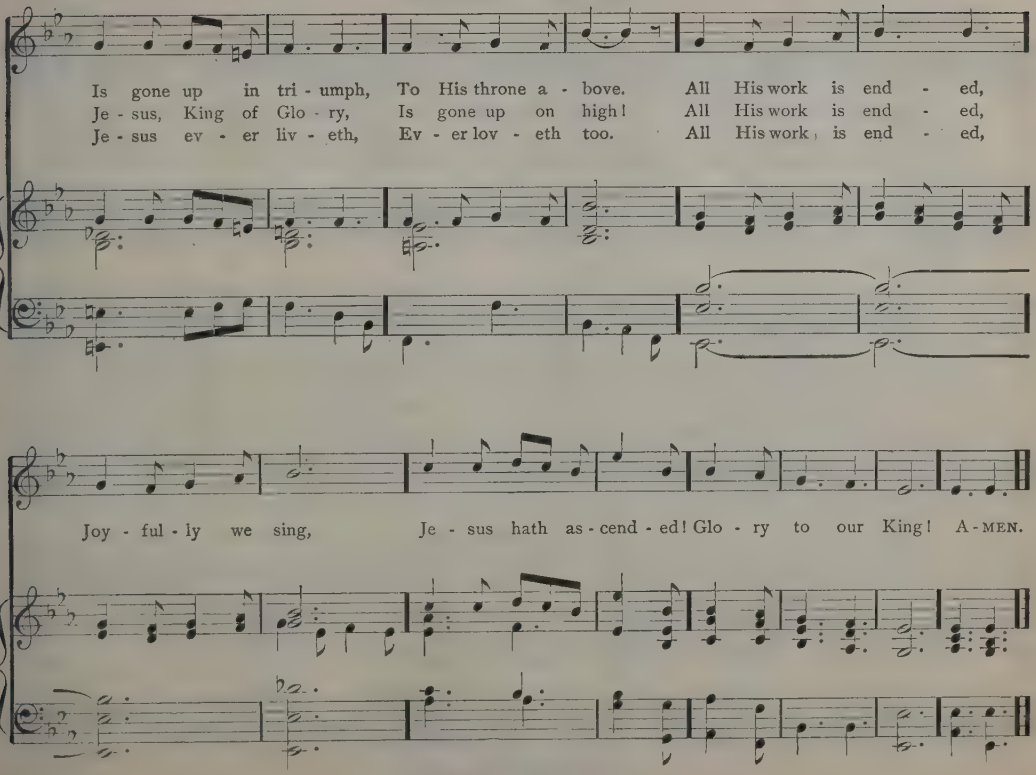
ST. THERESA 6.5. 12 lines

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1872

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)


1 Gold - en harps are sound - ing, An - gel voi - ces sing, Pearl - y gates are o - pened,
2 He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glo - ry,
3 Plead-ing for His chil - dren In that bless-ed place, Call - ing them to glo - ry,
O - pened for the King! Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of Love,
At His Fa - ther's side. Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die;
Send-ing them His grace; His bright home prepar - ing, Faith-ful ones, for you;

Golden Harps are Sounding — *Concluded*

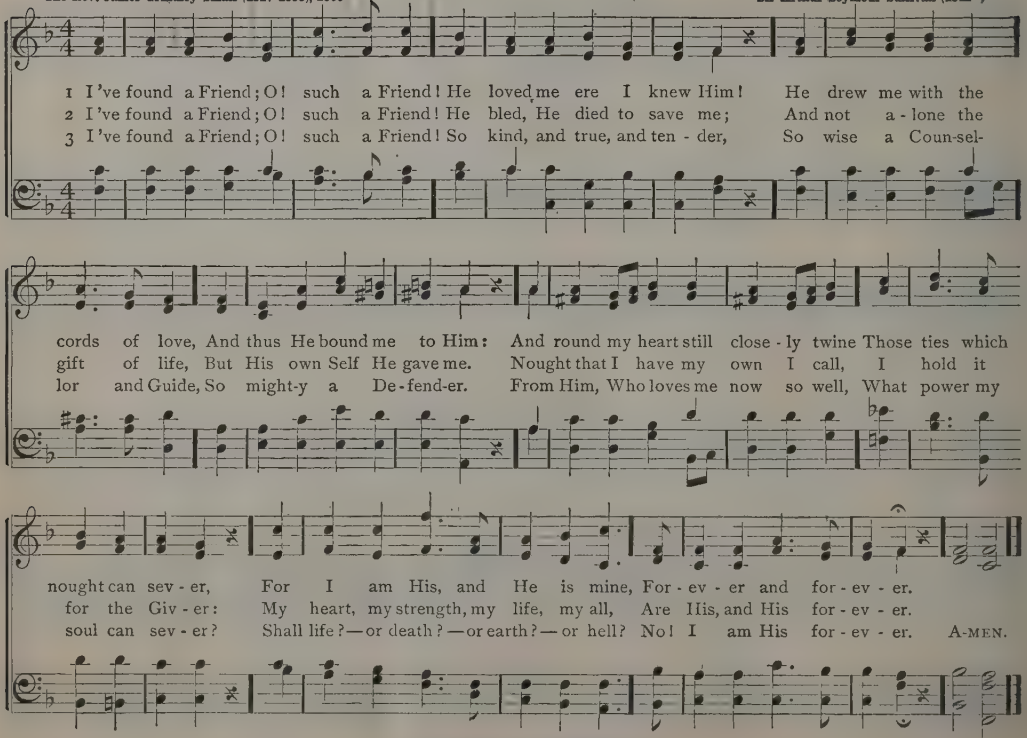

Is gone up in tri - umph, To His throne a - bove. All His work is end - ed,
Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Is gone up on high! All His work is end - ed,
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too. All His work is end - ed,
Joy - ful - ly we sing, Je - sus hath as - cend - ed! Glo - ry to our King! A - MEN.

I've Found a Friend

CONSTANCE 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. James Grindley Small (1817-1888), 1866

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)

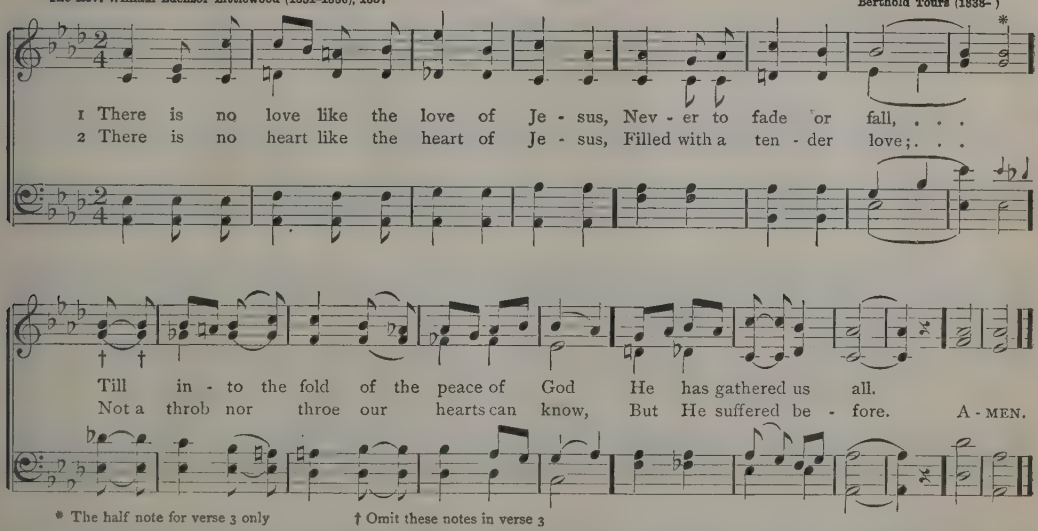

1 I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him! He drew me with the
2 I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me; And not a-lone the
3 I've found a Friend; O! such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten-der, So wise a Coun-sel-
cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him: And round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which
gift of life, But His own Self He gave me. Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it
lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er. From Him, Who loves me now so well, What power my
nought can sev-er, For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.
for the Giv-er: My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.
soul can sev-er? Shall life?—or death?—or earth?—or hell? No! I am His for-ev-er. A-MEN.

103 There is no Love like the Love of Jesus

BELOVED *Irregular*

The Rev. William Edenzor Littlewood (1831-1886), 1857

Berthold Tours (1838-)


1 There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall, . . .
2 There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a ten - der love; . . .
Till in - to the fold of the peace of God He has gathered us all.
Not a throb nor throe our hearts can know, But He suffered be - fore. A - MEN.

* The half note for verse 3 only

† Omit these notes in verse 3

3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing far away;
Never out of sight of its tender light,
Can the wanderer stray.

4 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Ah! how sweet its chime!
Like the musical ring of some rushing spring,
In the summer time.

5 O might we listen to that voice of Jesus,
O might we never roam,
Till our souls should rest in peace on His breast,
In the heavenly home. AMEN.

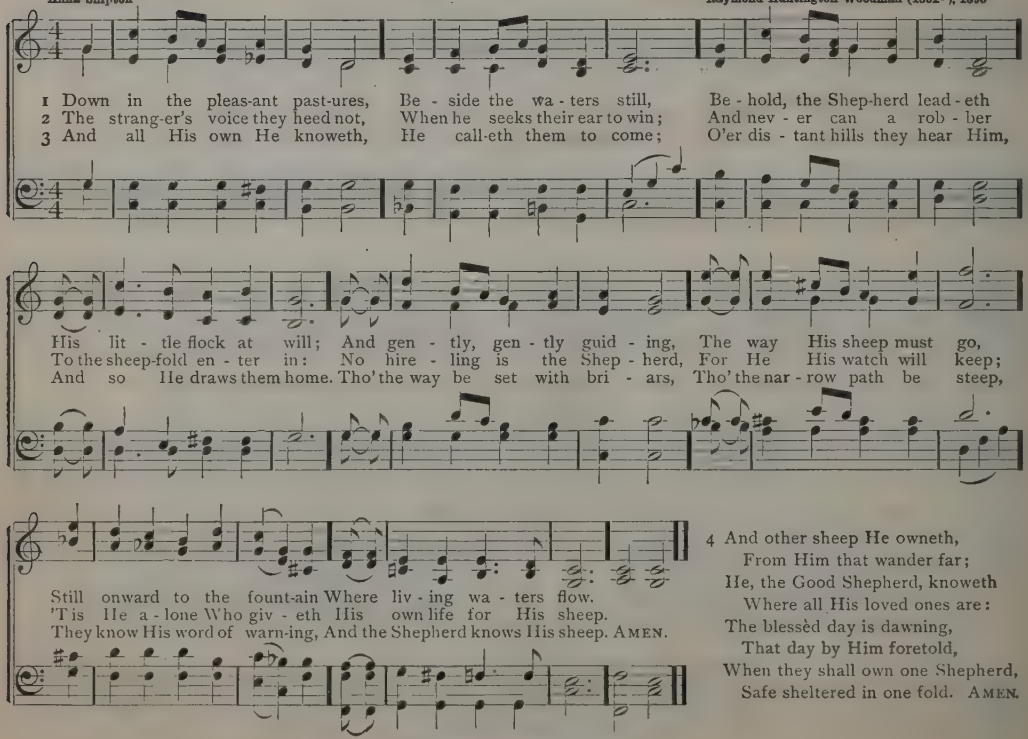
THE LOVE OF JESUS

Down in the Pleasant Pastures

BAILEY 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Anna Shipton

Raymond Huntington Woodman (1861-), 1895


1 Down in the pleas-ant past-ures, Be - side the wa - ters still, Be - hold, the Shep-herd lead - eth
2 The strang-er's voice they heed not, When he seeks their ear to win; And nev - er can a rob - ber
3 And all His own He knoweth, He call-eth them to come; O'er dis - tant hills they hear Him,
His lit - tle flock at will; And gen - tly, gen - tly guid - ing, The way His sheep must go,
To the sheep-fold en - ter in: No hire - ling is the Shep - herd, For He His watch will keep;
And so He draws them home. Tho' the way be set with bri - ars, Tho' the nar - row path be steep,
Still onward to the fount-ain Where liv - ing wa - ters flow.
'Tis He a - lone Who giv - eth His own life for His sheep.
They know His word of warn-ing, And the Shepherd knows His sheep. AMEN.

4 And other sheep He owneth,
From Him that wander far;
He, the Good Shepherd, knoweth
Where all His loved ones are:
The blessèd day is dawning,
That day by Him foretold,
When they shall own one Shepherd,
Safe sheltered in one fold. AMEN.

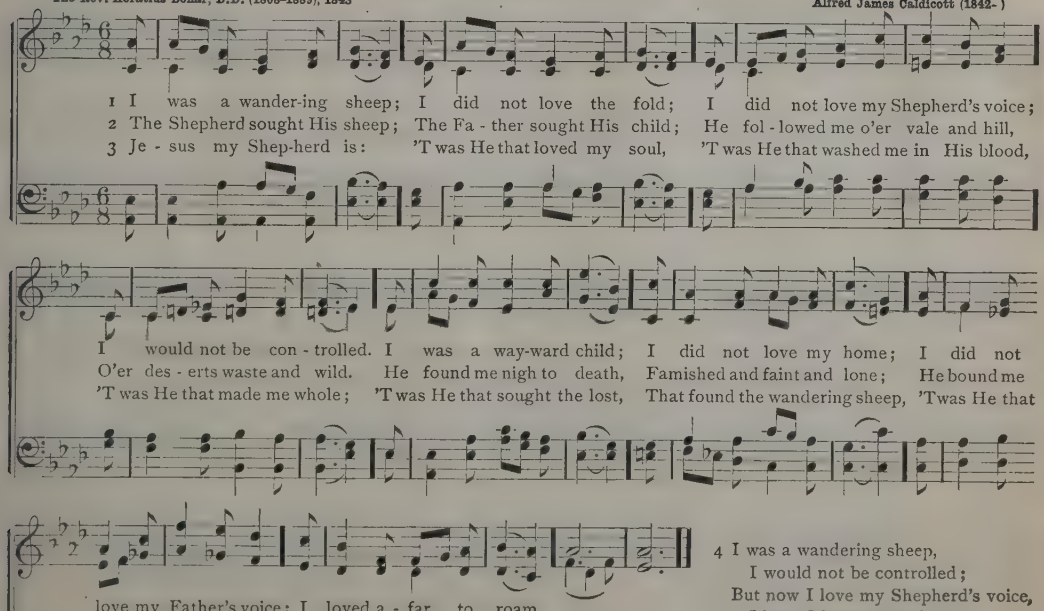
THE GOOD SHEPHERD

I was a Wandering Sheep

PASTOR BONUS S.M.D.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808–1889), 1843

Alfred James Caldicott (1842-)

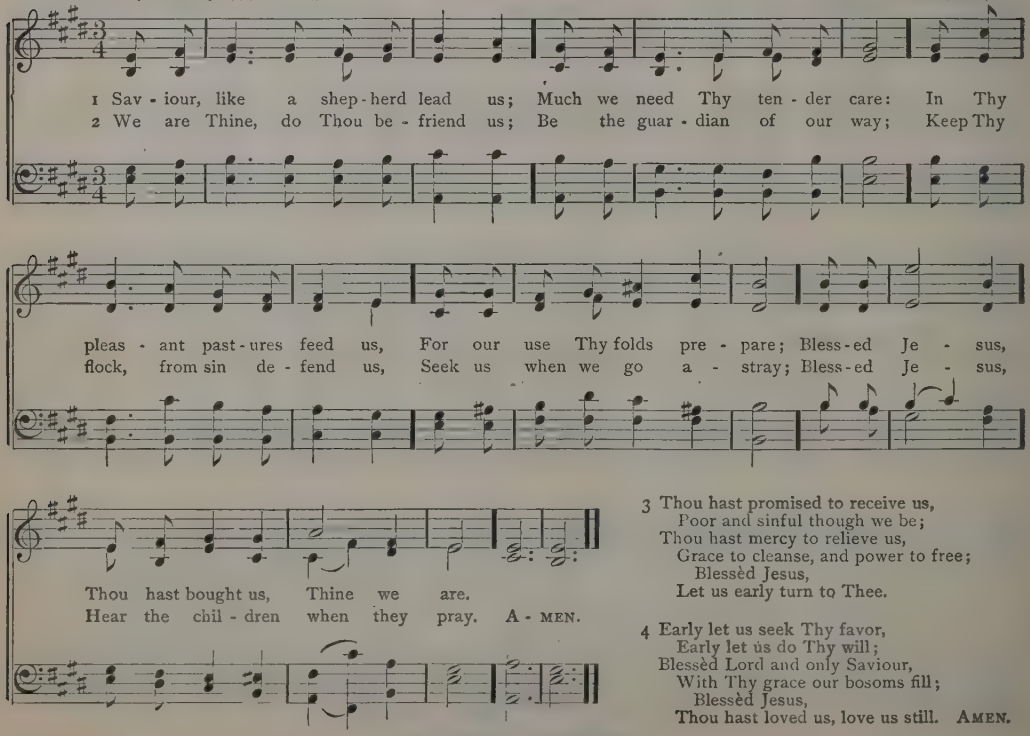

1 I was a wander-ing sheep; I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
2 The Shepherd sought His sheep; The Fa - ther sought His child; He fol - lowed me o'er vale and hill,
3 Je - sus my Shep-herd is: 'T was He that loved my soul, 'T was He that washed me in His blood,
I would not be con - trolled. I was a way-ward child; I did not love my home; I did not
O'er des - erts waste and wild. He found me nigh to death, Famished and faint and lone; He bound me
'T was He that made me whole; 'T was He that sought the lost, That found the wandering sheep, 'T was He that
love my Father's voice; I loved a - far to roam.
with the bands of love; He saved the wandering one.
brought me to the fold, 'T is He that still doth keep. A - MEN.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold.
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home. AMEN.

Saviour, like a Shepherd Lead Us.

WILDERSMOUTH 8.7.8.7.4.7.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte (?) (1793-1847), 1836 — Edward John Hopkins (1818-)


1 Sav - iour, like a shep - herd lead us; Much we need Thy ten - der care: In Thy
2 We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us; Be the guar - dian of our way; Keep Thy
pleas - ant past - ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare; Bless - ed Je - sus,
flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; Bless - ed Je - sus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Hear the chil - dren when they pray. A - MEN.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessèd Jesus,
Let us early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosoms fill;
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. AMEN.

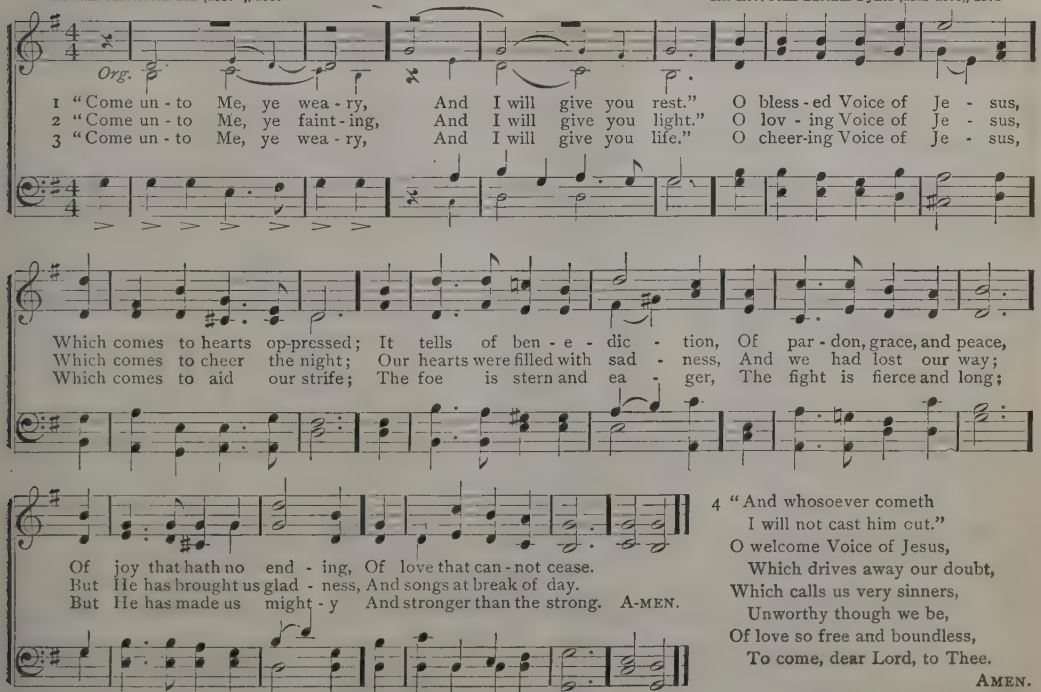
THE GOOD SHEPHERD

107 Come unto Me, ye Weary

COME UNTO ME 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

William Chatterton Dix (1837-), 1867

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1874


Org.
1 "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." O bless - ed Voice of Je - sus,
2 "Come un - to Me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you light." O lov - ing Voice of Je - sus,
3 "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you life." O cheer-ing Voice of Je - sus,
Which comes to hearts op-pressed; It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
Which comes to cheer the night; Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way;
Which comes to aid our strife; The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease.
But He has brought us glad - ness, And songs at break of day.
But He has made us might - y And stronger than the strong. A-MEN.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome Voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be,
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.
AMEN.

The melody of the first two lines of each verse is to be sung in unison by all voices
The tune "Savoy Chapel," number 148, will be found a most beautiful setting for this hymn

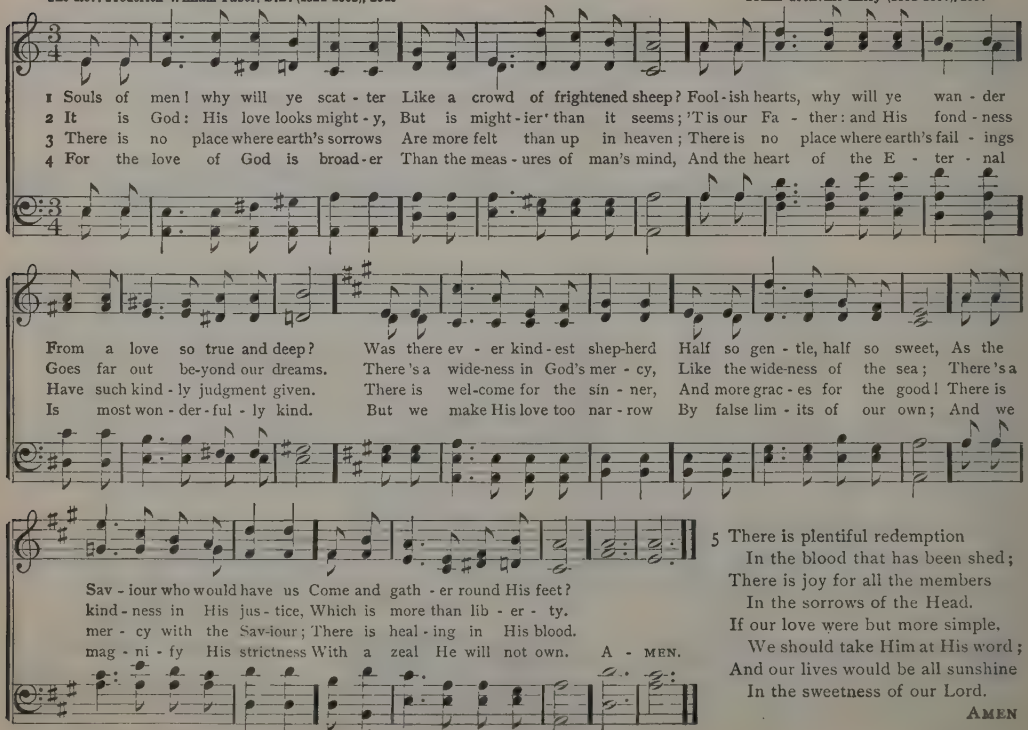
INVITATION

Souls of Men! Why Will Ye Scatter?

ILSLEY 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814–1863), 1849

Frank Grenville Ilsley (1831–1887), 1887


1 Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep? Fool - ish hearts, why will ye wan - der
2 It is God: His love looks might - y, But is might - ier than it seems; 'T is our Fa - ther: and His fond - ness
3 There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven; There is no place where earth's fail - ings
4 For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ures of man's mind, And the heart of the E - ter - nal
From a love so true and deep? Was there ev - er kind - est shep-herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet, As the
Goes far out be-yond our dreams. There 's a wide-ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea; There 's a
Have such kind - ly judgment given. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good! There is
Is most won - der - ful - ly kind. But we make His love too nar - row By false lim - its of our own; And we
Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er round His feet?
kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
mer - cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
mag - ni - fy His strictness With a zeal He will not own. A - MEN.

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

AMEN

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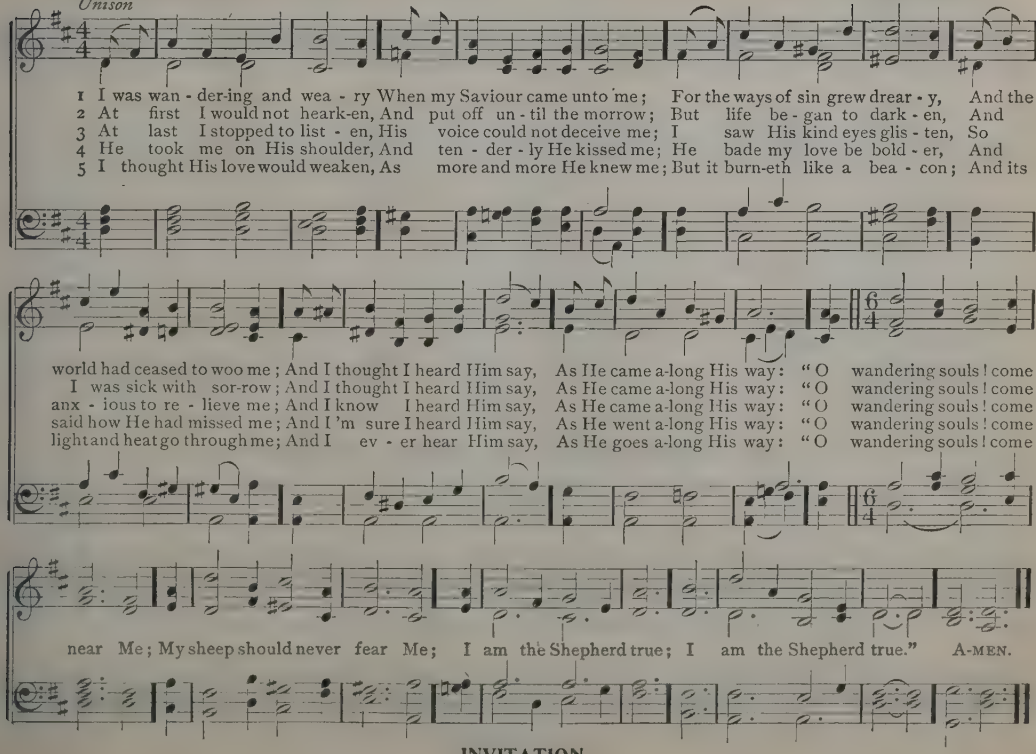
I was Wandering and Weary

BRANDON *Irregular*

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863), 1849

Berthold Tours (1838-)


Unison
1 I was wan - der-ing and wea - ry When my Saviour came unto me; For the ways of sin grew drear - y, And the
2 At first I would not heark-en, And put off un - til the morrow; But life be - gan to dark - en, And
3 At last I stopped to list - en, His voice could not deceive me; I saw His kind eyes glis - ten, So
4 He took me on His shoulder, And ten - der - ly He kissed me; He bade my love be bold - er, And
5 I thought His love would weaken, As more and more He knew me; But it burn-eth like a bea - con; And its
world had ceased to woo me; And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way: "O wandering souls! come
I was sick with sor-row; And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way: "O wandering souls! come
anx - ious to re - lieve me; And I know I heard Him say, As He came a-long His way: "O wandering souls! come
said how He had missed me; And I'm sure I heard Him say, As He went a-long His way: "O wandering souls! come
light and heat go through me; And I ev - er hear Him say, As He goes a-long His way: "O wandering souls! come
near Me; My sheep should never fear Me; I am the Shepherd true; I am the Shepherd true." A-MEN.

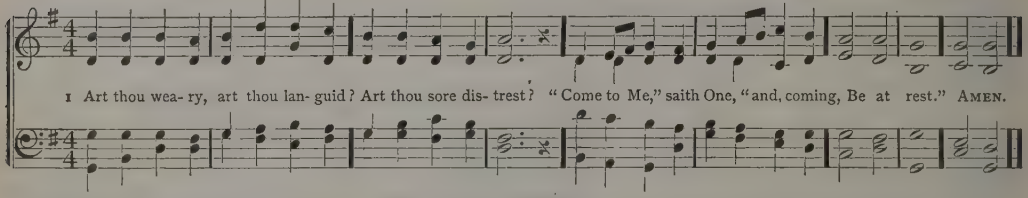
INVITATION

Art Thou Weary, art Thou Languid?

STEPHANOS 8.5.8.3.

St. Stephen the Sabaite (725-794)
Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1862

The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, M.A., Bart. (1821-1877), 1861



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

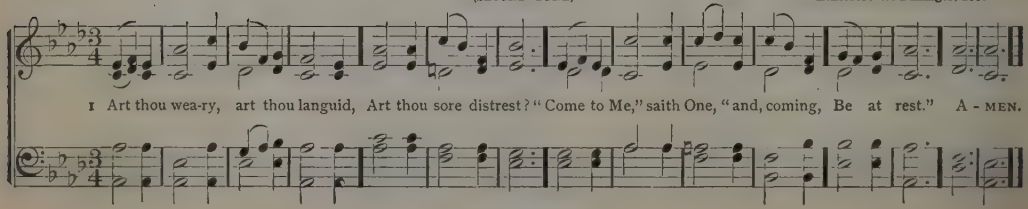
7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes." AMEN.

Art Thou Weary, art Thou Languid?

BULLINGER 8.5.8.3.

(SECOND TUNE)

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1885

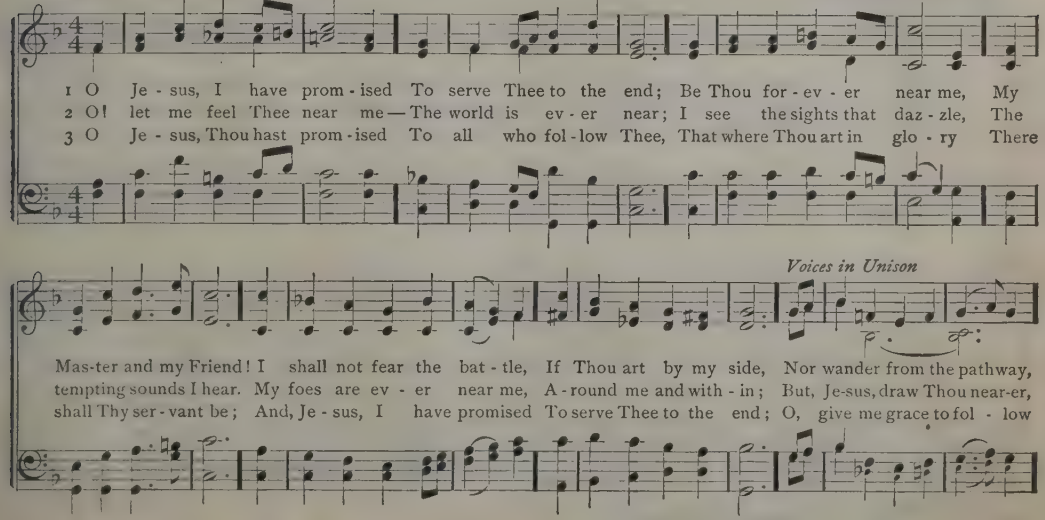


INVITATION

111 O Jesus, I have Promised

DAY OF REST 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. John Ernest Bode (1816-1874), 1869 — James William Elliott (1816-)


1 O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My
2 O! let me feel Thee near me — The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that daz - zle, The
3 O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee, That where Thou art in glo - ry There
Voices in Unison
Mas-ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side, Nor wander from the pathway,
tempting sounds I hear. My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er,
shall Thy ser - vant be; And, Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee to the end; O, give me grace to fol - low
In Harmony
If Thou wilt be my Guide.
And shield my soul from sin.
My Mas - ter and my Friend! A - MEN.

4 O let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own,
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in Heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend! AMEN.

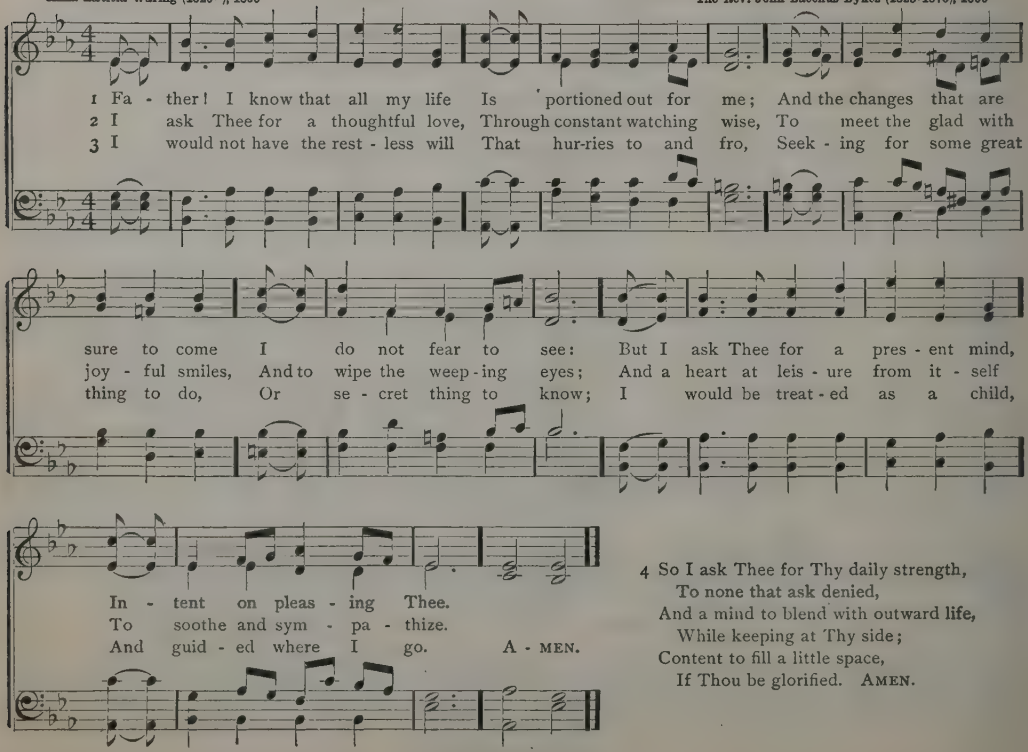
CONSECRATION

112 Father! I Know that all My Life

ST. BEDE 8.6.8.6.8.6.

Anna Lætitia Waring (1820–), 1850

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1866


1 Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is portioned out for me; And the changes that are
2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise, To meet the glad with
3 I would not have the rest - less will That hur-ries to and fro, Seek - ing for some great
sure to come I do not fear to see: But I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind,
joy - ful smiles, And to wipe the weep - ing eyes; And a heart at leis - ure from it - self
thing to do, Or se - cret thing to know; I would be treat - ed as a child,
In - tent on pleas - ing Thee.
To soothe and sym - pa - thize.
And guid - ed where I go. A - MEN.

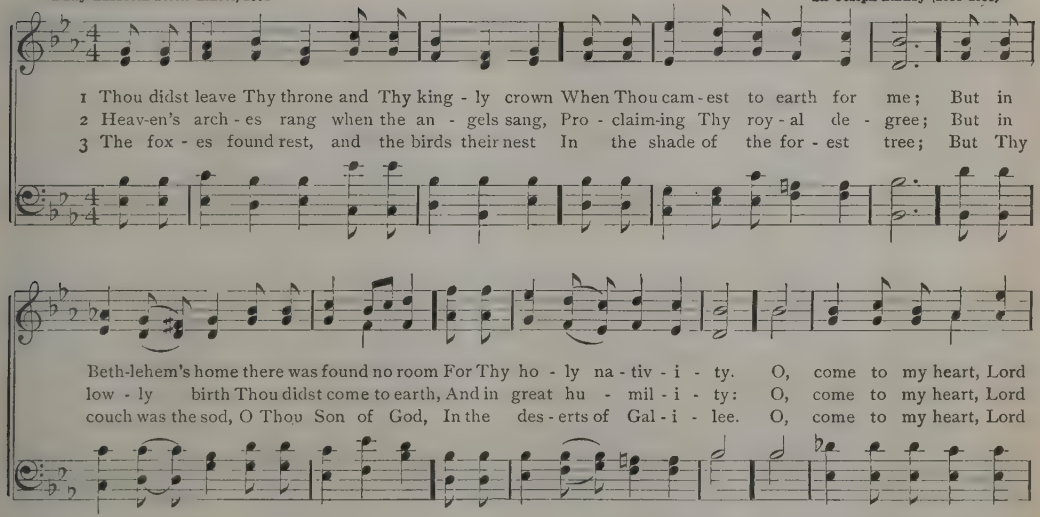
4 So I ask Thee for Thy daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified. AMEN.

CONSECRATION

113 Thou didst Leave Thy Throne

VENI, DOMINE JESU 10.8.10.8.8.8.

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott, 1864 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)


1 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown When Thou cam - est to earth for me; But in
2 Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - claim-ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But in
3 The fox - es found rest, and the birds their nest In the shade of the for - est tree; But Thy
Beth-lehem's home there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. O, come to my heart, Lord
low - ly birth Thou didst come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty: O, come to my heart, Lord
couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee. O, come to my heart, Lord
Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee! A - MEN.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary. — O, come, etc.

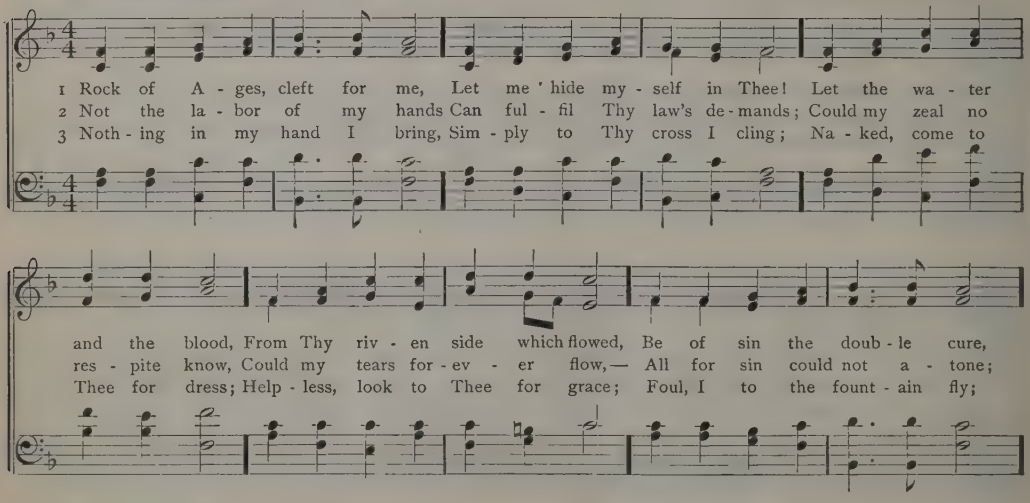
5 When Heaven's arches shall ring and her choir shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee!" — O, etc.
AMEN.

CONSECRATION

Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me

GETHSEMANE 7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady (1740–1778), 1776 — Richard Redhead (1820–), 1853


1 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee! Let the wa - ter
2 Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands; Could my zeal no
3 Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling; Na - ked, come to
and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the doub - le cure,
res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,— All for sin could not a - tone;
Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace; Foul, I to the fount - ain fly;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!
Thou must save, and Thou a - lone!
Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die! A - MEN.

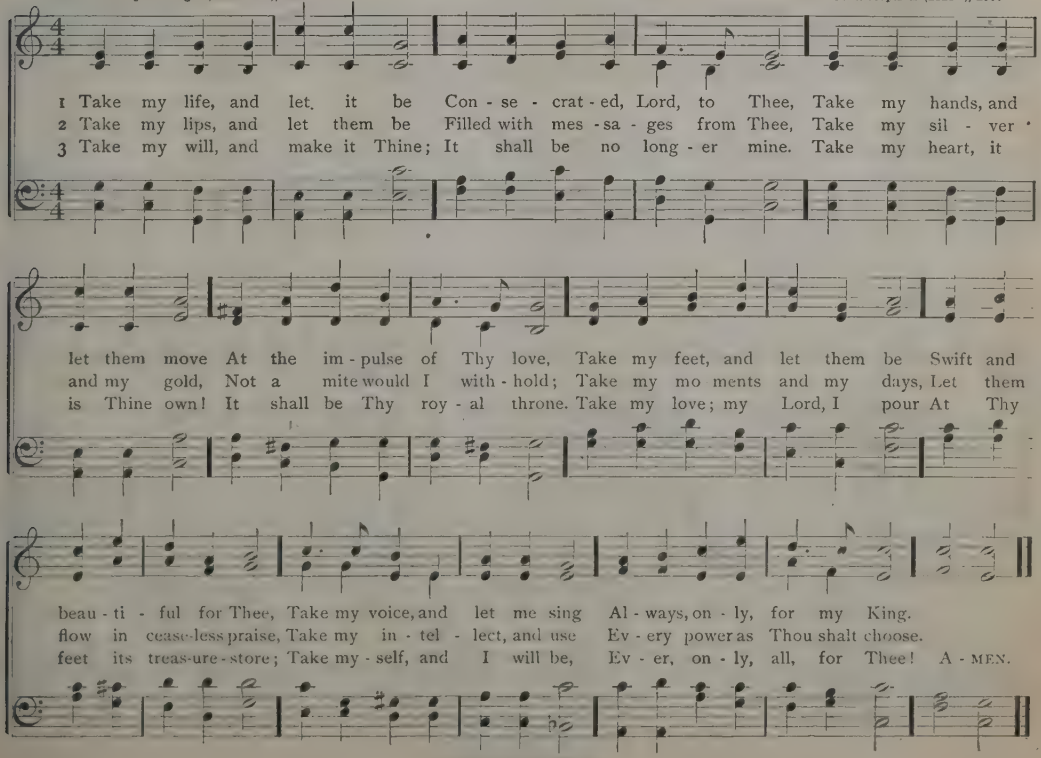
4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! AMEN.

CONSECRATION

Take My Life, and Let it Be

CULFORD 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

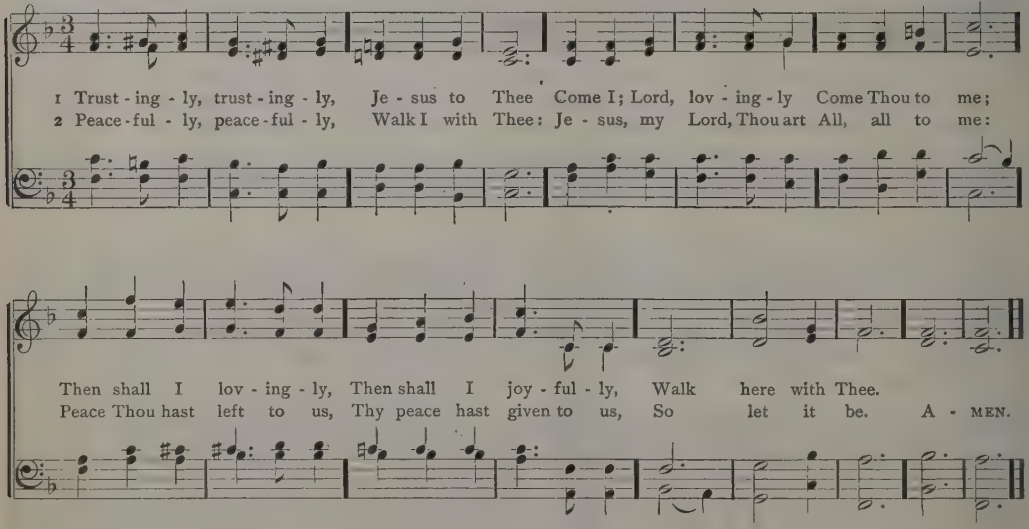
Frances Ridley Havergal (1836–1879), 1874 — Edward John Hopkins (1818–), 1867


1 Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee, Take my hands, and
2 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee, Take my sil - ver
3 Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no long - er mine. Take my heart, it
let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love, Take my feet, and let them be Swift and
and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold; Take my mo ments and my days, Let them
is Thine own! It shall be Thy roy - al throne. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy
beau - ti - ful for Thee, Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
flow in cease-less praise, Take my in - tel - lect, and use Ev - ery power as Thou shalt choose.
feet its treas-ure - store; Take my - self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly, all, for Thee! A - MEN.

116 Trustingly, Trustingly, Jesus to Thee

CAMBORNE 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889), 1866 — Fred C. Maker (1844-)


1 Trust - ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus to Thee Come I; Lord, lov - ing - ly Come Thou to me;
2 Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly, Walk I with Thee: Je - sus, my Lord, Thou art All, all to me:
Then shall I lov - ing - ly, Then shall I joy - ful - ly, Walk here with Thee.
Peace Thou hast left to us, Thy peace hast given to us, So let it be. A - MEN.

3 Whom but Thyself, O Lord,
Have I above?
What have I left on earth?
Only Thy love!
Come then, O Saviour, come;
Come then, O Spirit, come,
Heavenly Dove!

4 Happily, happily,
Pass I along,
Eager to work for Thee,
Earnest and strong.
Life is for service true,
Life is for battle too,
Life is for song.

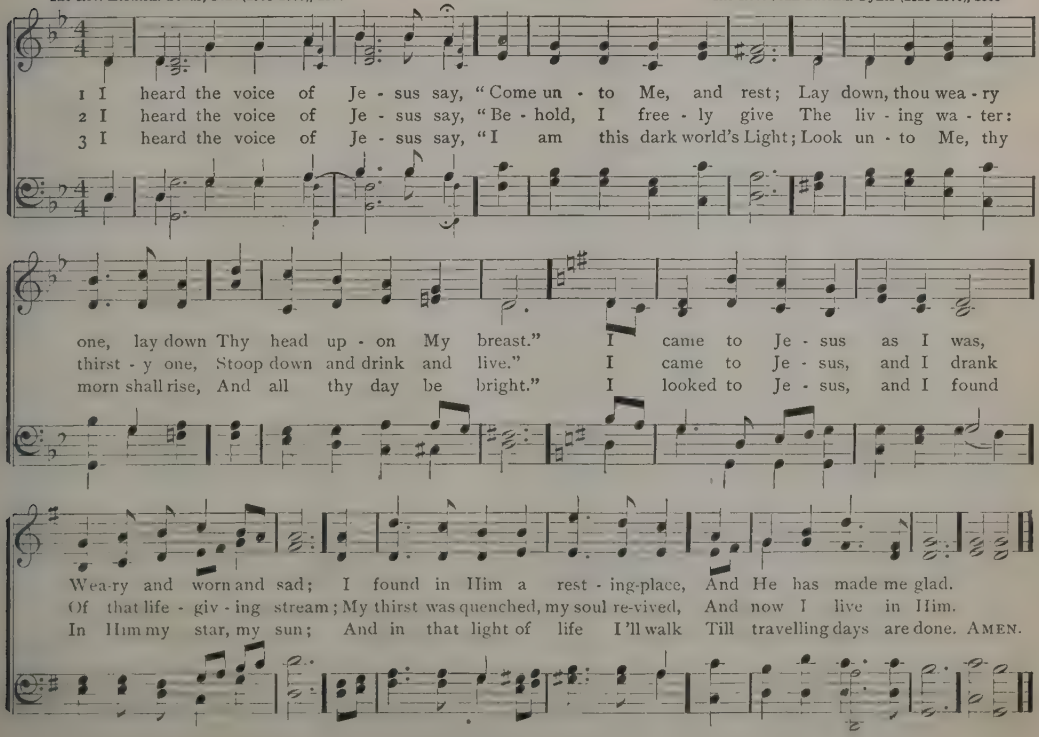
5 Hopefully, hopefully,
Onward I go;
Cheerfully, cheerfully,
Meet I the foe.
Crowns are awaiting us,
Glory prepared for us,
Joys overflow. AMEN.

CONSECRATION

117 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889), 1857 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1868


1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest; Lay down, thou wea - ry
2 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give The liv - ing wa - ter:
3 I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light; Look un - to Me, thy
one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I came to Je - sus as I was,
thirst - y one, Stoop down and drink and live." I came to Je - sus, and I drank
morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I looked to Je - sus, and I found
Wea-ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
Of that life - giv - ing stream; My thirst was quenched, my soul re-vived, And now I live in Him.
In Him my star, my sun; And in that light of life I'll walk Till travelling days are done. AMEN.

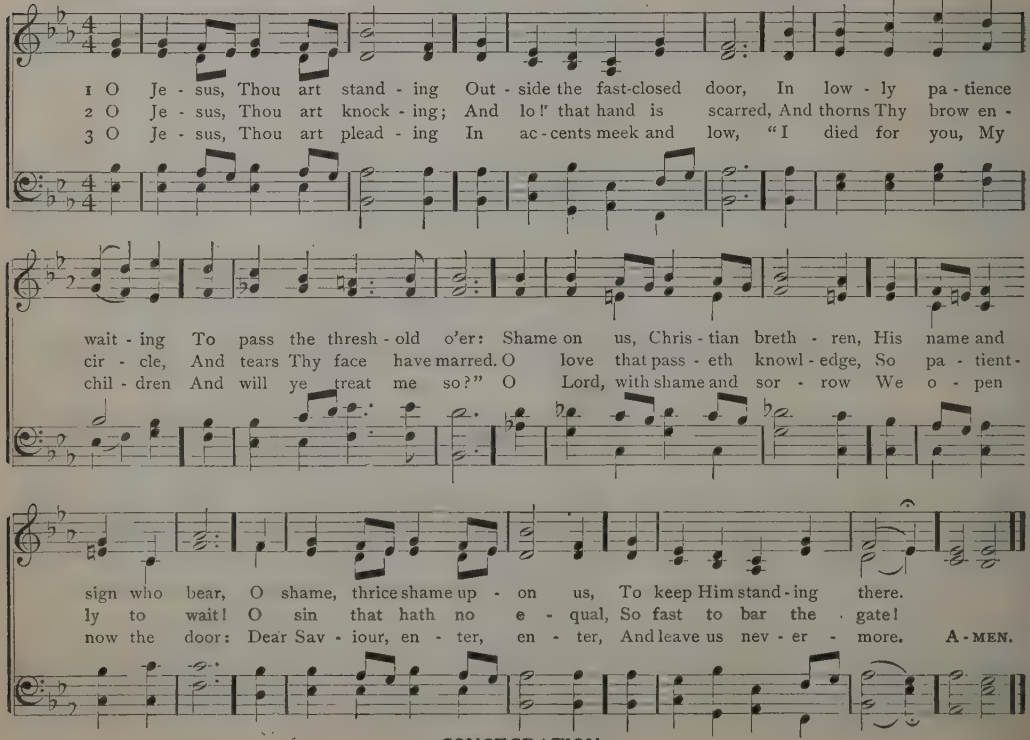
The tune "Audientes," number 156, may also be used for this hymn

CONSECRATION

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

LUX MUNDI 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How (1823-), 1854 — Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1872


1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa - tience
2 O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow en -
3 O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, My
wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: Shame on us, Chris - tian breth - ren, His name and
cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred. O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient -
chil - dren And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen
sign who bear, O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there.
ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
now the door: Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A - MEN.

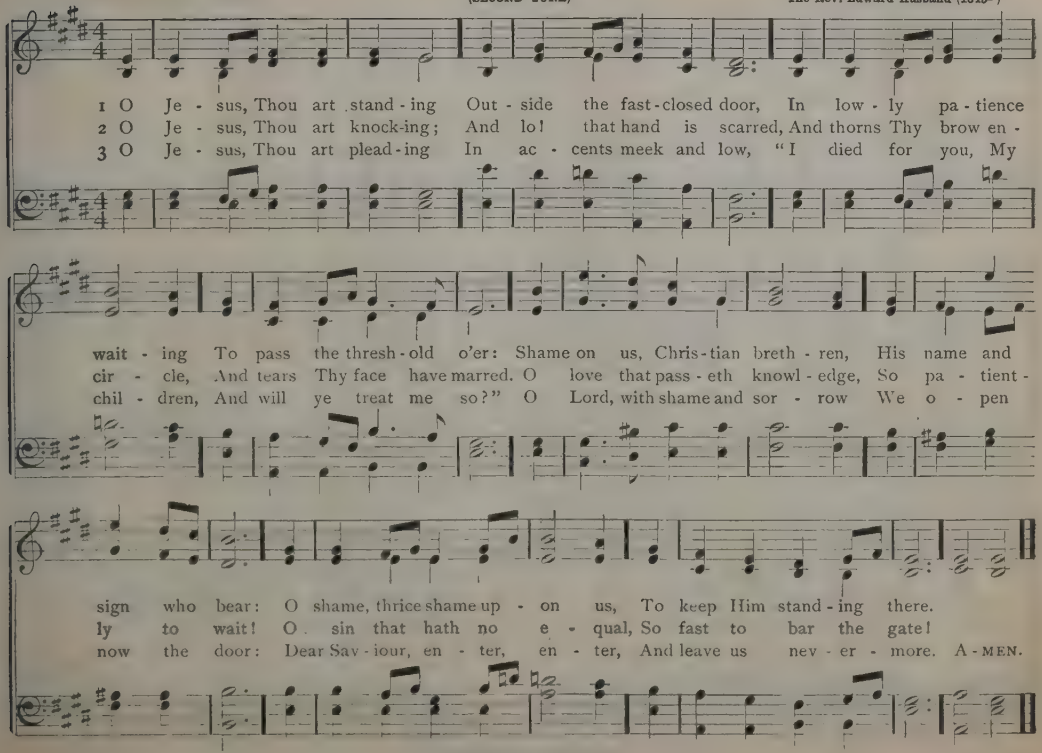
CONSECRATION

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing

ST. HILDA 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

(SECOND TUNE)

Justin Heinrich Knecht (1752-1817)
The Rev. Edward Husband (1843-)

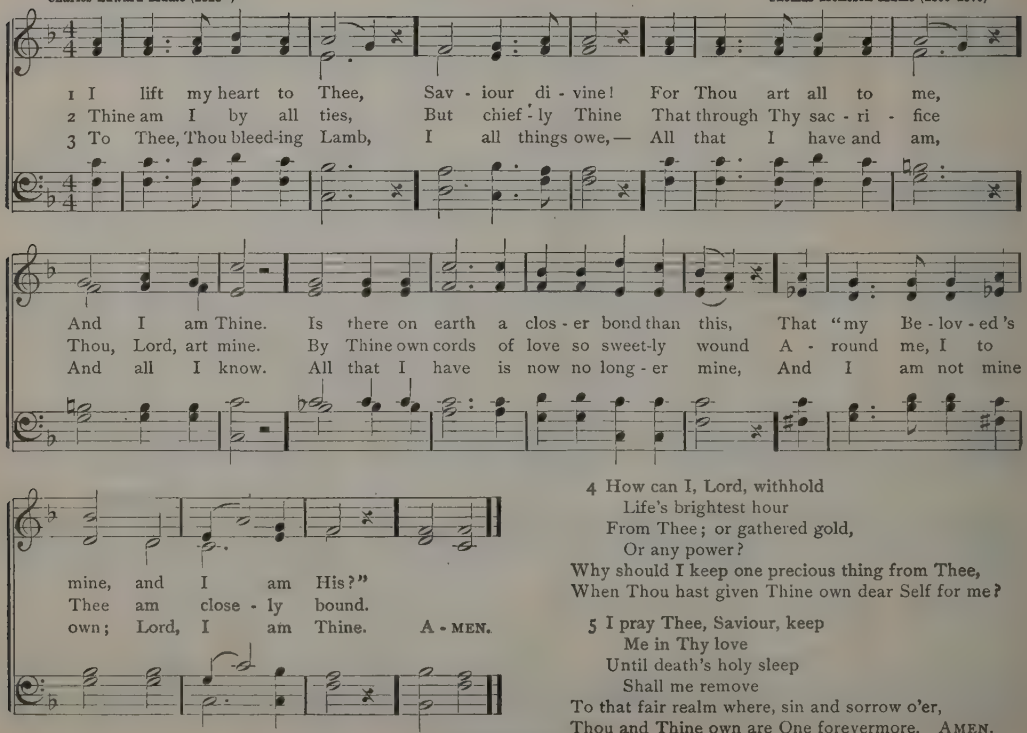

1 O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door, In low - ly pa - tience
2 O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy brow en -
3 O Je - sus, Thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, My
wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er: Shame on us, Chris - tian breth - ren, His name and
cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred. O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient -
chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen
sign who bear: O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there.
ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
now the door: Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more. A - MEN.

CONSECRATION

119 I Lift My Heart to Thee

BUDLEIGH 6.4.6.4.10.10.

Charles Edward Mudie (1818-) Thomas Molleson Mudie (1809-1876)


1 I lift my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine! For Thou art all to me,
2 Thine am I by all ties, But chief - ly Thine That through Thy sac - ri - fice
3 To Thee, Thou bleed-ing Lamb, I all things owe,— All that I have and am,
And I am Thine. Is there on earth a clos - er bond than this, That "my Be - lov - ed's
Thou, Lord, art mine. By Thine own cords of love so sweet-ly wound A - round me, I to
And all I know. All that I have is now no long - er mine, And I am not mine
mine, and I am His?"
Thee am close - ly bound.
own; Lord, I am Thine. A - MEN.

4 How can I, Lord, withhold
Life's brightest hour
From Thee; or gathered gold,
Or any power?
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,
When Thou hast given Thine own dear Self for me?

5 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep
Me in Thy love
Until death's holy sleep
Shall me remove
To that fair realm where, sin and sorrow o'er,
Thou and Thine own are One forevermore. AMEN.

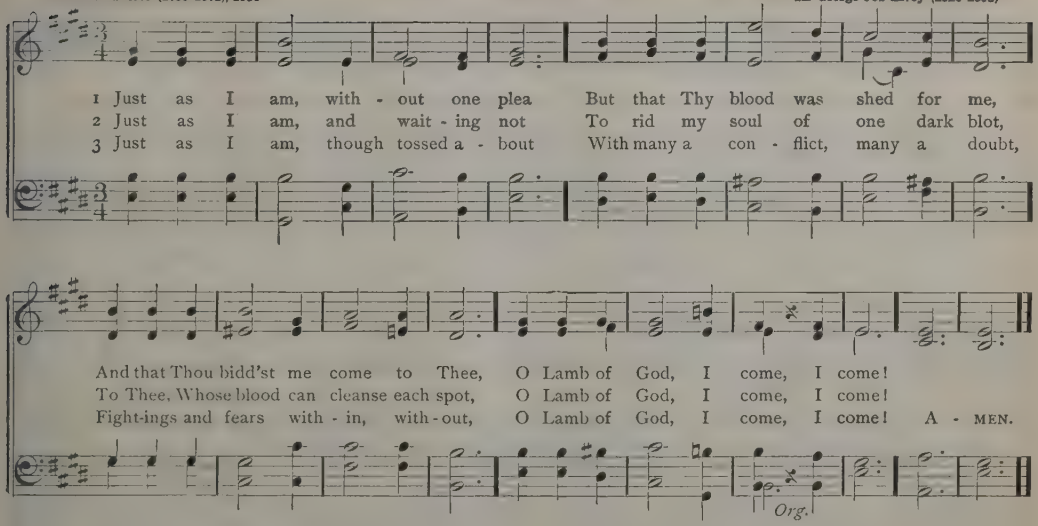
CONSECRATION

Just as I am without One Plea

PASCAL 8.8.8.8.

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), 1836

Sir George Job Elvey (1816-1893)


1 Just as I am, with - out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2 Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3 Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Fight-ings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come, I come! A - MEN.
Org.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am — Thy Love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

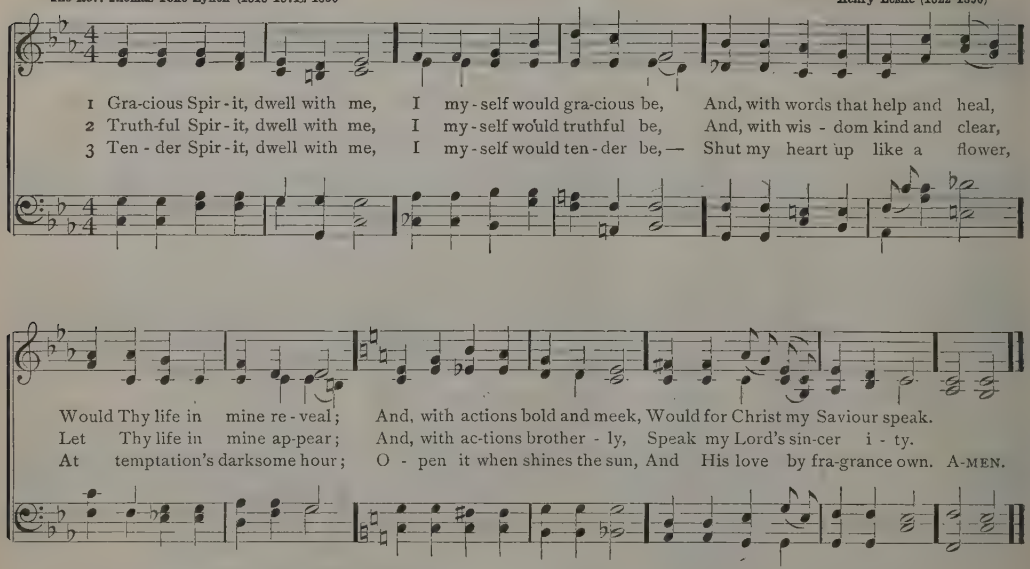
7 Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come! AMEN.

CONSECRATION

121 Gracious Spirit, Dwell with Me

HURSTLEIGH 7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch (1818–1871). 1850 — Henry Leslie (1822–1896)


1 Gra-cious Spir-it, dwell with me, I my-self would gra-cious be, And, with words that help and heal,
2 Truth-ful Spir-it, dwell with me, I my-self would truthful be, And, with wis-dom kind and clear,
3 Ten-der Spir-it, dwell with me, I my-self would ten-der be,— Shut my heart up like a flower,
Would Thy life in mine re-veal; And, with actions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Saviour speak.
Let Thy life in mine ap-pear; And, with ac-tions brother-ly, Speak my Lord's sin-cer i-ty.
At temptation's darksome hour; O-pen it when shines the sun, And His love by fra-grance own. A-MEN.

4 Silent Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would quiet be,—
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

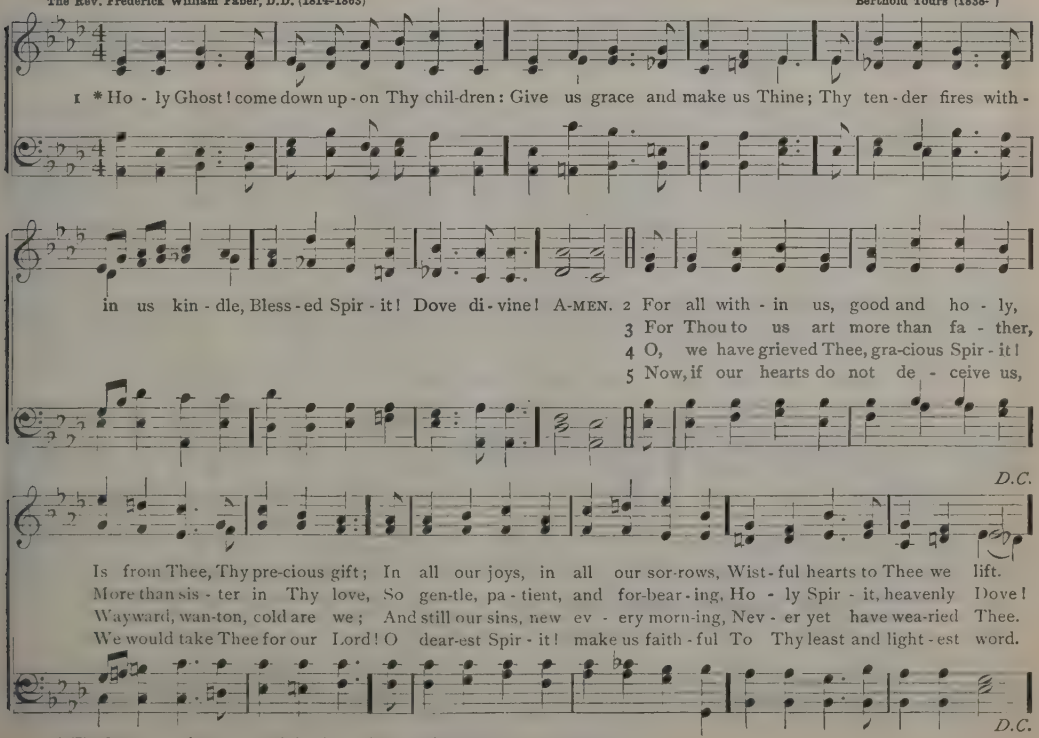
5 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be,—
Mighty so as to prevail
Where, unaided, man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

6 Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would holy be,—
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee. AMEN.

Holy Ghost! Come Down upon Thy Children

PARACLETE 9.7.9.7.9.7.9.

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863) — Berthold Tours (1838-)

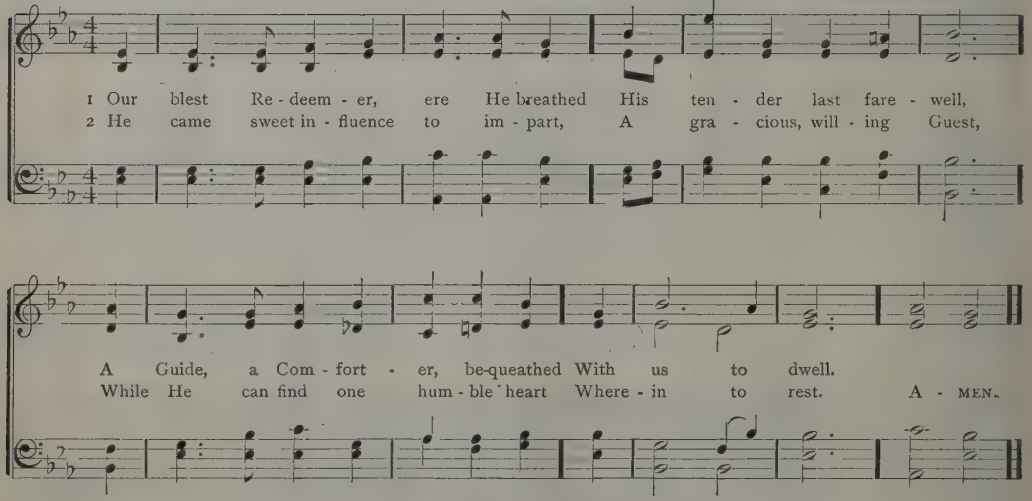

1 *Ho - ly Ghost! come down up - on Thy chil-dren: Give us grace and make us Thine; Thy ten - der fires with -
in us kin - dle, Bless - ed Spir - it! Dove di - vine! A-MEN.
2 For all with - in us, good and ho - ly,
3 For Thou to us art more than fa - ther,
4 O, we have grieved Thee, gra-cious Spir - it!
5 Now, if our hearts do not de - ceive us,
D.C.
Is from Thee, Thy pre-cious gift; In all our joys, in all our sor-rows, Wist - ful hearts to Thee we lift.
More than sis - ter in Thy love, So gen-tle, pa - tient, and for-bear - ing, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove!
Wayward, wan-ton, cold are we; And still our sins, new ev - ery morn-ing, Nev - er yet have wea-ried Thee.
We would take Thee for our Lord! O dear-est Spir - it! make us faith - ful To Thy least and light - est word.
D.C.

* The first verse to be sung as refrain after each succeeding verse

123 Our Blest Redeemer, ere He Breathed

ST. CUTHBERT 8.6.8.4.

Harriet Auber (1773-1862), 1829 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1861


1 Our blest Re - deem - er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare - well,
2 He came sweet in - fluence to im - part, A gra - cious, will - ing Guest,
A Guide, a Com - fort - er, be-queathed With us to dwell.
While He can find one hum - ble heart Where - in to rest. A - MEN.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of Heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

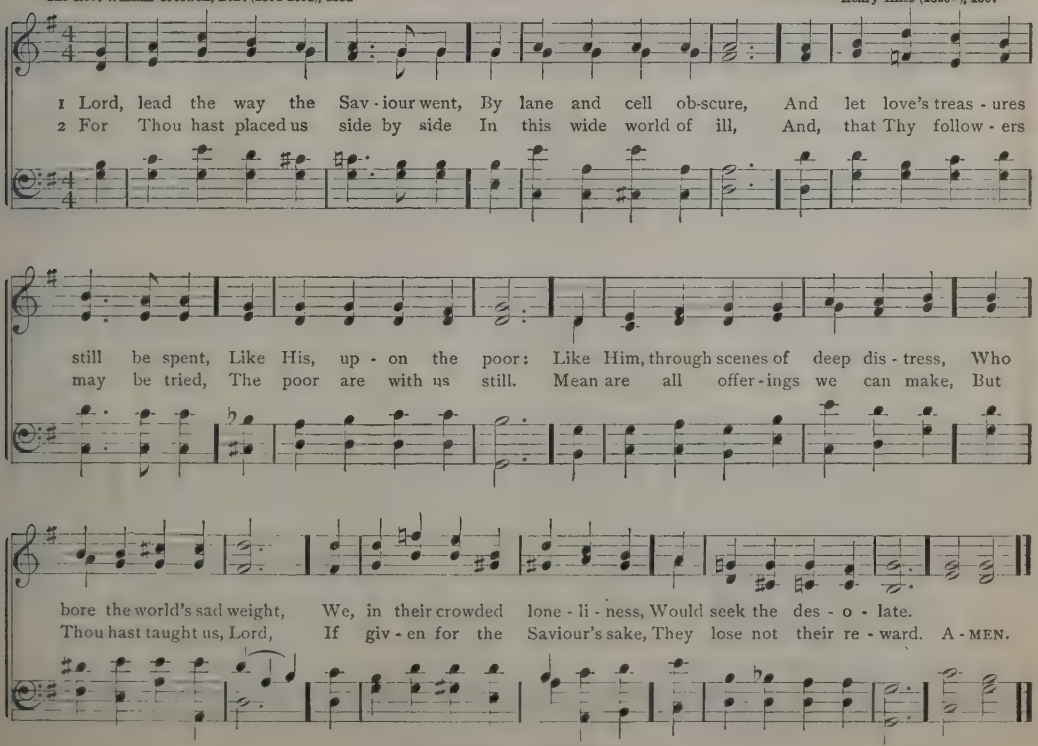
5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

6 O praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three. AMEN.

Lord, Lead the Way the Saviour Went

ST. LEONARD C.M.D.

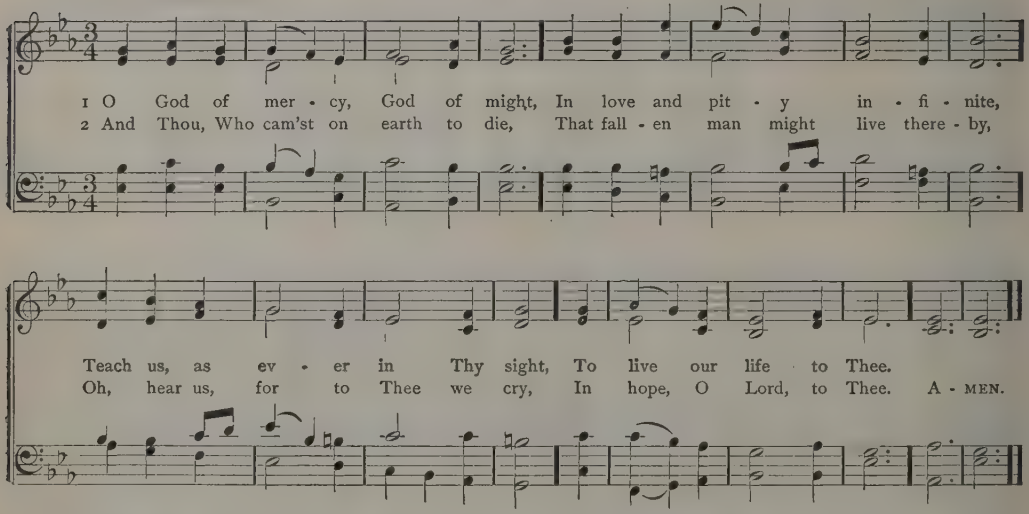
The Rev. William Croswell, D.D. (1804-1851), 1831 — Henry Hiles (1826-), 1867


1 Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob-scure, And let love's treas - ures
2 For Thou hast placed us side by side In this wide world of ill, And, that Thy follow - ers
still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor: Like Him, through scenes of deep dis - tress, Who
may be tried, The poor are with us still. Mean are all offer - ings we can make, But
bore the world's sad weight, We, in their crowded lone - li - ness, Would seek the des - o - late.
Thou hast taught us, Lord, If giv - en for the Saviour's sake, They lose not their re - ward. A - MEN.

125 O God of Mercy, God of Might

LOVE 8.8.8.6.

The Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-), 1880 — The Rev. George William Torrance (1835-)


1 O God of mer - cy, God of might, In love and pit - y in - fi - nite,
2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die, That fall - en man might live there - by,
Teach us, as ev - er in Thy sight, To live our life to Thee.
Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry, In hope, O Lord, to Thee. A - MEN.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatso'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 't is ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee. AMEN.

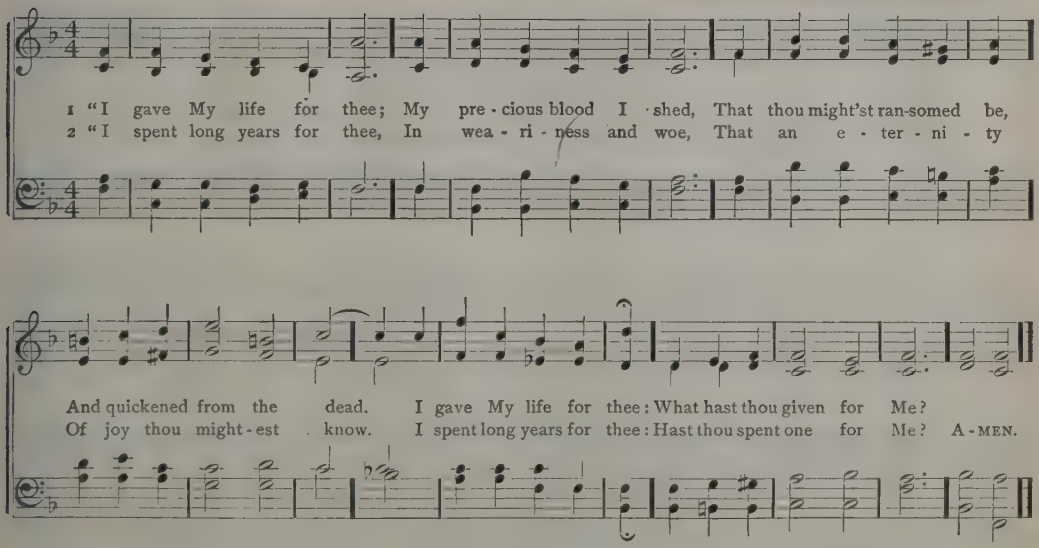
LOVE FOR OTHERS

I Gave My Life for Thee

ST. OLAVE 6.6.6.6.6.6.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836–1879), 1858

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)


1 "I gave My life for thee; My pre - cious blood I - shed, That thou might'st ran-somed be,
2 "I spent long years for thee, In wea - ri - ness and woe, That an e - ter - ni - ty
And quickened from the dead. I gave My life for thee: What hast thou given for Me?
Of joy thou might - est know. I spent long years for thee: Hast thou spent one for Me? A - MEN.

3 "My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee:
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 "And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee:
What hast thou brought to Me?"

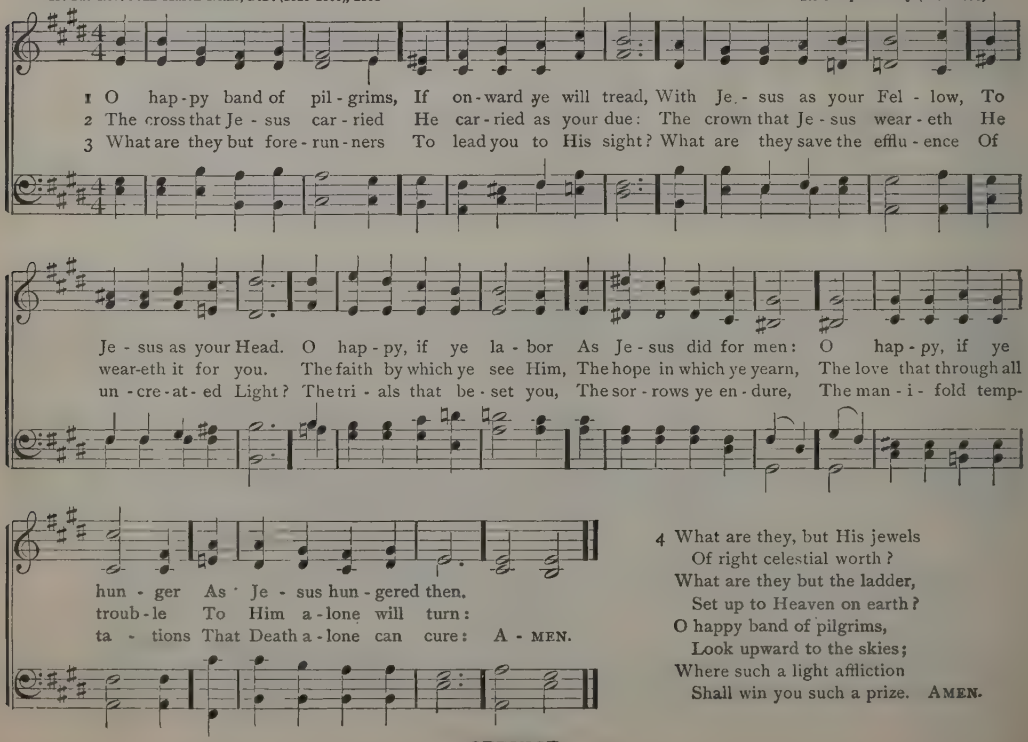
5 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Bring thou thy worthless all:
Follow thy Saviour's call. AMEN.

127 O Happy Band of Pilgrims

ST. ANSELM 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

St. Joseph of the Studium
Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1862

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

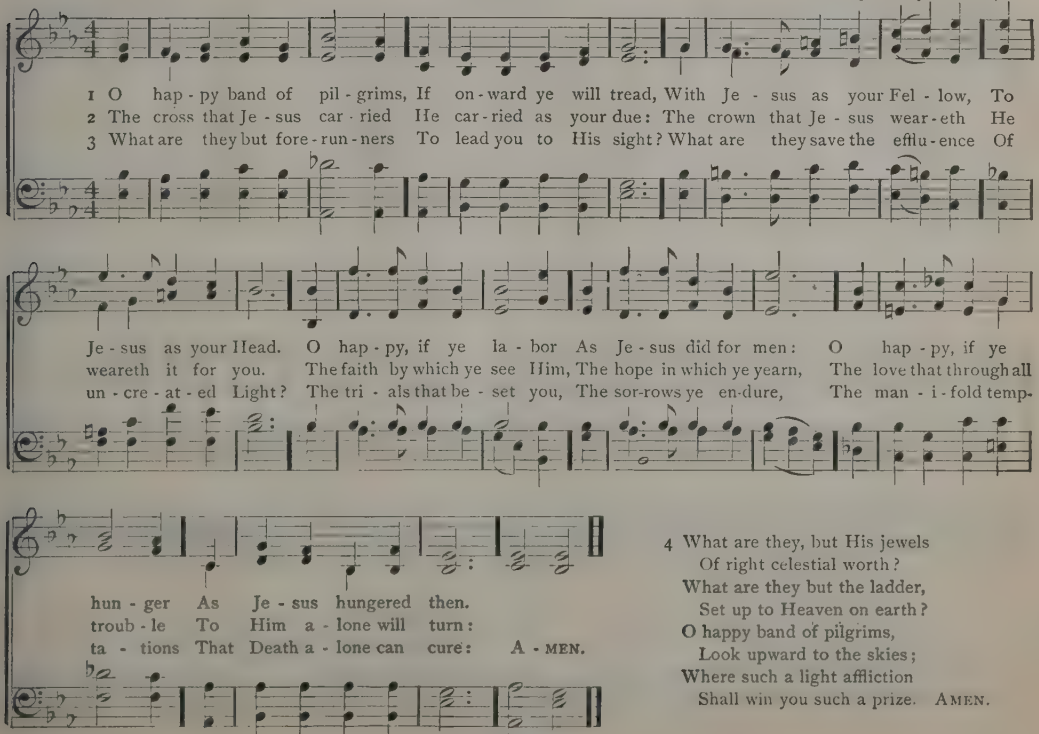

1 O hap-py band of pil-grims, If on-ward ye will tread, With Je-sus as your Fel-low, To
2 The cross that Je-sus car-ried He car-ried as your due: The crown that Je-sus wear-eth He
3 What are they but fore-run-ners To lead you to His sight? What are they save the efflu-ence Of
Je-sus as your Head. O hap-py, if ye la-bor As Je-sus did for men: O hap-py, if ye
wear-eth it for you. The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn, The love that through all
un-cre-at-ed Light? The tri-als that be-set you, The sor-rows ye en-dure, The man-i-fold temp-
hun-ger As Je-sus hun-gered then.
troub-le To Him a-lone will turn:
ta-tions That Death a-lone can cure: A-MEN.

4 What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to Heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies;
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize. AMEN.

O Happy Band of Pilgrims

CHESTER 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

(SECOND TUNE) Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

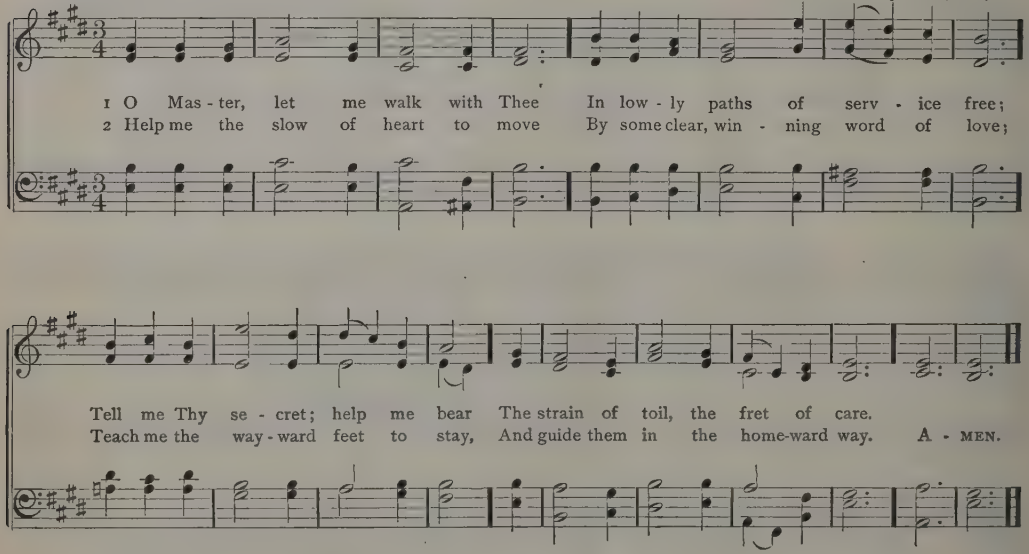

1 O hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread, With Je - sus as your Fel - low, To
2 The cross that Je - sus car - ried He car - ried as your due: The crown that Je - sus wear - eth He
3 What are they but fore - run - ners To lead you to His sight? What are they save the efflu - ence Of
Je - sus as your Head. O hap - py, if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men: O hap - py, if ye
weareth it for you. The faith by which ye see Him, The hope in which ye yearn, The love that through all
un - cre - at - ed Light? The tri - als that be - set you, The sor-rows ye en-dure, The man - i - fold temp-
hun - ger As Je - sus hungered then.
troub - le To Him a - lone will turn:
ta - tions That Death a - lone can cure: A - MEN.

4 What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to Heaven on earth?
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies;
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize. AMEN.

128 O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee

MARYTON L.M.

The Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D. (1836-), 1879 — The Rev. H. Percy Smith (1825-)


1 O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2 Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win - ning word of love;
Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way - ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way. A - MEN.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

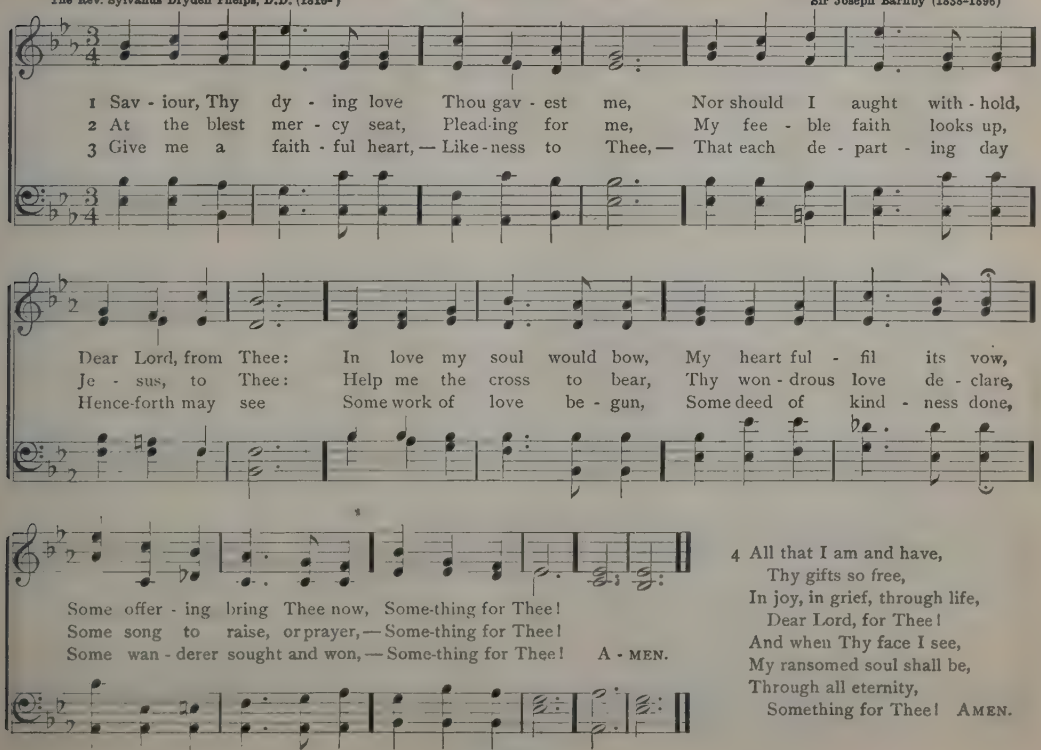
4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live. AMEN.

Saviour, Thy Dying Love

WINTERTON 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

The Rev. Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, D.D. (1816-)

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

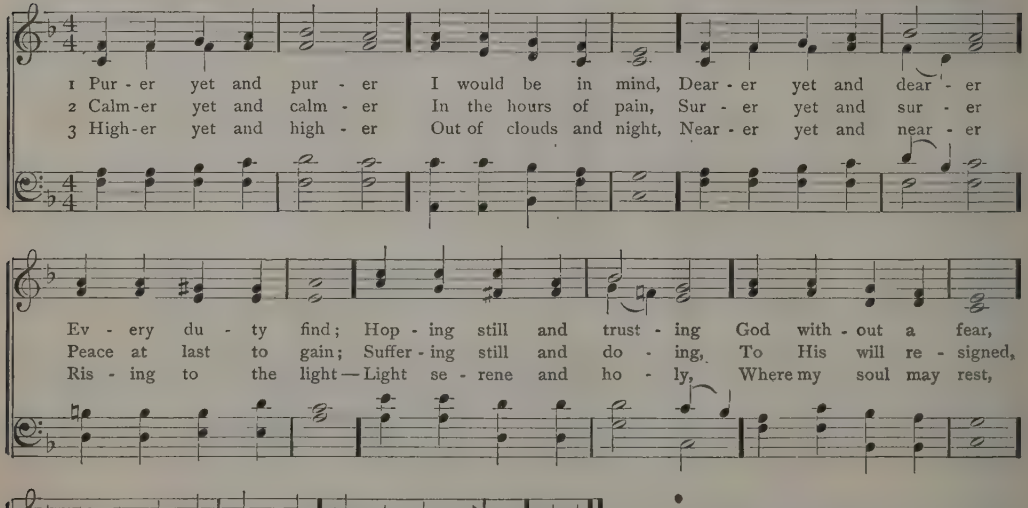

1 Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with - hold,
2 At the blest mer - cy seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble faith looks up,
3 Give me a faith - ful heart, — Like-ness to Thee, — That each de - part - ing day
Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,
Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy won - drous love de - clare,
Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kind - ness done,
Some offer - ing bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee!
Some song to raise, or prayer, — Some-thing for Thee!
Some wan - derer sought and won, — Some-thing for Thee! A - MEN.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee! AMEN.

Purer yet and Purer

ST. MARY MAGDALENE 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1862

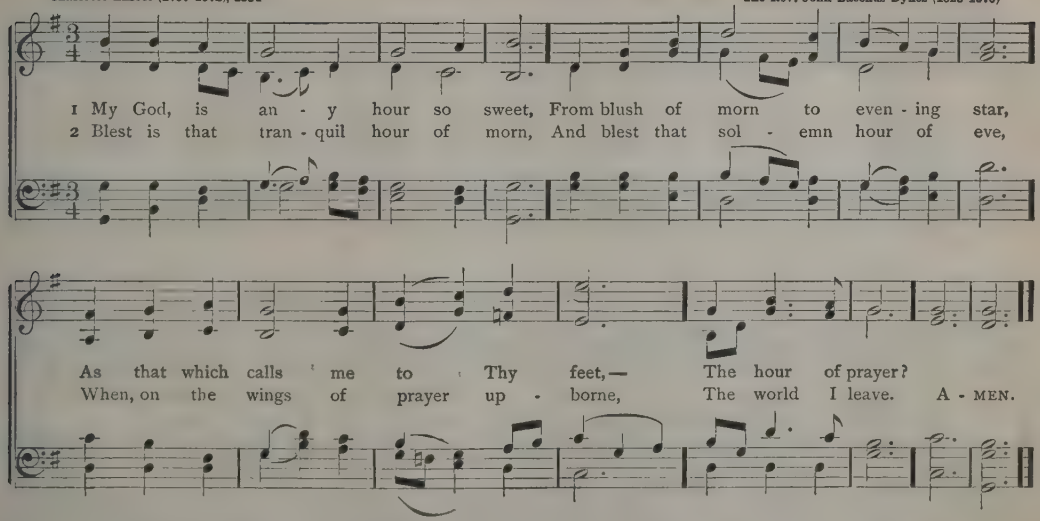

1 Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and dear - er
2 Calm - er yet and calm - er In the hours of pain, Sur - er yet and sur - er
3 High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and near - er
Ev - ery du - ty find; Hop - ing still and trust - ing God with - out a fear,
Peace at last to gain; Suffer - ing still and do - ing, To His will re - signed,
Ris - ing to the light — Light se - rene and ho - ly, Where my soul may rest,
Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear.
And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest. AMEN.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on;
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed. AMEN.

131 My God, is any Hour so Sweet

PRAYER 8.8.8.4.

Charlotte Elliott (1789-1871), 1834 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)


1 My God, is an - y hour so sweet, From blush of morn to even - ing star,
2 Blest is that tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,— The hour of prayer?
When, on the wings of prayer up - borne, The world I leave. A - MEN.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of Heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear:
My spirit seems in Heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee. AMEN.

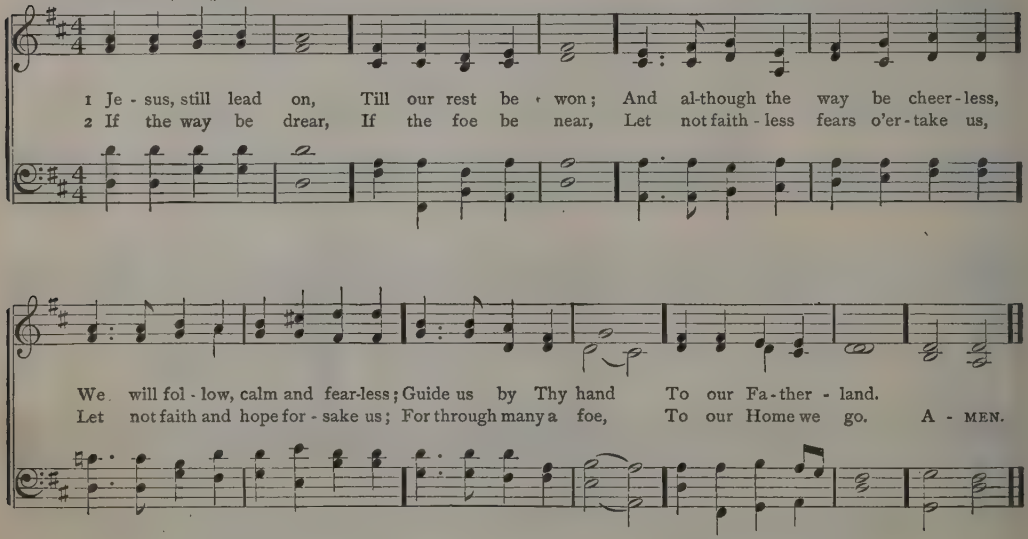
PRAYER

Jesus, still Lead On

ST. HUBERT *5.5.8.8.5.5.*

Nicolaus Ludwig, Count von Zinzendorf (1700-1760), 1721
Tr. Jane Borthwick (1813-), 1853

The Rev. Leicester Darwall (1813-)


1 Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al-though the way be cheer-less,
2 If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith-less fears o'er-take us,
We will fol-low, calm and fear-less; Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa-ther - land.
Let not faith and hope for-sake us; For through many a foe, To our Home we go. A - MEN.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience,
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. AMEN.

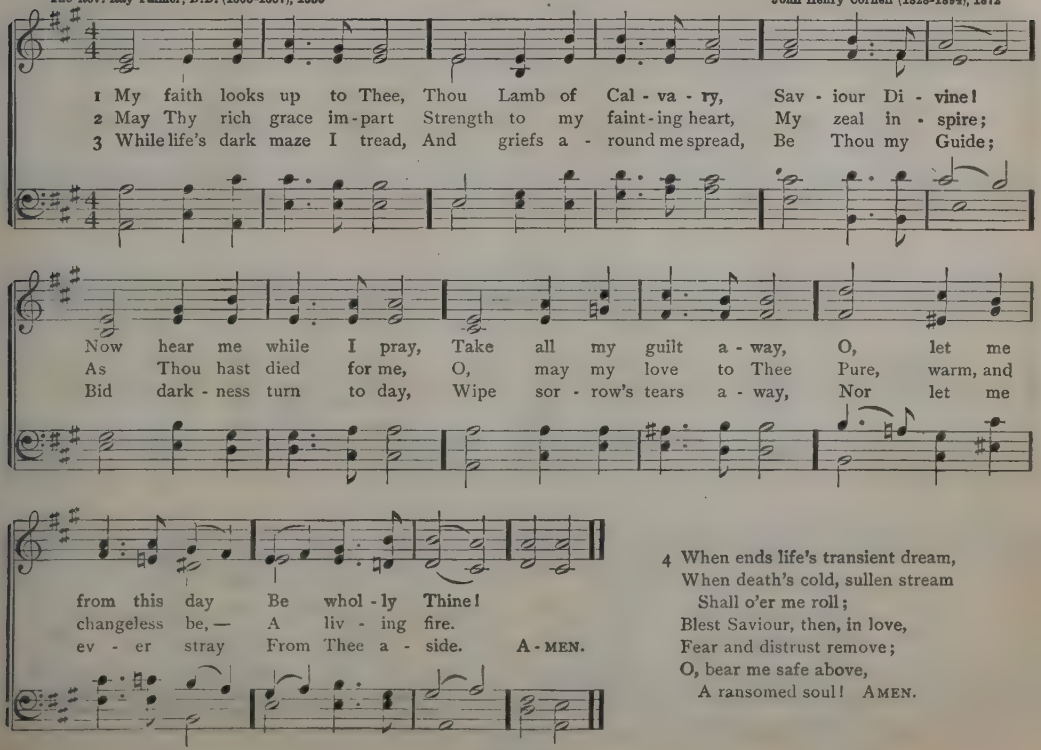
PRAYER

133 My Faith Looks up to Thee

BETHEL 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

The Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D. (1808-1887), 1830

John Henry Cornell (1828-1894), 1872


1 My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour Di - vine!
2 May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire;
3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my Guide;
Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O, let me
As Thou hast died for me, O, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and
Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way, Nor let me
from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
changeless be,— A liv - ing fire.
ev - er stray From Thee a - side. A - MEN.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul! AMEN.

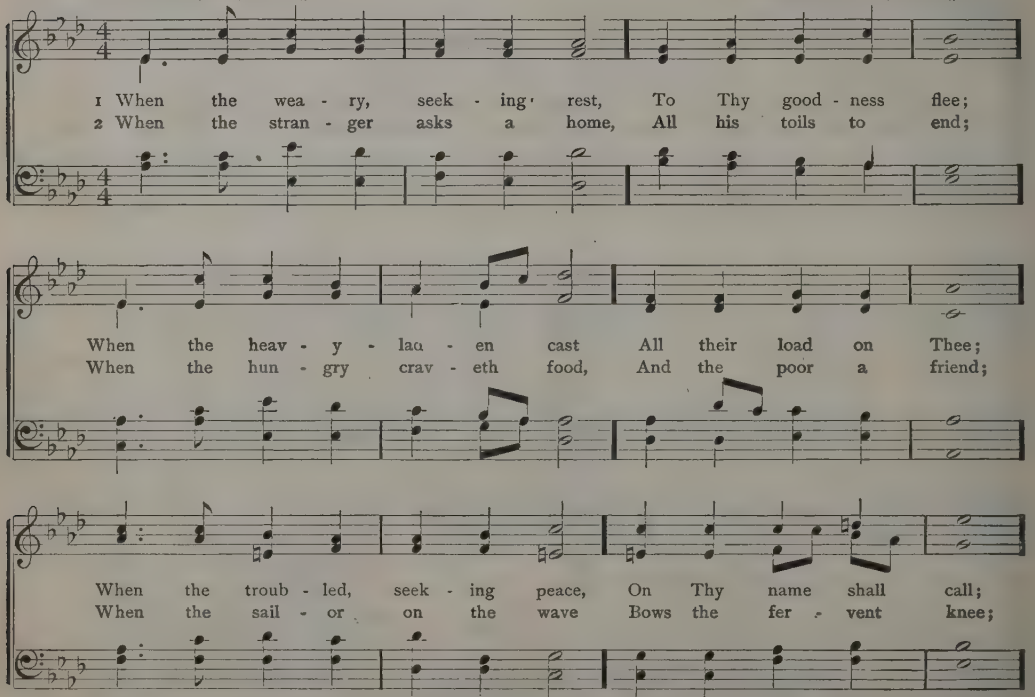
PRAYER

When the Weary, Seeking Rest

*INTERCESSION** *7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.*

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808–1889), 1866

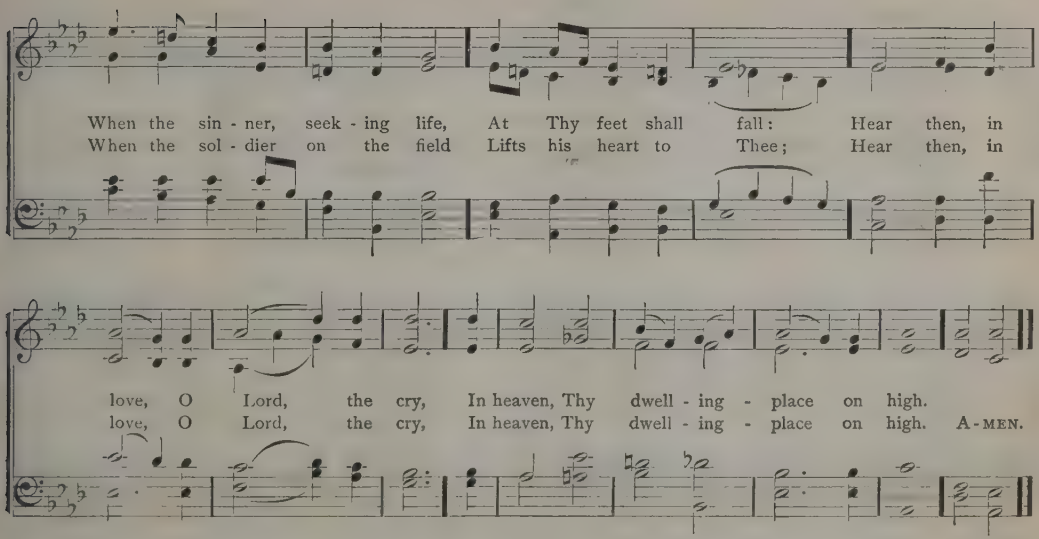
William Callcott (1807–1878), 1866


1 When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy good - ness flee;
2 When the stran - ger asks a home, All his toils to end;
When the heav - y - lad - en cast All their load on Thee;
When the hun - gry crav - eth food, And the poor a friend;
When the troub - led, seek - ing peace, On Thy name shall call;
When the sail - or on the wave Bows the fer - vent knee;

* The last nine bars of this Tune are taken from "Look down on us," an Air and Chorus in MENDELSSOHN'S "Elijah"

PRAYER

When the Weary, Seeking Rest — *Concluded*


When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall: Hear then, in
When the sol - dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee; Hear then, in
love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwell - ing - place on high.
love, O Lord, the cry, In heaven, Thy dwell - ing - place on high. A - MEN.

3 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd name;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the aged, weak and gray,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high. AMEN.

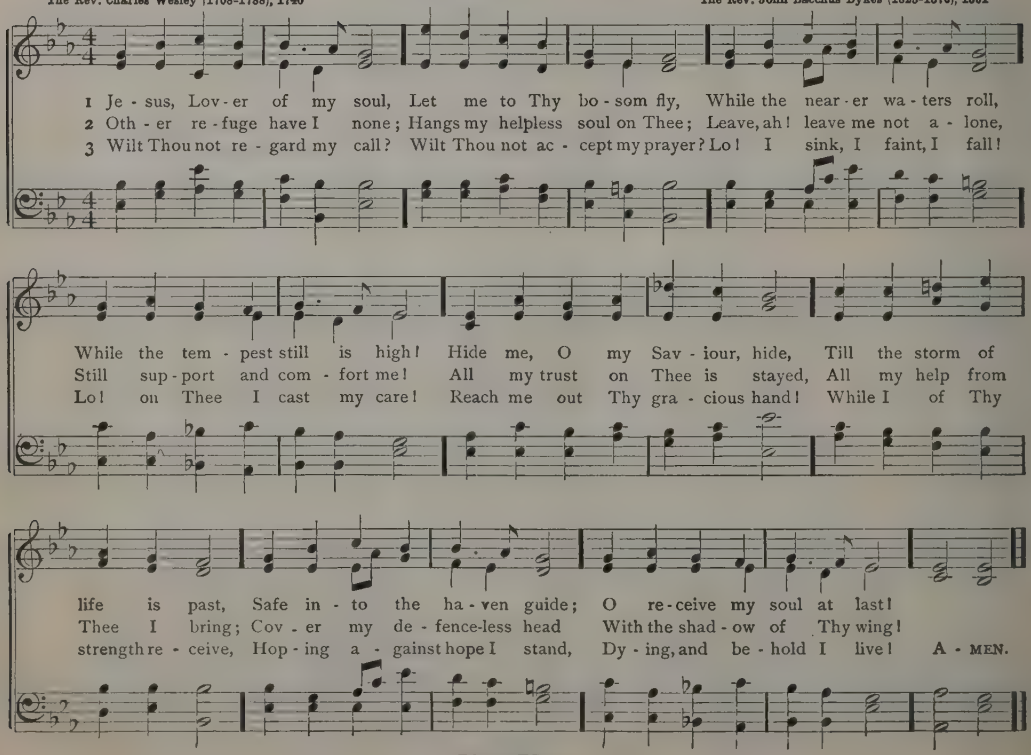
PRAYER

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

HOLLINGSHIDE 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1740

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1861


1 Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll,
2 Oth - er re - fuge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone,
3 Wilt Thou not re - gard my call? Wilt Thou not ac - cept my prayer? Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of
Still sup - port and com - fort me! All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from
Lo! on Thee I cast my care! Reach me out Thy gra - cious hand! While I of Thy
life is past, Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
strength re - ceive, Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live! A - MEN.

PRAYER

Jesus, Lover of My Soul — *Concluded*

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

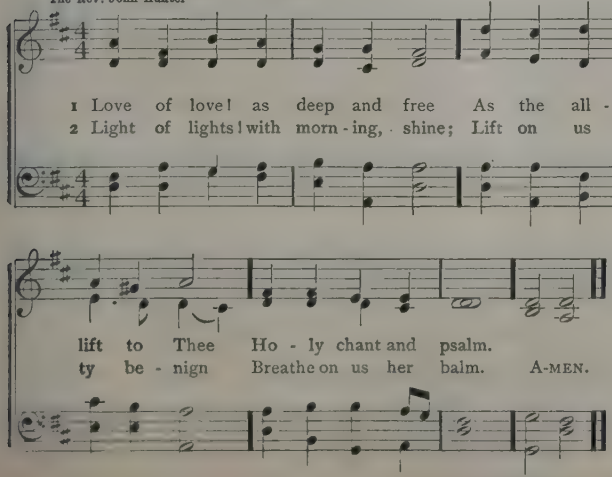
5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
Rise to all eternity! AMEN.

136 Love of Love! as Deep and Free

CAPETOWN 7.7.7.5.

The Rev. Gilbert Rorison, LL.D. (1821-1869)
The Rev. John Hunter

Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D. (1804-1860)


1 Love of love! as deep and free As the all - ab - solv - ing sea, Hear us, while we
2 Light of lights! with morn - ing, shine; Lift on us thy Light Di - vine, And let char - i -
lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm.
ty be - nign Breathe on us her balm. A-MEN.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it sink on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of Heaven;
Shed a holy calm.

4 Life of life, our Father be;
May we live and die to Thee;
Till with saints hereafter we
Bear the glorious palm. AMEN.

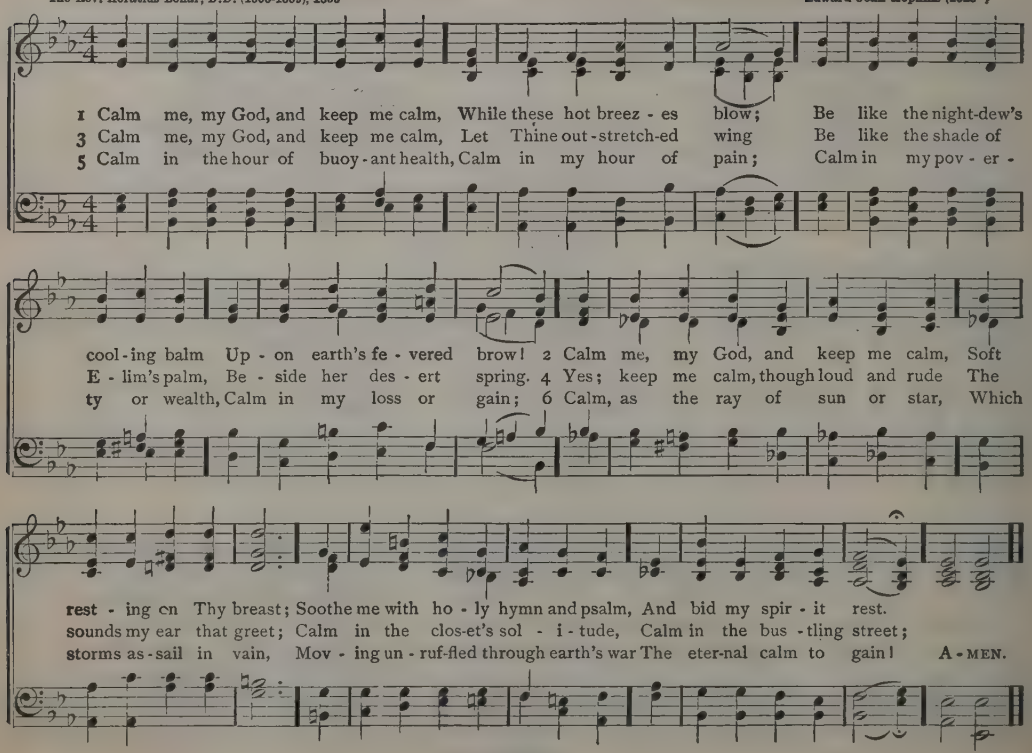
PRAYER

137 Calm Me, My God

ST. ELIZABETH C.M.D.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889), 1856

Edward John Hopkins (1818-)

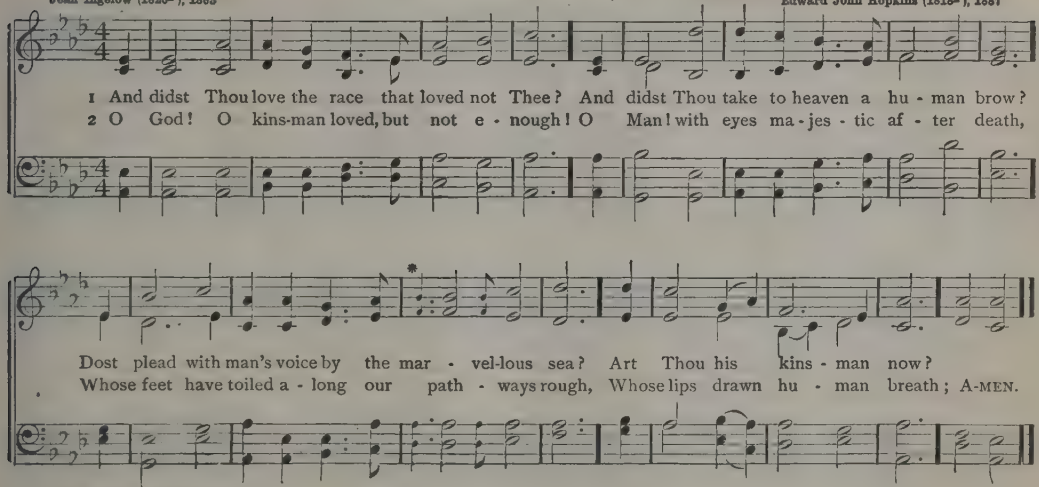

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breez - es blow; Be like the night-dew's cool-ing balm Up - on earth's fe - vered brow!
3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Let Thine out-stretch-ed wing Be like the shade of E - lim's palm, Be - side her des - ert spring.
5 Calm in the hour of buoy-ant health, Calm in my hour of pain; Calm in my pov - er - ty or wealth, Calm in my loss or gain;
2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest - ing on Thy breast; Soothe me with ho - ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spir - it rest.
4 Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude The sounds my ear that greet; Calm in the clos-et's sol - i - tude, Calm in the bus - tling street;
6 Calm, as the ray of sun or star, Which storms as-sail in vain, Mov - ing un - ruf-fled through earth's war The eter-nal calm to gain! A - MEN.

PRAYER

138 And Didst Thou Love the Race

ARTAVIA 10.10.10.6.

Jean Ingelow (1820–), 1863 — Edward John Hopkins (1818–), 1887


1 And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee? And didst Thou take to heaven a hu - man brow?
2 O God! O kins-man loved, but not e - nough! O Man! with eyes ma - jes - tic af - ter death,
Dost plead with man's voice by the mar - vel-lous sea? Art Thou his kins - man now?
Whose feet have toiled a - long our path - ways rough, Whose lips drawn hu - man breath; A-MEN.

* Small notes for first verse

3 By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven, where sinless Thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in;

4 By thy last silence in the judgment hall,
By long fore-knowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,—
I pray Thee visit me.

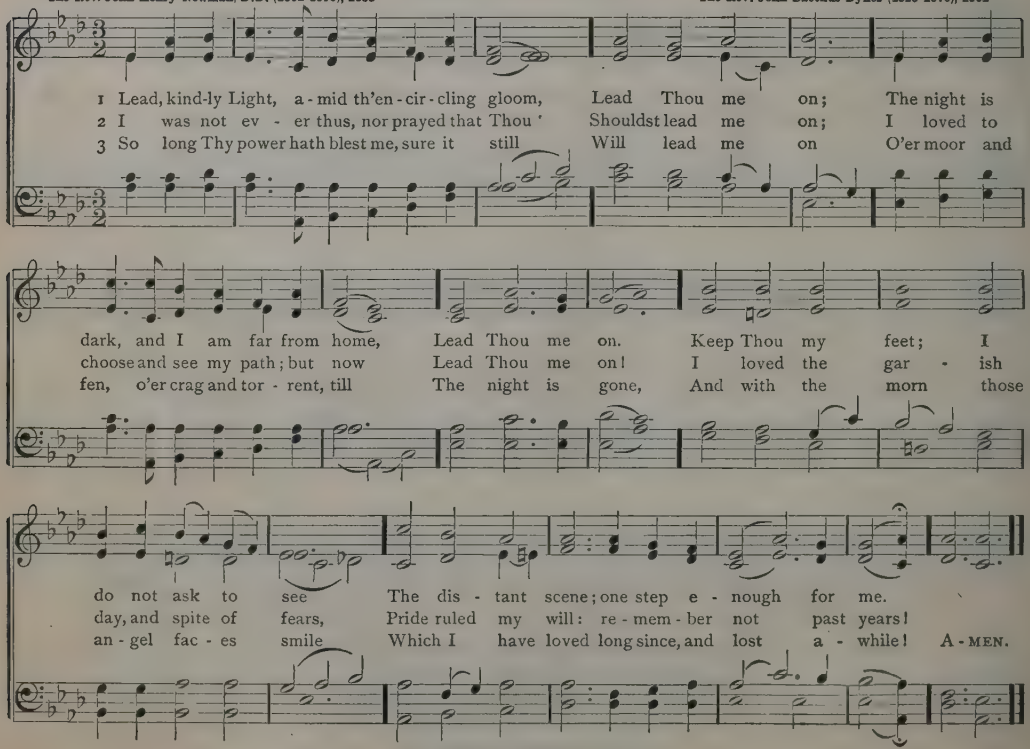
5 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain,—
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign. AMEN.

COMMUNION WITH GOD

Lead, Kindly Light

LUX BENIGNA, No. 1 10.4.10.4.10.10.

The Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D. (1801–1890), 1833 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876), 1861

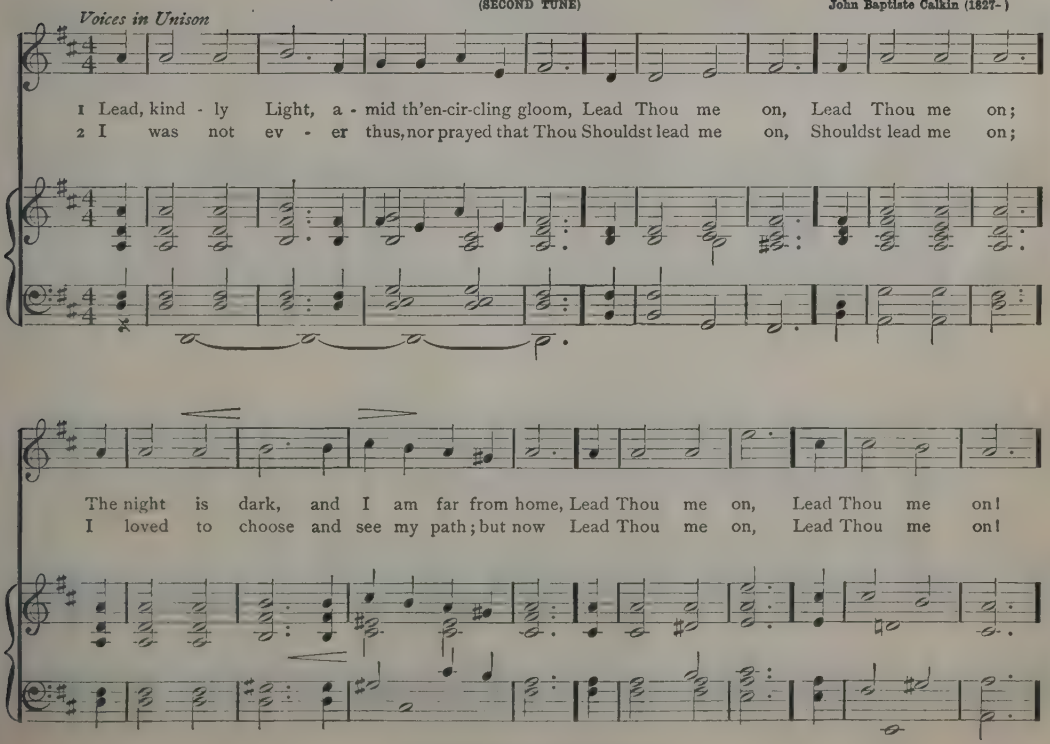

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2 I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that Thou ' Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years!
an-gel fac-es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while! A-MEN.

Lead, Kindly Light

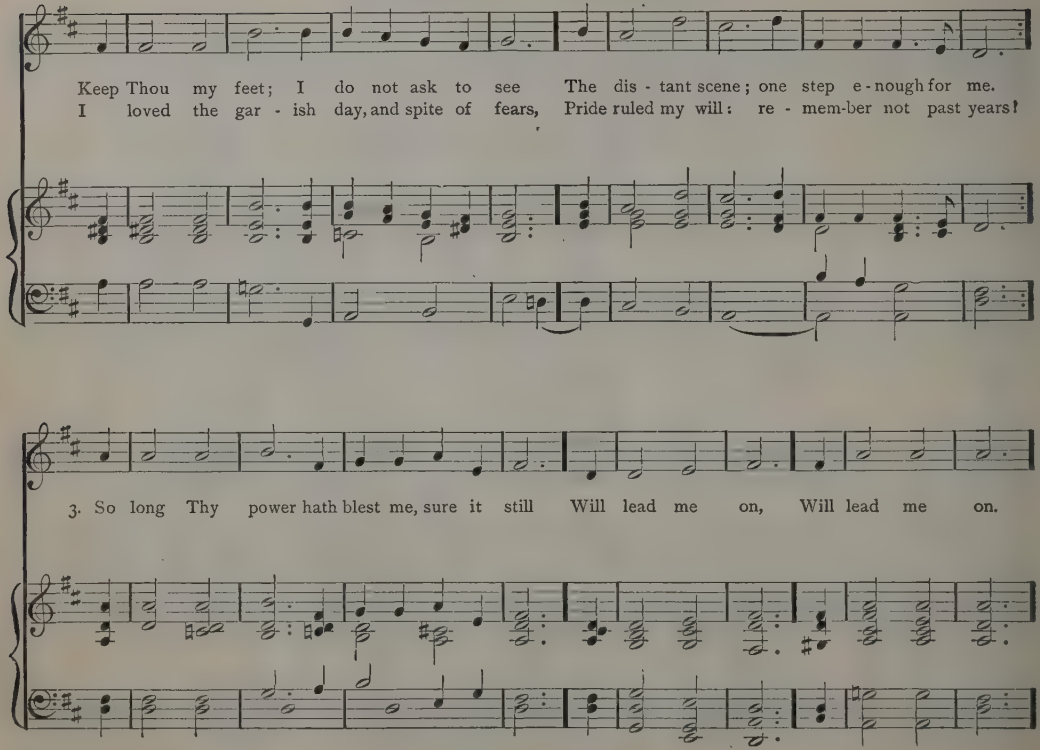
LUX BENIGNA, No. II 10.8.10.8.10.10.

(SECOND TUNE)

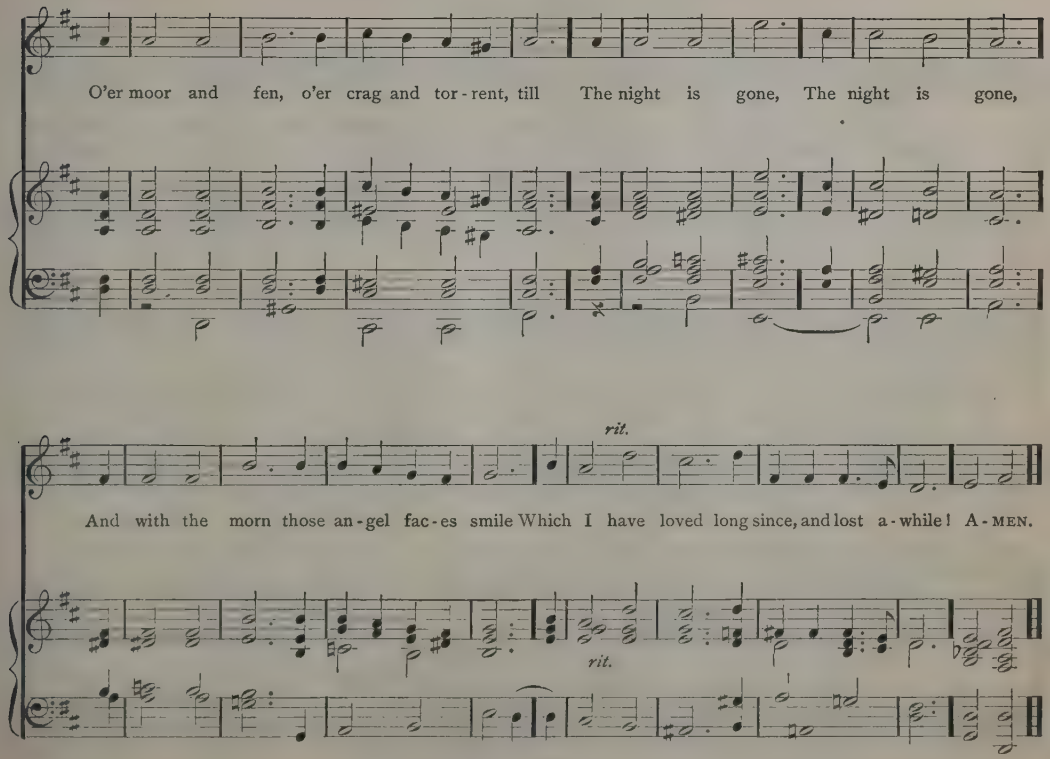
John Baptiste Calkin (1827-)


Voices in Unison
1 Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on;
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on, Shouldst lead me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on, Lead Thou me on!

Lead, Kindly Light — *Continued*


Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem-ber not past years!
3. So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on, Will lead me on.

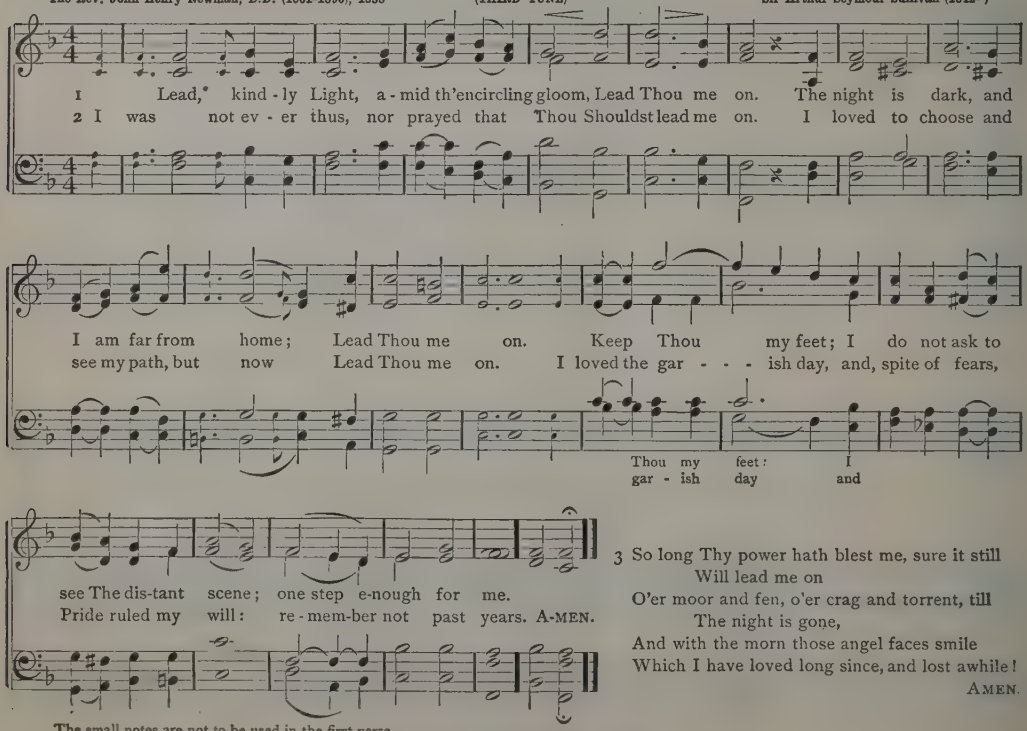
Lead, Kindly Light — *Concluded*


O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone, The night is gone,
rit.
And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.
rit.

Lead, Kindly Light

LUX IN TENEBRIS 10.4.10.4.10.10.

The Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D. (1801-1890), 1833 (THIRD TUNE) Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)


1 Lead,* kind - ly Light, a - mid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on. The night is dark, and
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on. I loved to choose and
I am far from home; Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
see my path, but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - - - ish day, and, spite of fears,
Thou my feet: I
gar - ish day and
see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re - mem-ber not past years. A-MEN.

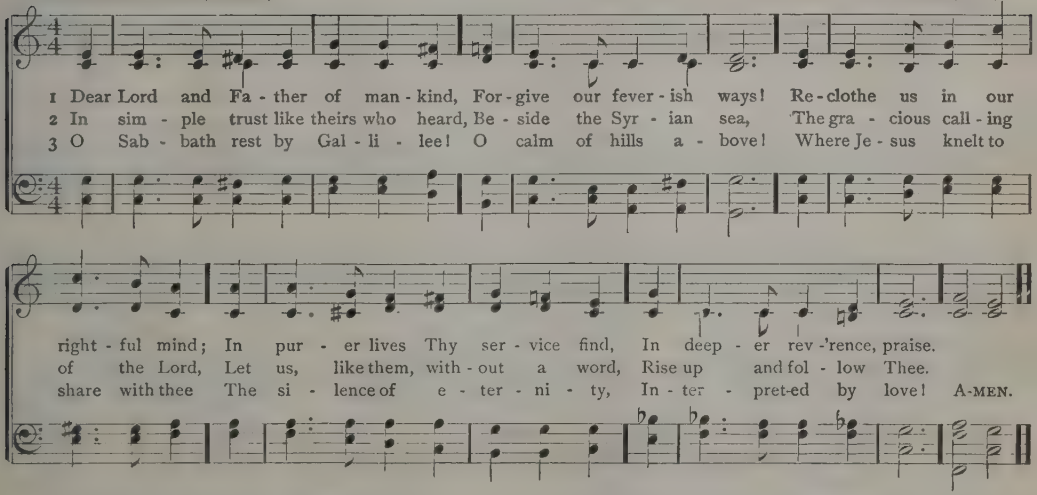
3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!
AMEN.

The small notes are not to be used in the first verse

Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

WHITTIER 8.6.8.8.6.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) — Fred C. Maker (1844-)


1 Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fever - ish ways! Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.
2 In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr - ian sea, The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let us, like them, with - out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
3 O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a - bove! Where Je - sus knelt to share with thee The si - lence of e - ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret-ed by love! A-MEN.

4 With that deep hush subduing all
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
As fell Thy manna down.

5 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

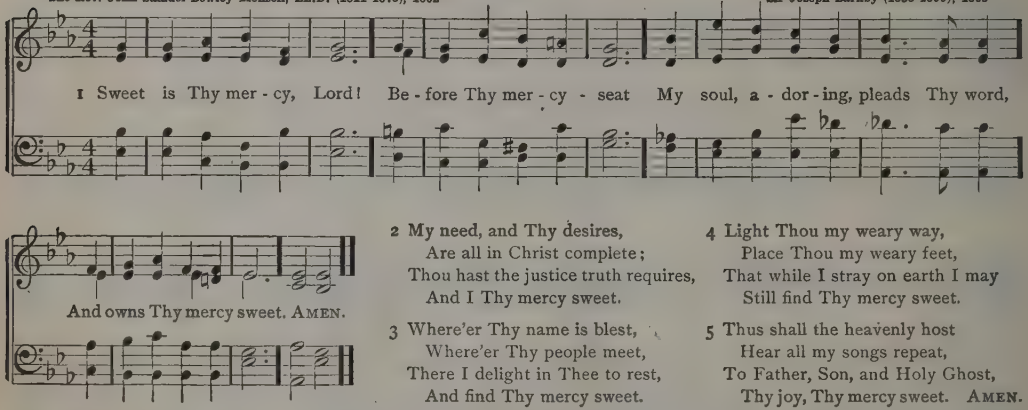
6 Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm! AMEN.

COMMUNION WITH GOD

141 Sweet is Thy Mercy, Lord

MONSELL S.M.

The Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811–1875), 1862 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896), 1868



2 My need, and Thy desires,
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy name is blest,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to rest,
And find Thy mercy sweet.

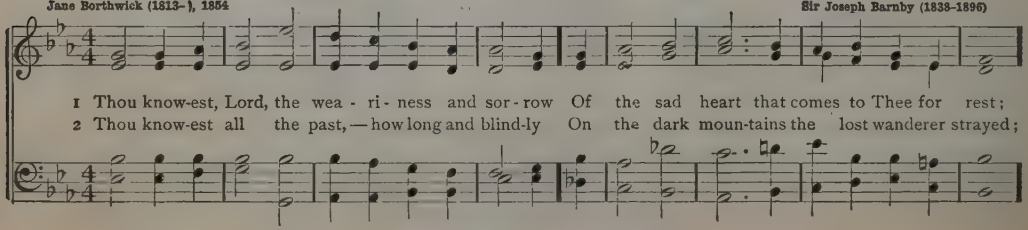
4 Light Thou my weary way,
Place Thou my weary feet,
That while I stray on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy joy, Thy mercy sweet. AMEN.

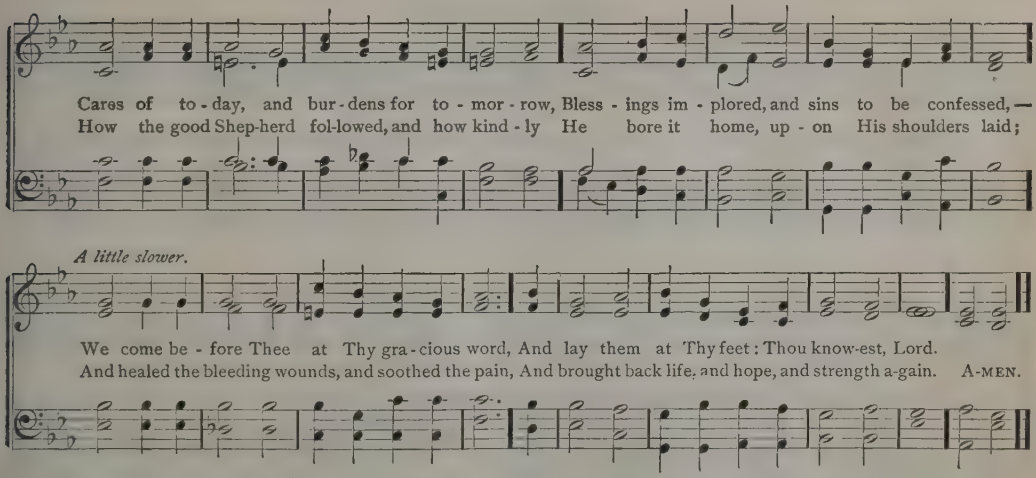
142 Thou Knowest, Lord, the Weariness and Sorrow

EDINBURGH 11.10.11.10.10.10.

Jane Borthwick (1813–), 1854 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)


1 Thou know-est, Lord, the wea - ri - ness and sor - row Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
2 Thou know-est all the past, — how long and blind-ly On the dark moun-tains the lost wanderer strayed;

Thou Knowest, Lord, the Weariness and Sorrow — *Concluded*


Cares of to-day, and bur-dens for to-mor-row, Bless-ings im-plored, and sins to be confessed,—
How the good Shep-herd fol-lowed, and how kind-ly He bore it home, up-on His shoulders laid;
A little slower.
We come be-fore Thee at Thy gra-cious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou know-est, Lord.
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain, And brought back life, and hope, and strength a-gain. A-MEN.

3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
All pensive mem'ries as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future, — gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds to quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
O! what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path; but this: Thou knowest, Lord!

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing,
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

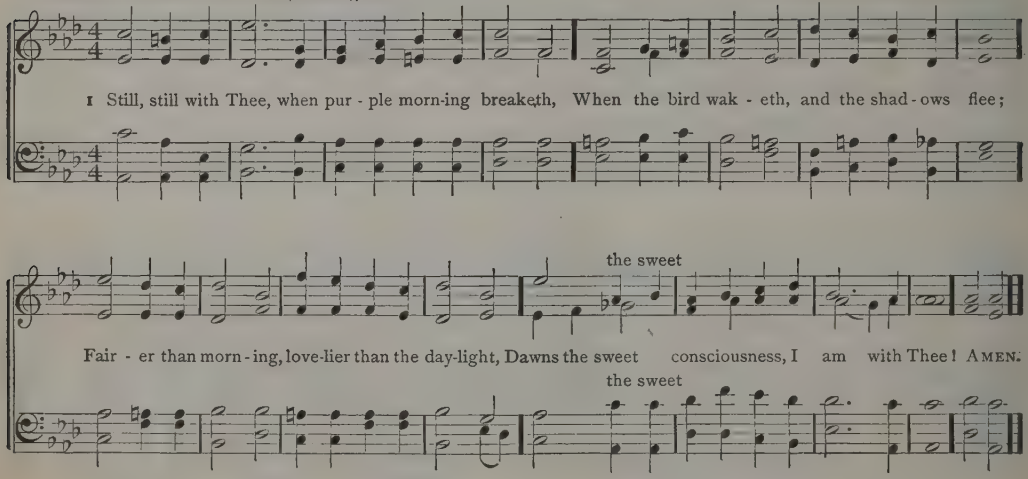
6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then, rising and refreshed, we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known. AMEN.

143 Still, Still with Thee

WINDSOR *11.10.11.10.*

Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe (1812-1896), 1855

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)


1 Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn-ing breaketh, When the bird wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee;
the sweet
Fair - er than morn - ing, love-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee! AMEN.
the sweet

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 Still, still with Thee! As to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

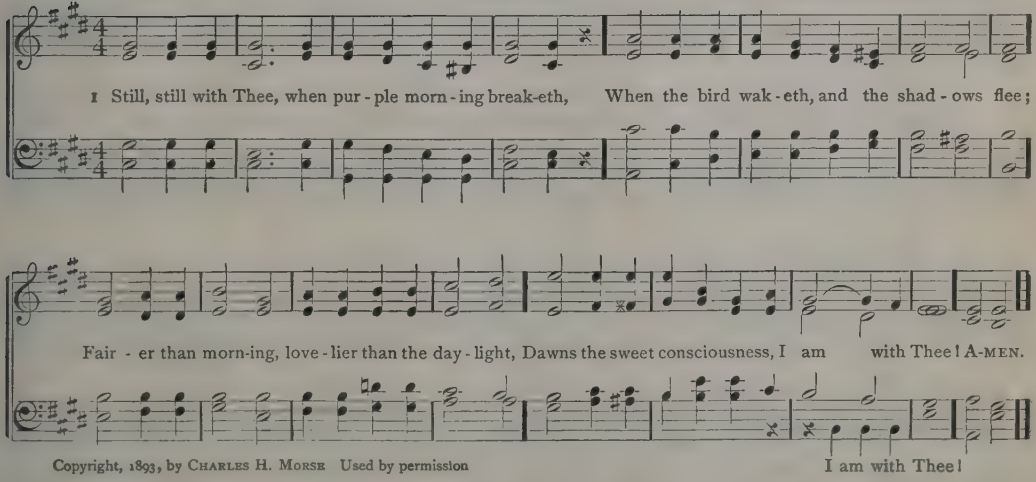
4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought: I am with Thee! AMEN.

Still, Still with Thee

STOWE 11.10.11.10.

(SECOND TUNE) Charles Henry Morse (1853-), 1893


1 Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break-eth, When the bird wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee;
Fair - er than morn-ing, love - lier than the day - light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee! A-MEN.
I am with Thee!

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2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 Still, still with Thee! As to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day nearness unto Thee and heaven.

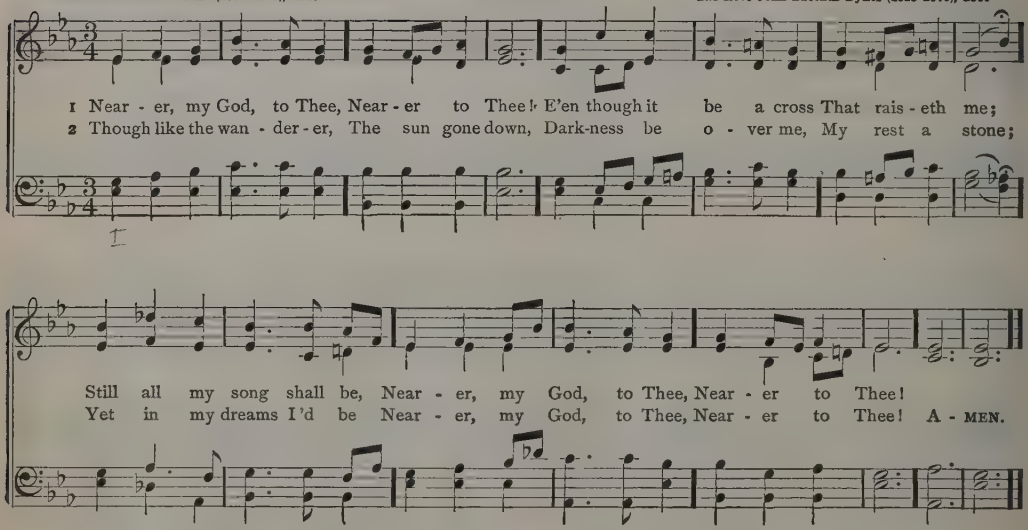
4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought: I am with Thee! AMEN.

144 Nearer, my God, to Thee

HORBURY 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams (1805-1848), 1840 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1860


1 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me;
2 Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

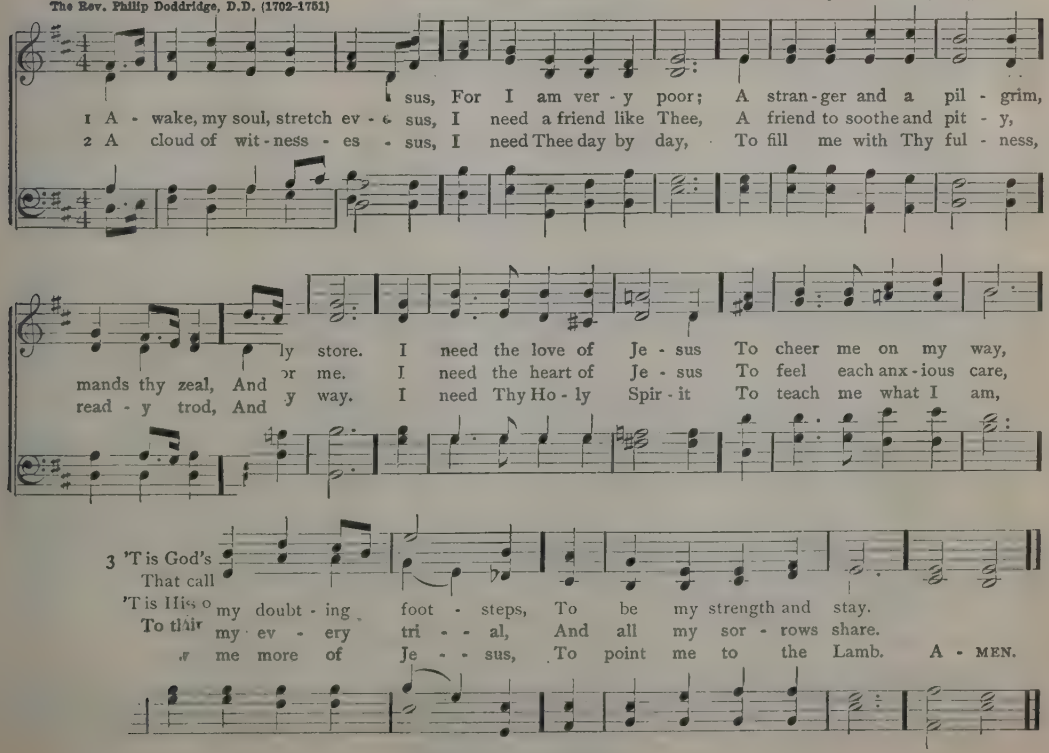
5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee! AMEN.

Awake, my Soul, Stretch Thee, Precious Jesus

PATRIA 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. Philip Doddridge, D.D. (1702–1751)

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842–), 1876


1 A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - er - sus, For I am ver - y poor; A stran - ger and a pil - grim,
2 A cloud of wit - ness - es - sus, I need a friend like Thee, A friend to soothe and pit - y,
ly store. I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
mands thy zeal, And or me. I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,
read - y trod, And y way. I need Thy Ho - ly Spir - it To teach me what I am,
3 'T is God's
That call
'T is His o my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
To thir my ev - ery tri - - al, And all my sor - rows share.
me more of Je - - sus, To point me to the Lamb. A - MEN.

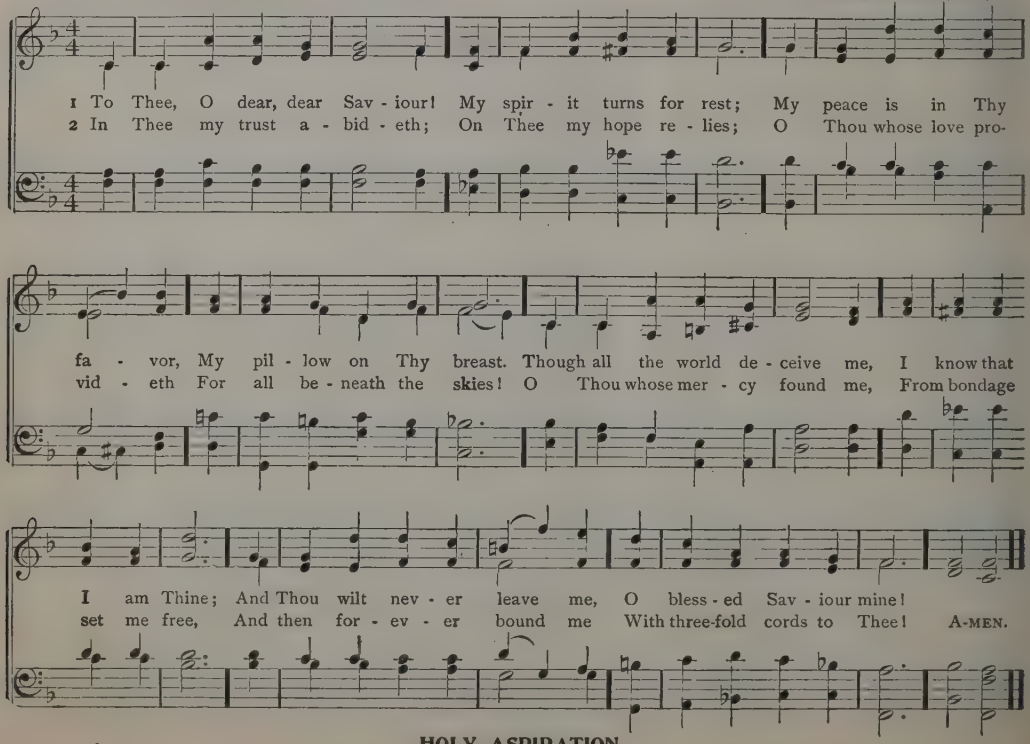
HOLY ASPIRATION

148 To Thee, O Dear, Dear Saviour

SAVOY CHAPEL 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D. (1811-1875), 1863

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-)


1 To Thee, O dear, dear Sav - iour! My spir - it turns for rest; My peace is in Thy
2 In Thee my trust a - bid - eth; On Thee my hope re - lies; O Thou whose love pro-
fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast. Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that
vid - eth For all be - neath the skies! O Thou whose mer - cy found me, From bondage
I am Thine; And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine!
set me free, And then for - ev - er bound me With three-fold cords to Thee! A-MEN.

HOLY ASPIRATION

To Thee, O Dear, Dear Saviour — *Concluded*

3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all Thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in Thy beauty
Of holiness divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life to Thine.

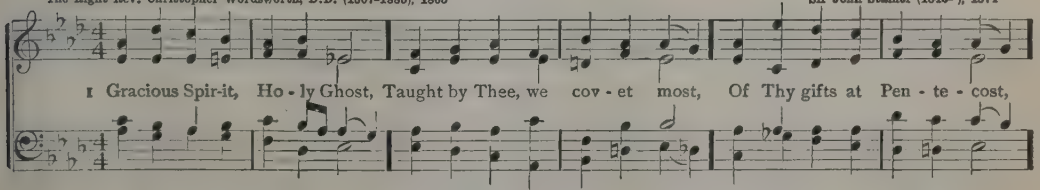
4 Alas, that I should ever
Have failed in love to Thee,
The only one who never
Forgot or slighted me!
O for a heart to love Thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above Thee
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 O for that choicest blessing
Of living in Thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose. AMEN.

149 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost

CHARITY 7.7.7.5.

The Right Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. (1807-1885), 1865 — Sir John Stainer (1840-), 1874


1 Gracious Spir-it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by Thee, we cov - et most, Of Thy gifts at Pen - te - cost,
Voices in unison
Ho-ly, heavenly love. A-MEN.
Org.

2 Faith that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge — all things — empty prove
Without heavenly love.

3 Though I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain, if love I need:
Therefore, give me love.

4 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong:
Therefore, give us love.

5 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay:
Therefore, give us love.

6 Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright:
Therefore, give us love.

7 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

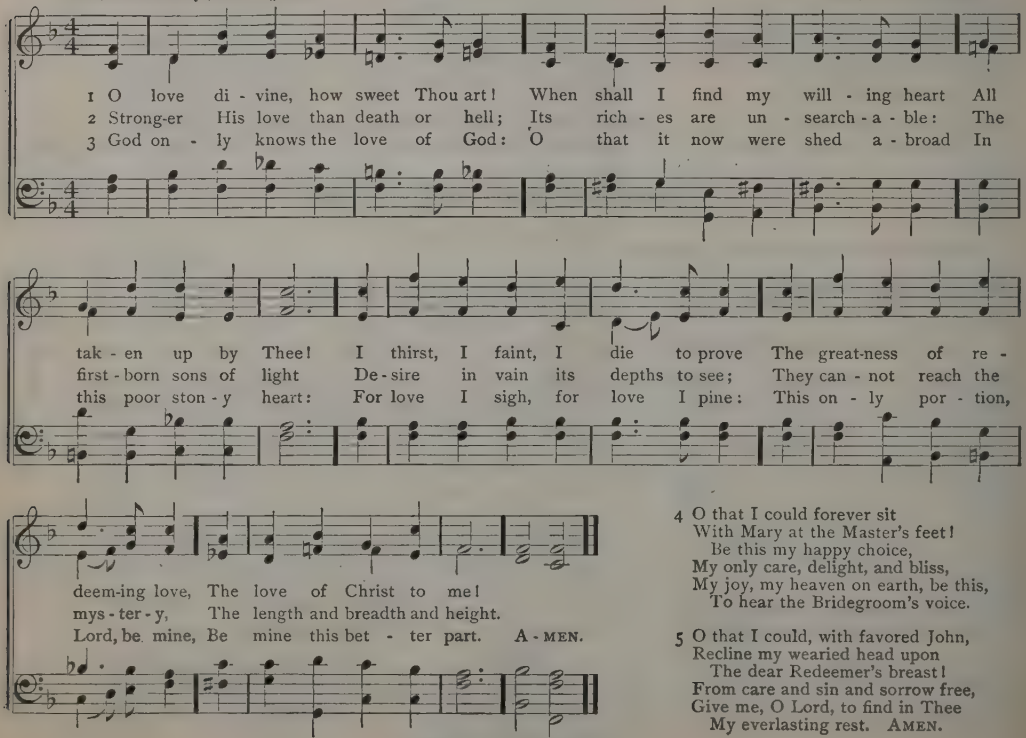
8 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love! AMEN.

HOLY ASPIRATION

150 O Love Divine, How Sweet Thou Art

HOLYROOD 8.8.6.8.8.6.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708–1788), 1746 — Henry Hiles (1826–), 1887


1 O love di - vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will - ing heart All
2 Strong-er His love than death or hell; Its rich - es are un - search - a - ble: The
3 God on - ly knows the love of God: O that it now were shed a - broad In
tak - en up by Thee! I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The great-ness of re -
first - born sons of light De - sire in vain its depths to see; They can - not reach the
this poor ston - y heart: For love I sigh, for love I pine: This on - ly por - tion,
deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me!
mys - ter - y, The length and breadth and height.
Lord, be mine, Be mine this bet - ter part. A - MEN.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

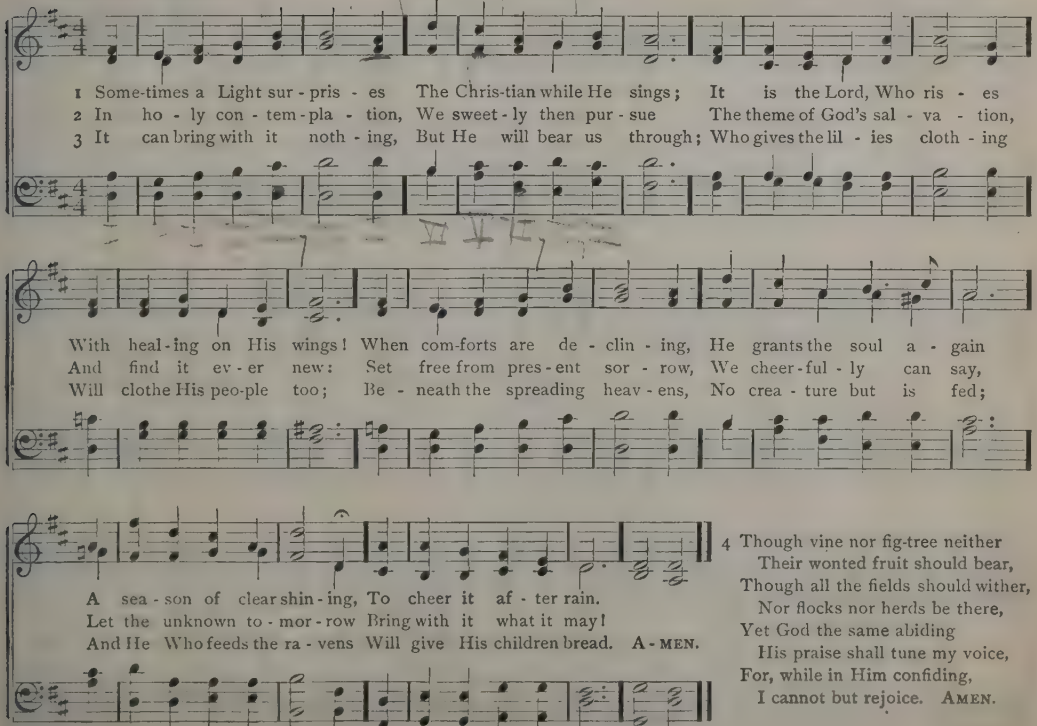
5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my wearied head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest. AMEN.

HOLY ASPIRATION

151 Sometimes a Light Surprises

BENTLEY 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

William Cowper (1731-1800), 1773. John Hullah, LL.D. (1812-1884), 1867


1 Some-times a Light sur - pris - es The Chris-tian while He sings; It is the Lord, Who ris - es
2 In ho - ly con - tem-pla - tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - va - tion,
3 It can bring with it noth - ing, But He will bear us through; Who gives the lil - ies cloth - ing
With heal-ing on His wings! When com-forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain
And find it ev - er new: Set free from pres - ent sor - row, We cheer-ful - ly can say,
Will clothe His peo-ple too; Be - neath the spreading heav - ens, No crea - ture but is fed;
A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.
Let the unknown to - mor - row Bring with it what it may!
And He Who feeds the ra - vens Will give His children bread. A - MEN.

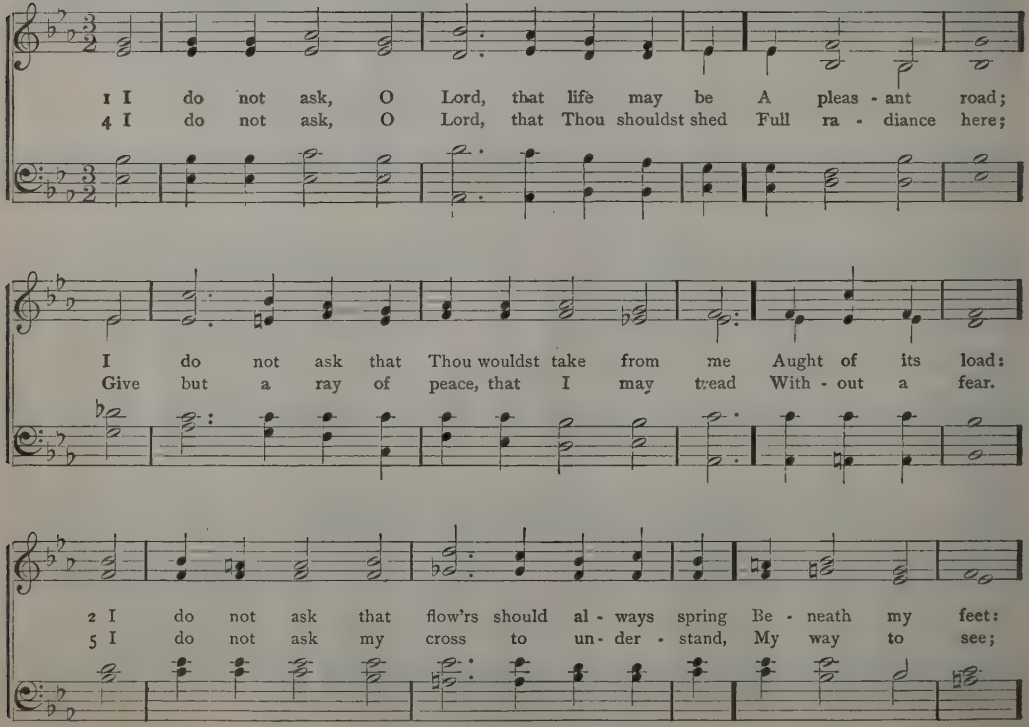
4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there,
Yet God the same abiding
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice. AMEN.

I Do not Ask, O Lord

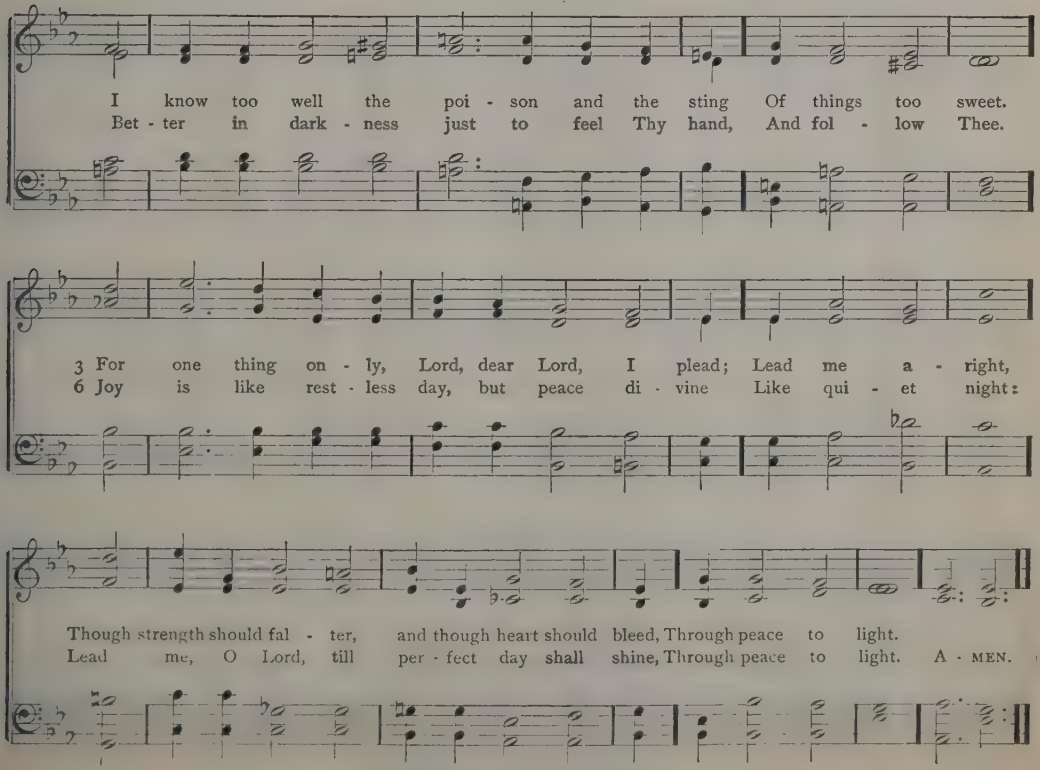
MAGDALEN *10.4.10.4.*

Adelaide Anne Procter (1825-1864), 1862

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1887


1 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road;
4 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed Full ra - diance here;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load:
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread With - out a fear.
2 I do not ask that flow'rs should al - ways spring Be - neath my feet:
5 I do not ask my cross to un - der - stand, My way to see;

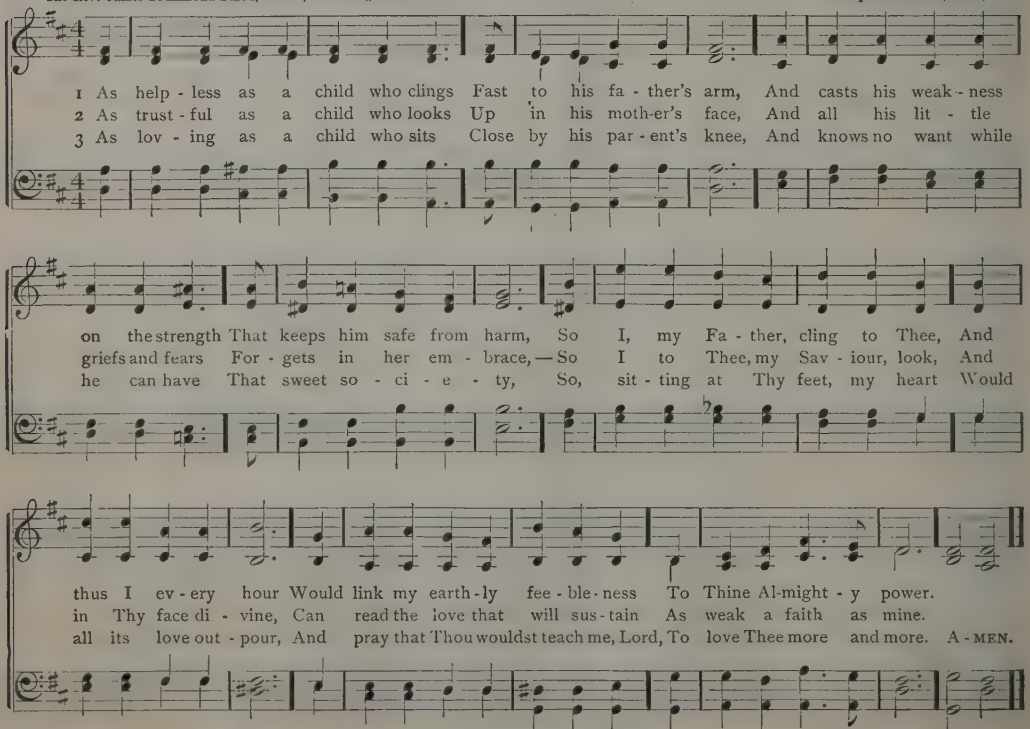
I Do not Ask, O Lord — *Concluded*


I know too well the poi - son and the sting Of things too sweet.
Bet - ter in dark - ness just to feel Thy hand, And fol - low Thee.
3 For one thing on - ly, Lord, dear Lord, I plead; Lead me a - right,
6 Joy is like rest - less day, but peace di - vine Like qui - et night:
Though strength should fal - ter, and though heart should bleed, Through peace to light.
Lead me, O Lord, till per - fect day shall shine, Through peace to light. A - MEN.

153 As Helpless as a Child who Clings

FATHERHOOD C.M.D.

The Rev. James Drummond Burns, M.A. (1823-1864), 1856 — John Baptiste Calkin (1827-)

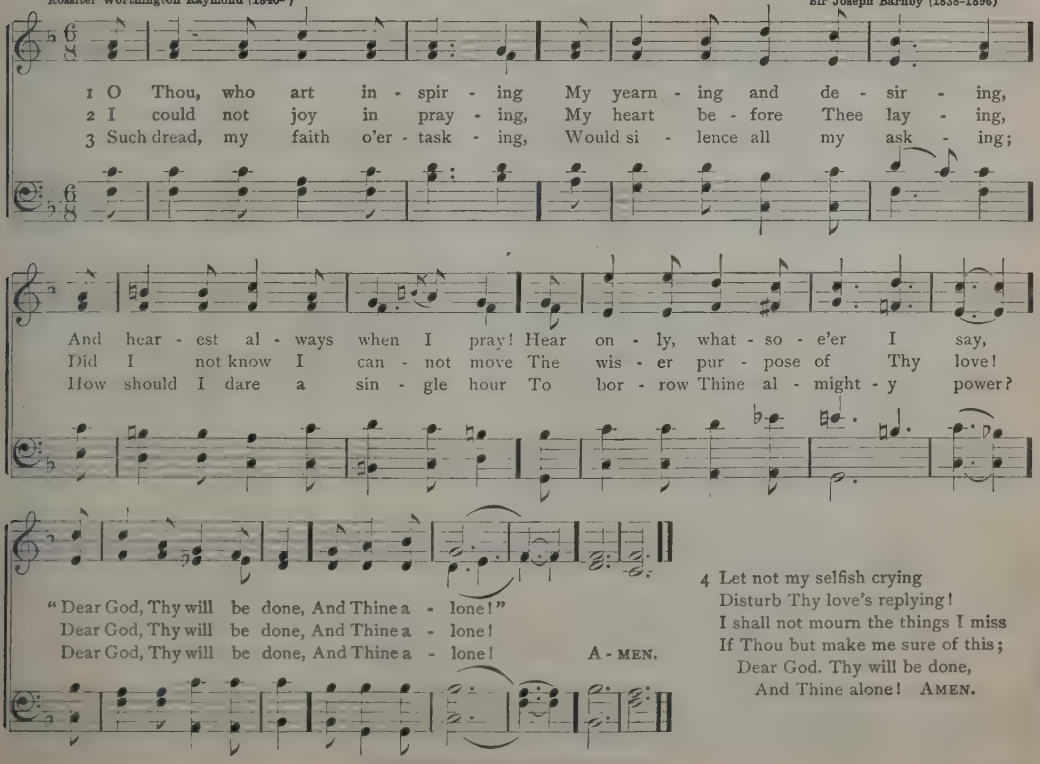

1 As help - less as a child who clings Fast to his fa - ther's arm, And casts his weak - ness
2 As trust - ful as a child who looks Up in his moth-er's face, And all his lit - tle
3 As lov - ing as a child who sits Close by his par - ent's knee, And knows no want while
on the strength That keeps him safe from harm, So I, my Fa - ther, cling to Thee, And
griefs and fears For - gets in her em - brace, — So I to Thee, my Sav - iour, look, And
he can have That sweet so - ci - e - ty, So, sit - ting at Thy feet, my heart Would
thus I ev - ery hour Would link my earth - ly fee - ble - ness To Thine Al-might - y power.
in Thy face di - vine, Can read the love that will sus - tain As weak a faith as mine.
all its love out - pour, And pray that Thou wouldst teach me, Lord, To love Thee more and more. A - MEN.

O Thou, Who art Inspiring

DWIGHT 7.7.8.8.6.4.

Rossiter Worthington Raymond (1840-)

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)

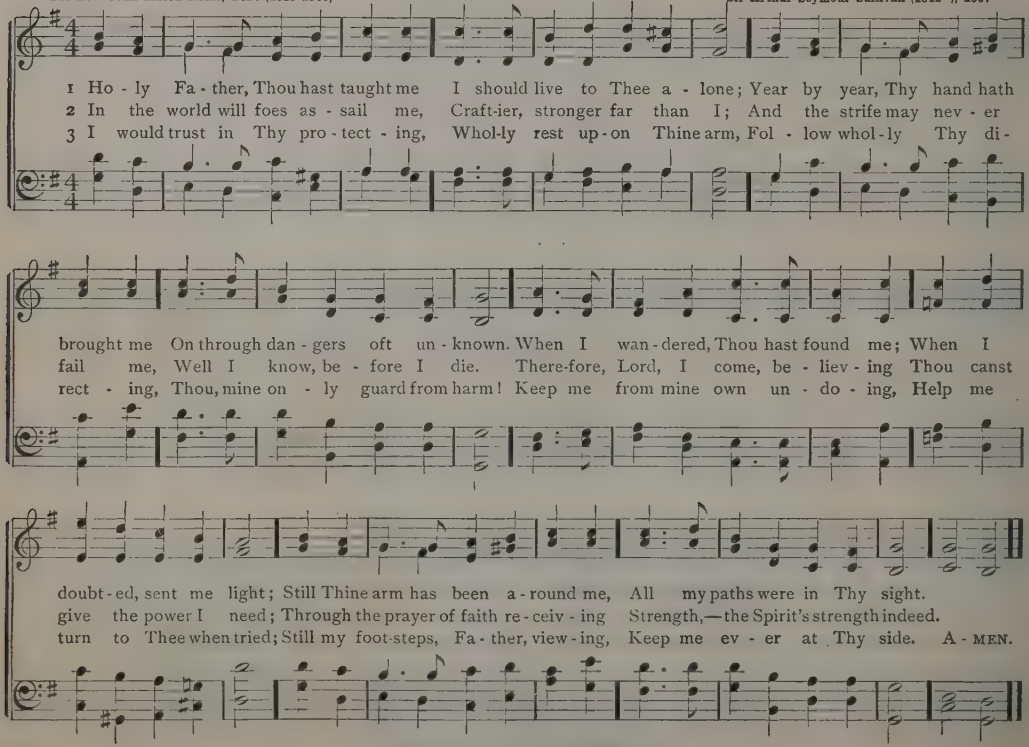

1 O Thou, who art in - spir - ing My yearn - ing and de - sir - ing,
2 I could not joy in pray - ing, My heart be - fore Thee lay - ing,
3 Such dread, my faith o'er - task - ing, Would si - lence all my ask - ing;
And hear - est al - ways when I pray! Hear on - ly, what - so - e'er I say,
Did I not know I can - not move The wis - er pur - pose of Thy love!
How should I dare a sin - gle hour To bor - row Thine al - might - y power?
"Dear God, Thy will be done, And Thine a - lone!"
Dear God, Thy will be done, And Thine a - lone!
Dear God, Thy will be done, And Thine a - lone! A - MEN.

4 Let not my selfish crying
Disturb Thy love's replying!
I shall not mourn the things I miss
If Thou but make me sure of this;
Dear God. Thy will be done,
And Thine alone! AMEN.

Holy Father, Thou hast Taught Me

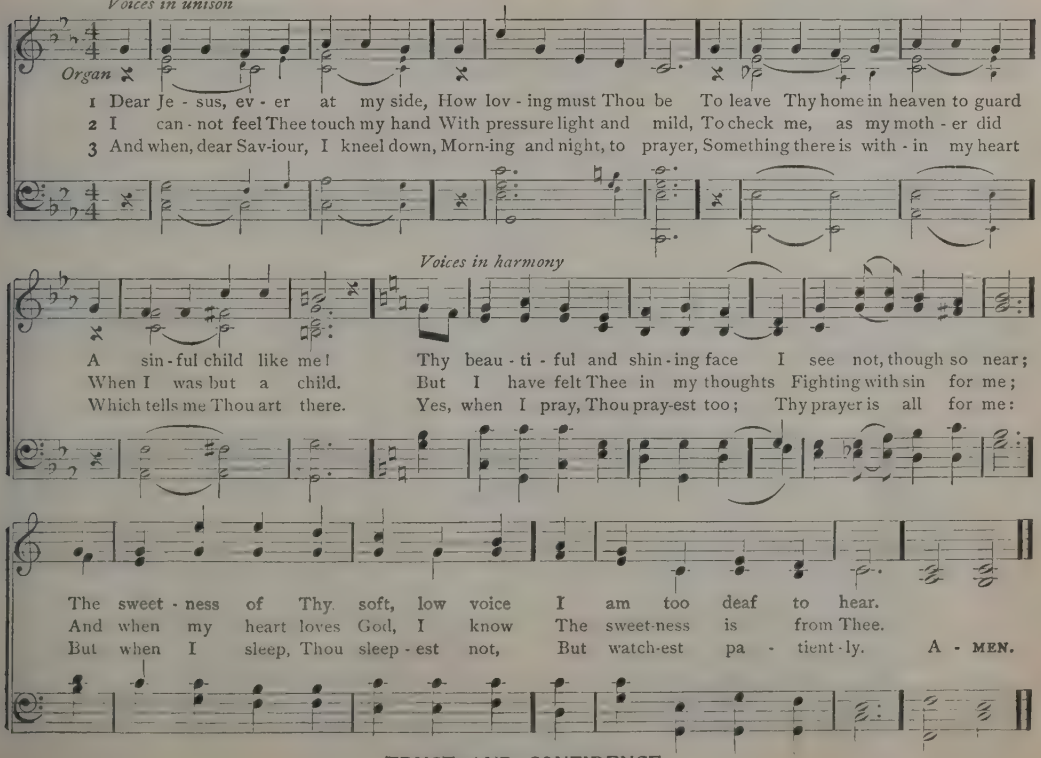
FALFIELD 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866) — Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1867


1 Ho - ly Fa - ther, Thou hast taught me I should live to Thee a - lone; Year by year, Thy hand hath
2 In the world will foes as - sail me, Craft-ier, stronger far than I; And the strife may nev - er
3 I would trust in Thy pro - tect - ing, Whol-ly rest up - on Thine arm, Fol - low whol - ly Thy di -
brought me On through dan - gers oft un - known. When I wan - dered, Thou hast found me; When I
fail me, Well I know, be - fore I die. There-fore, Lord, I come, be - liev - ing Thou canst
rect - ing, Thou, mine on - ly guard from harm! Keep me from mine own un - do - ing, Help me
doubt - ed, sent me light; Still Thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in Thy sight.
give the power I need; Through the prayer of faith re - ceiv - ing Strength,—the Spirit's strength indeed.
turn to Thee when tried; Still my foot-steps, Fa - ther, view - ing, Keep me ev - er at Thy side. A - MEN.

Dear Jesus, Ever at my Side

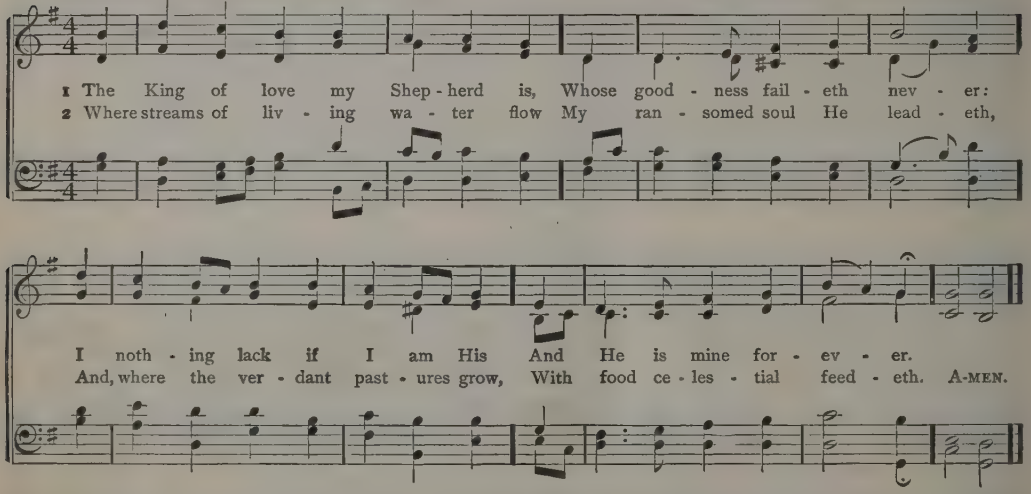
Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814-1863), 1849 — *AUDIENTES* C.M.D. — Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-)


Voices in unison
Organ
1 Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must Thou be To leave Thy home in heaven to guard
2 I can - not feel Thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me, as my moth - er did
3 And when, dear Sav-iour, I kneel down, Morn-ing and night, to prayer, Something there is with - in my heart
Voices in harmony
A sin - ful child like me! Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, though so near;
When I was but a child. But I have felt Thee in my thoughts Fighting with sin for me;
Which tells me Thou art there. Yes, when I pray, Thou pray-est too; Thy prayer is all for me:
The sweet - ness of Thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.
And when my heart loves God, I know The sweet-ness is from Thee.
But when I sleep, Thou sleep - est not, But watch-est pa - tient - ly. A - MEN.

157 The King of Love my Shepherd is

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8.7.8.7.

The Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, M.A., Bart. (1821-1877), 1868 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1868


1 The King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er:
2 Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran - somed soul He lead - eth,
I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver - dant past - ures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth. A-MEN.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And oh! what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth.

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house forever. AMEN.

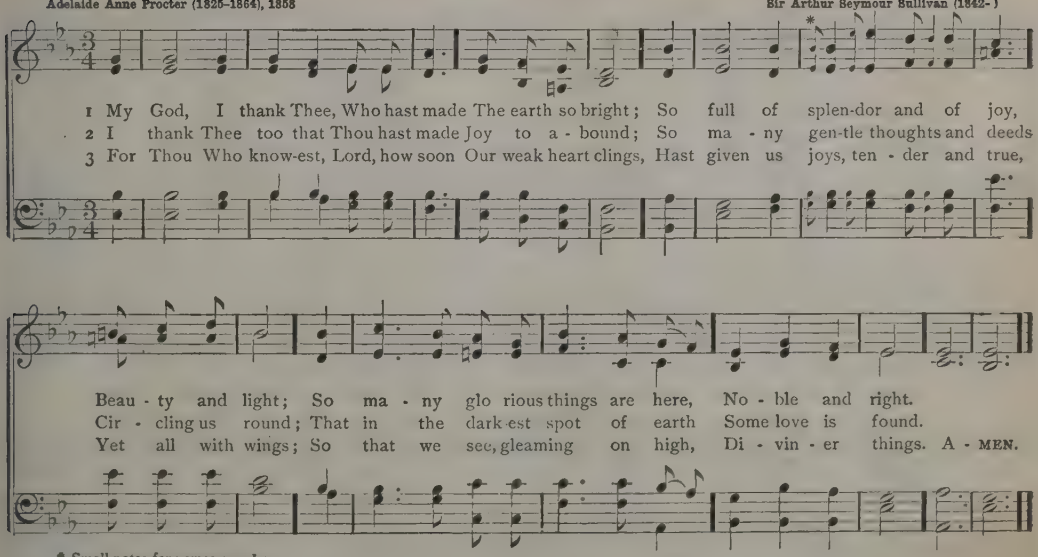
TRUST AND CONFIDENCE

158 My God, I Thank Thee, Who hast Made

CARROW 8.4.8.4.8.4.

Adelaide Anne Procter (1825–1864), 1858

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842–)


1 My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made The earth so bright; So full of splen-dor and of joy,
2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made Joy to a-bound; So ma-ny gen-tle thoughts and deeds
3 For Thou Who know-est, Lord, how soon Our weak heart clings, Hast given us joys, ten-der and true,
Beau-ty and light; So ma-ny glo rious things are here, No-ble and right.
Cir-cling us round; That in the dark-est spot of earth Some love is found.
Yet all with wings; So that we see, gleaming on high, Di-vin-er things. A-MEN.

* Small notes for verses 2 and 3

4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast. AMEN.

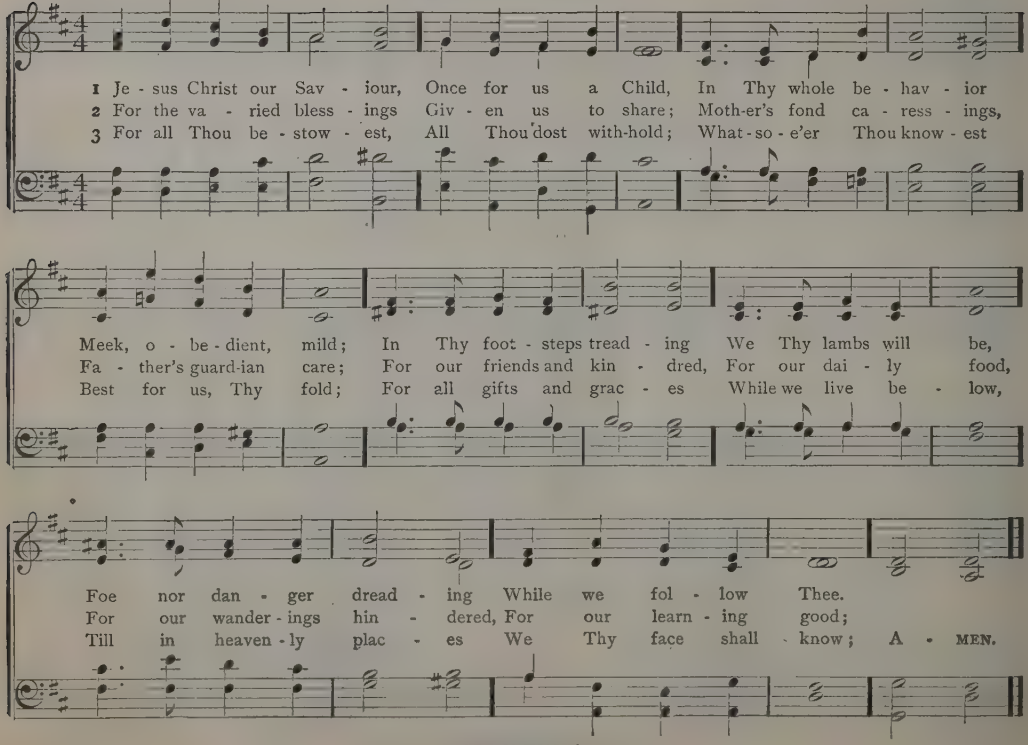
GRATITUDE

Jesus Christ, our Saviour

WHITING 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

William Whiting (1825-1878), 1860

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1872


1 Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour, Once for us a Child, In Thy whole be - hav - ior
2 For the va - ried bless - ings Giv - en us to share; Moth-er's fond ca - ress - ings,
3 For all Thou be - stow - est, All Thou dost with-hold; What - so - e'er Thou know - est
Meek, o - be - dient, mild; In Thy foot - steps tread - ing We Thy lambs will be,
Fa - ther's guard-ian care; For our friends and kin - dred, For our dai - ly food,
Best for us, Thy fold; For all gifts and grac - es While we live be - low,
Foe nor dan - ger dread - ing While we fol - low Thee.
For our wander - ings hin - dered, For our learn - ing good;
Till in heaven - ly plac - es We Thy face shall know; A - MEN.

GRATITUDE

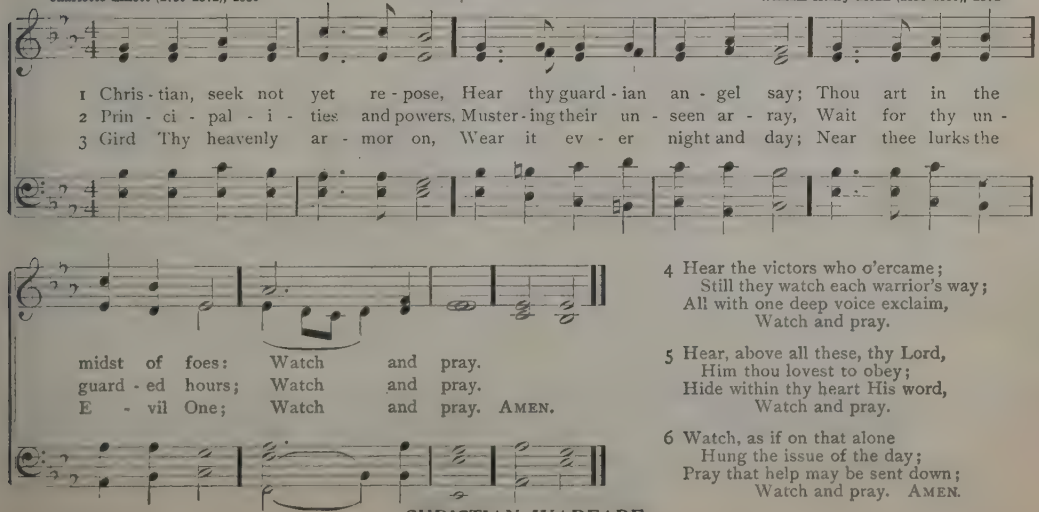
4 We Thy children raising
Unto Thee our hearts,
In Thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts:
As Thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still Thy hands put on us;
Bless us day by day.

5 Let Thine angels guide us;
Let Thine arms enfold;
In Thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To Thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host
Praising Thee, the Father,
And the Holy Ghost. AMEN.

160 Christian, Seek not yet Repose

VIGILATE 7.7.7.3.

Charlotte Elliott (1789–1871), 1839 — William Henry Monk (1823–1889), 1874


1 Chris - tian, seek not yet re - pose, Hear thy guard - ian an - gel say; Thou art in the
2 Prin - ci - pal - i - ties and powers, Muster - ing their un - seen ar - ray, Wait for thy un -
3 Gird Thy heavenly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er night and day; Near thee lurks the
midst of foes: Watch and pray.
guard - ed hours; Watch and pray.
E - vil One; Watch and pray. AMEN.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

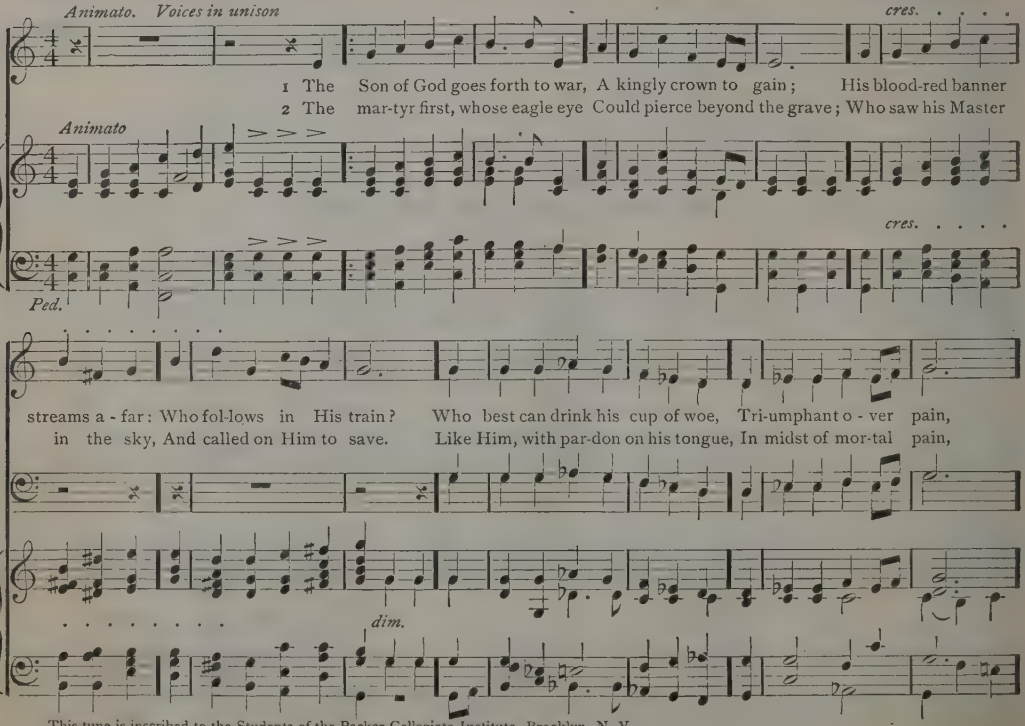
6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray. AMEN.

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783–1826)

LASAR C.M.D.

Josiah Booth (1852–), 1890


Animato. Voices in unison
cres.
1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner
2 The mar-tyr first, whose eagle eye Could pierce beyond the grave; Who saw his Master
Animato
cres.
Ped.
streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umphant o - ver pain,
in the sky, And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par-don on his tongue, In midst of mor-tal pain,
dim.

This tune is inscribed to the Students of the Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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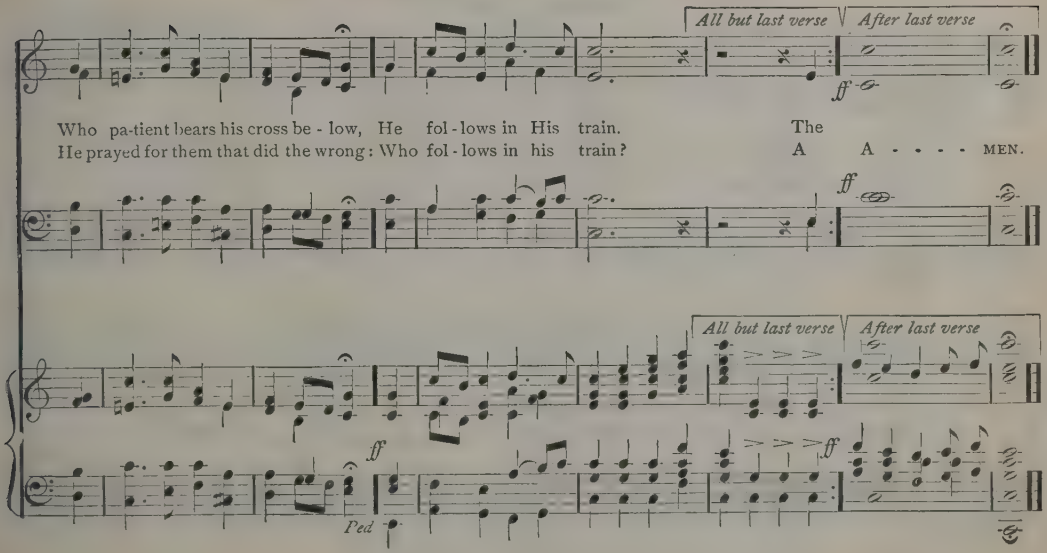
CHRISTIAN WARFARE

The Son of God Goes Forth to War — *Concluded*


All but last verse
After last verse
Who pa-tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
The
A A - - - - MEN.
ff
All but last verse
After last verse
ff
ff
Ped

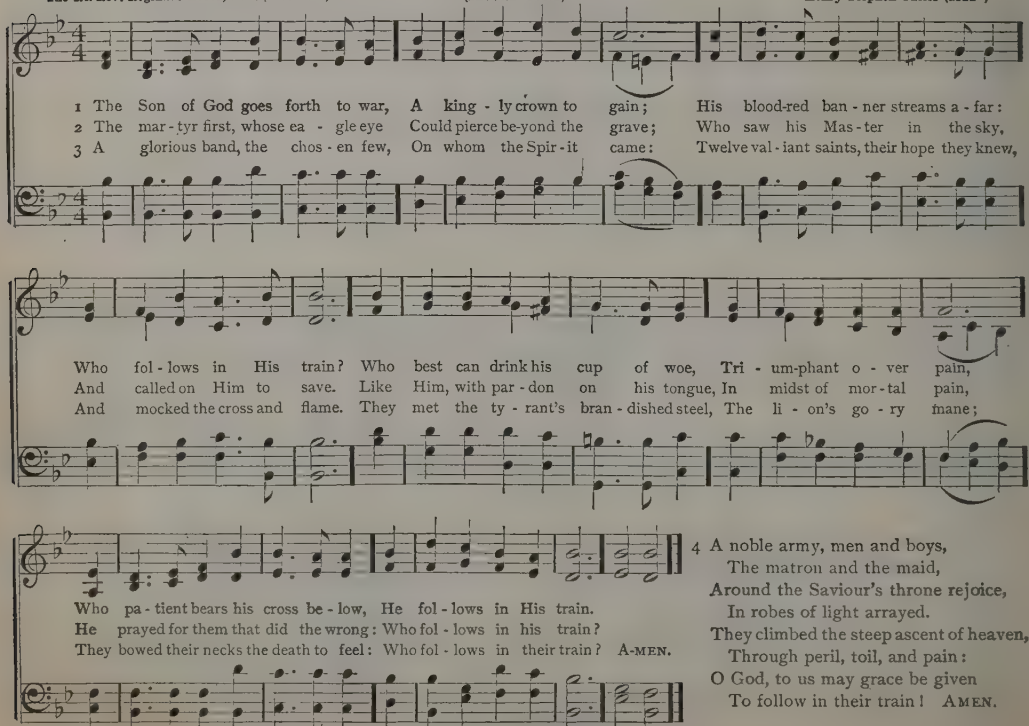
3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! AMEN.

The Son of God Goes Forth to War

VINDEX C.M.D.

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783–1826) (SECOND TUNE) Henry Stephen Cutler (1824–)


1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban - ner streams a - far:
2 The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave; Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky,
3 A glorious band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came: Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew,
Who fol - lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,
And called on Him to save. Like Him, with par - don on his tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
And mocked the cross and flame. They met the ty - rant's bran - dished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train? A-MEN.

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train! AMEN.

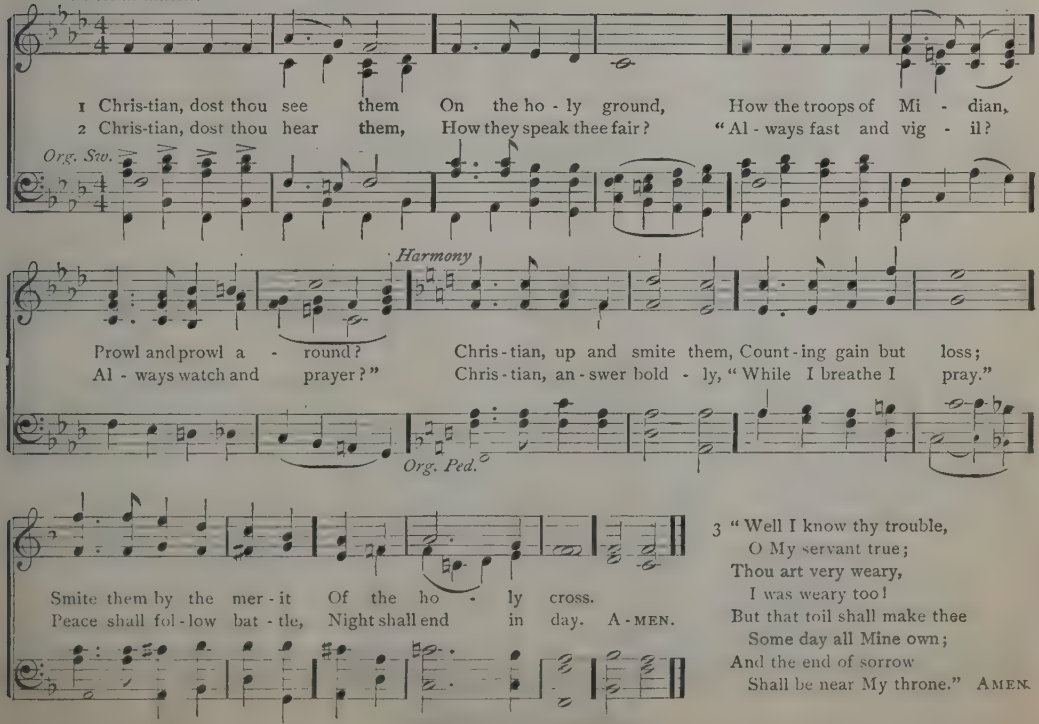
Christian, Dost Thou See Them

HOLY WAR 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

St. Andrew of Crete (660–732)
Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818–1866), 1862

Voices in unison.

Josiah Booth (1852–), 1887


1 Chris-tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the troops of Mi - dian,
2 Chris-tian, dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Al - ways fast and vig - il?
Org. Sw.
Harmony
Prowl and prowl a - round?
Al - ways watch and prayer?"
Chris-tian, up and smite them, Count-ing gain but loss;
Chris-tian, an-swer bold - ly, "While I breathe I pray."
Org. Ped.
Smite them by the mer - it Of the ho - ly cross.
Peace shall fol-low bat - tle, Night shall end in day. A - MEN.

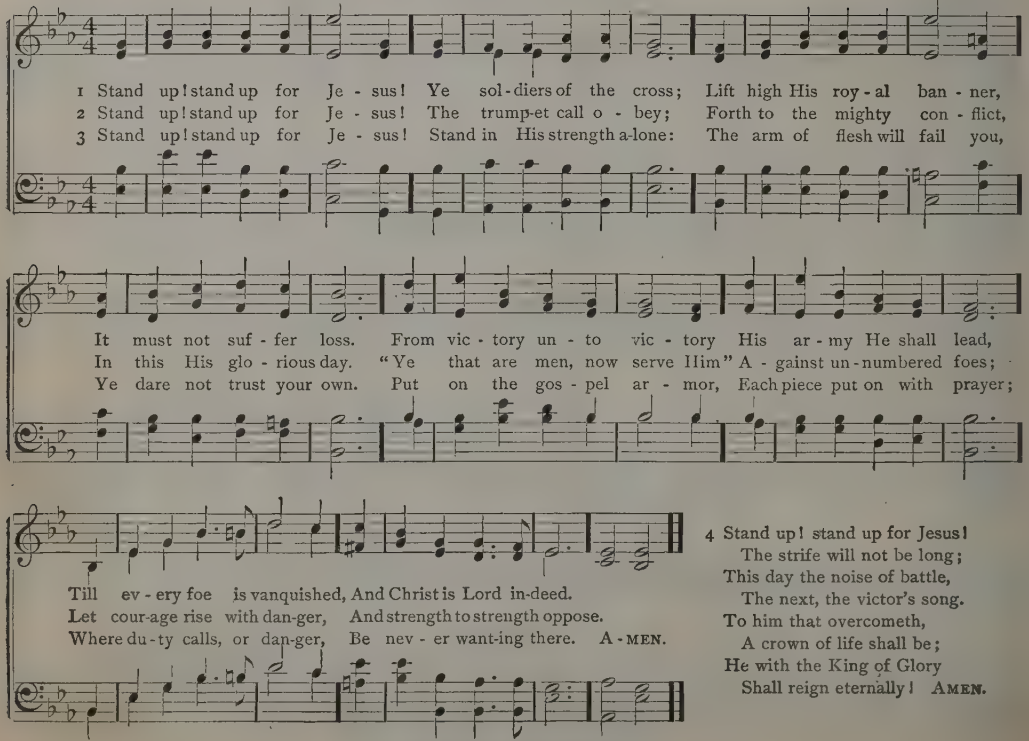
3 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too!
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne." AMEN.

163 Stand up! Stand up for Jesus

GREENLAND 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. George Duffield, Jr., D.D. (1818-1888), 1858

Lausanne Psalter

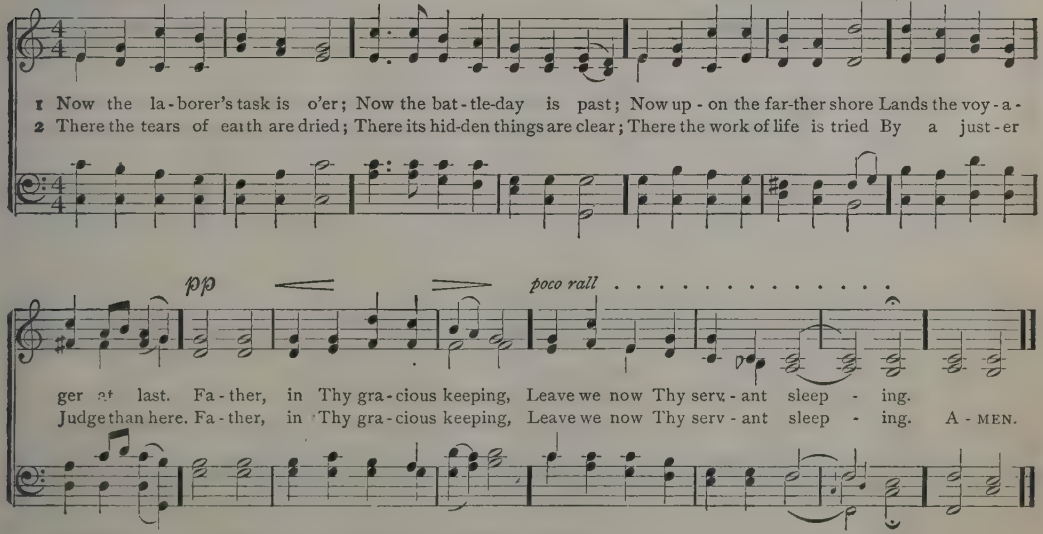

1 Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
2 Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the mighty con - flict,
3 Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a-lone: The arm of flesh will fail you,
It must not suf - fer loss. From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,
In this His glo - rious day. "Ye that are men, now serve Him" A - gainst un - numbered foes;
Ye dare not trust your own. Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
Till ev - ery foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in-deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing there. A - MEN.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally! AMEN.

164 Now the Laborer's Task is O'er

REQUIESCAT IN PACE 7.7.7.7.8.8.

The Rev. John Ellerton, M.A. (1826–1893), 1871 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)*


1 Now the la-borer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle-day is past; Now up-on the far-ther shore Lands the voy-a-
2 There the tears of earth are dried; There its hid-den things are clear; There the work of life is tried By a just-er
pp
poco rall
ger at last. Fa-ther, in Thy gra-cious keeping, Leave we now Thy serv-ant sleep-ing.
Judge than here. Fa-ther, in Thy gra-cious keeping, Leave we now Thy serv-ant sleep-ing. A-MEN.

* The above tune, it is said, was the last composed by the late Rev. Dr. DYKES

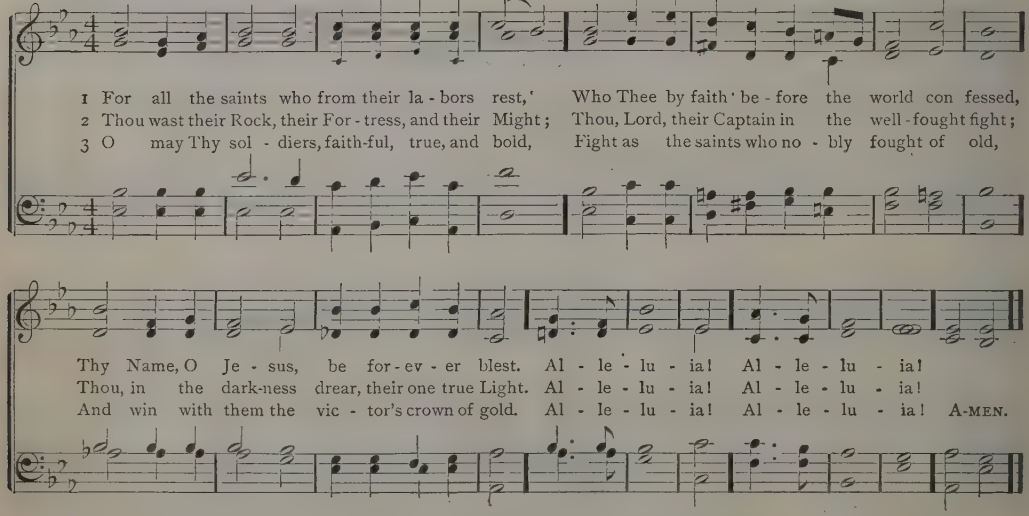
3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving [him] to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping. AMEN.

165 For All the Saints

SARUM 10.10.10.4.4.

The Rt. Rev. William Walsham How, D.D. (1823-), 1864 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1868


1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest,
Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con fessed,
2 Thou wast their Rock, their For - tress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
3 O may Thy sol - diers, faith-ful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old,
Thy Name, O Je - sus, be for-ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Thou, in the dark-ness drear, their one true Light. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
And win with them the vic - tor's crown of gold. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

4 O blest communion! Fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon, to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on His way.
Alleluia! AMEN.

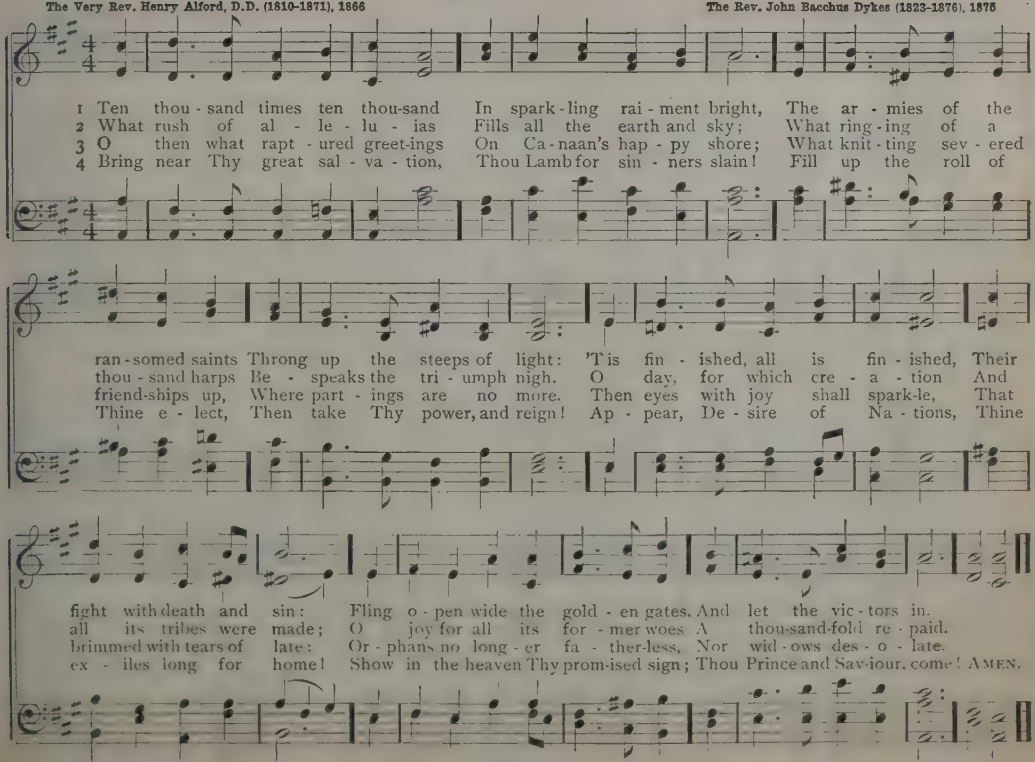
THE BLESSED DEAD

Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand

ALFORD 7.6.8.6.7.6.8.6.

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D. (1810–1871), 1866

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876), 1875


1 Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright, The ar-mies of the
2 What rush of al-le-lu-ias Fills all the earth and sky; What ring-ing of a
3 O then what rapt-ured greet-ings On Ca-naan's hap-py shore; What knit-ting sev-ered
4 Bring near Thy great sal-va-tion, Thou Lamb for sin-ners slain! Fill up the roll of
ran-somed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their
thou-sand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph nigh. O day, for which cre-a-tion And
friend-ships up, Where part-ings are no more. Then eyes with joy shall spark-le, That
Thine e-lect, Then take Thy power, and reign! Ap-pear, De-sire of Na-tions, Thine
fight with death and sin: Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates. And let the vic-tors in.
all its tribes were made; O joy for all its for-mer woes A thou-sand-fold re-paid.
brimmed with tears of late: Or-phans no long-er fa-ther-less, Nor wid-ows des-o-late.
ex-iles long for home! Show in the heaven Thy prom-ised sign; Thou Prince and Sav-iour, come! AMEN.

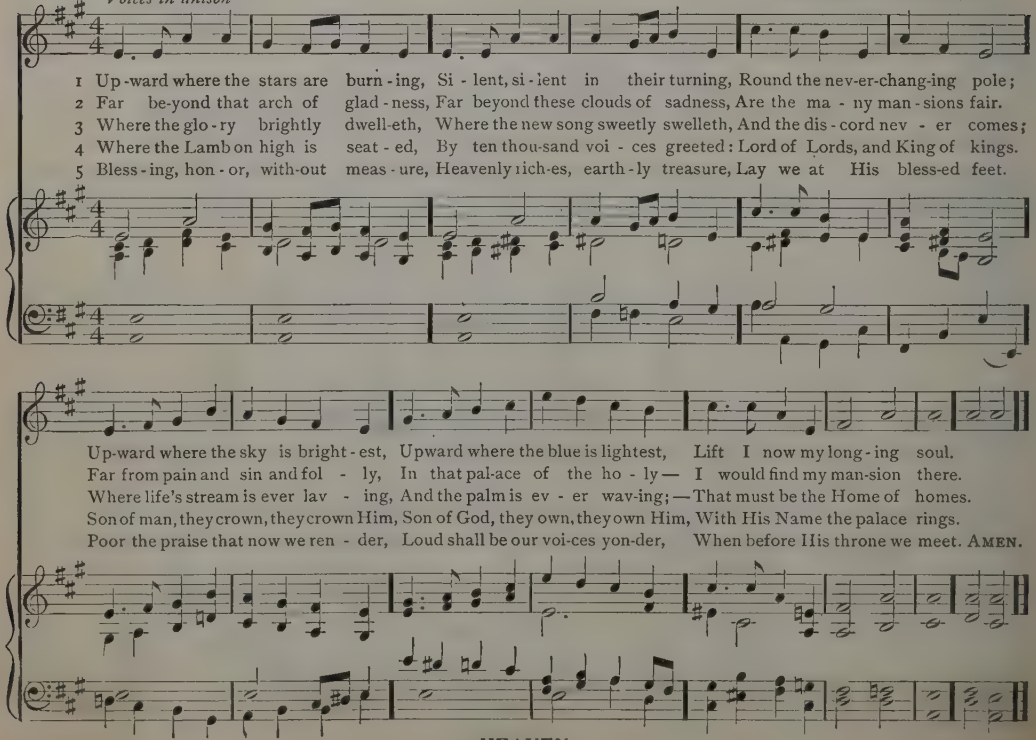
167 Upward where the Stars are Burning

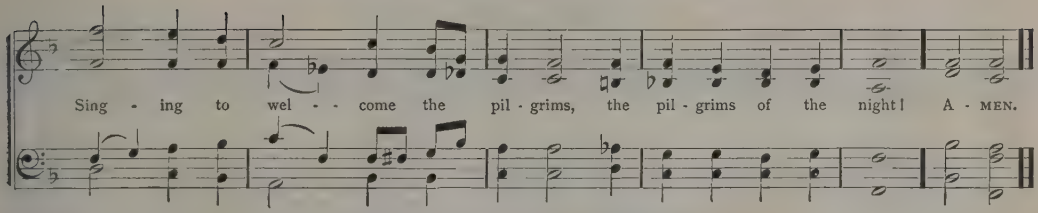
BONAR 8.8.7.8.8.7.

The Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D. (1808-1889), 1866

Voices in unison

John Baptiste Calkin (1827-), 1872


1 Up-ward where the stars are burn-ing, Si-lent, si-lent in their turning, Round the nev-er-chang-ing pole;
2 Far be-yond that arch of glad-ness, Far beyond these clouds of sadness, Are the ma-ny man-sions fair.
3 Where the glo-ry brightly dwell-eth, Where the new song sweetly swelleth, And the dis-cord nev-er comes;
4 Where the Lamb on high is seat-ed, By ten thou-sand voi-ces greeted: Lord of Lords, and King of kings.
5 Bless-ing, hon-or, with-out meas-ure, Heavenly rich-es, earth-ly treasure, Lay we at His bless-ed feet.
Up-ward where the sky is bright-est, Upward where the blue is lightest, Lift I now my long-ing soul.
Far from pain and sin and fol-ly, In that pal-ace of the ho-ly— I would find my man-sion there.
Where life's stream is ever lav-ing, And the palm is ev-er wav-ing;—That must be the Home of homes.
Son of man, they crown, they crown Him, Son of God, they own, they own Him, With His Name the palace rings.
Poor the praise that now we ren-der, Loud shall be our voi-ces yon-der, When before His throne we meet. AMEN.

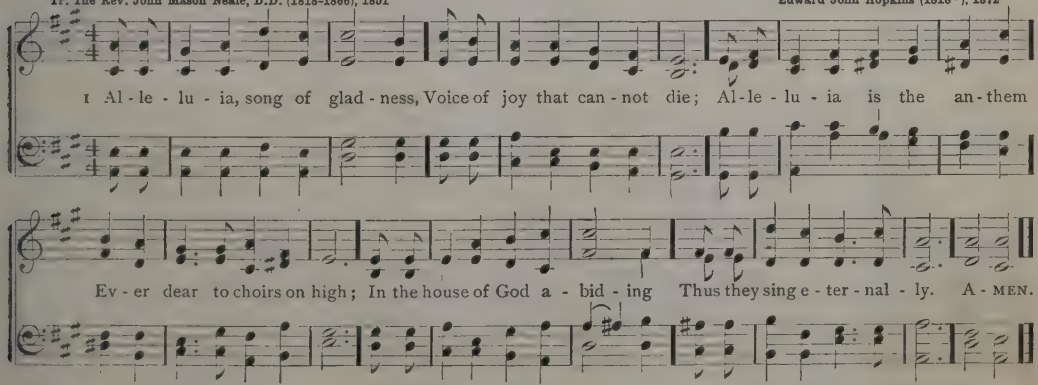


173 Alleluia, Song of Gladness

DULCE CARMEN 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Tr. The Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. (1818-1866), 1851

Edward John Hopkins (1818-), 1872


1 Al - le - lu - ia, song of glad - ness, Voice of joy that can - not die; Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them
Ev - er dear to choirs on high; In the house of God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia, joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

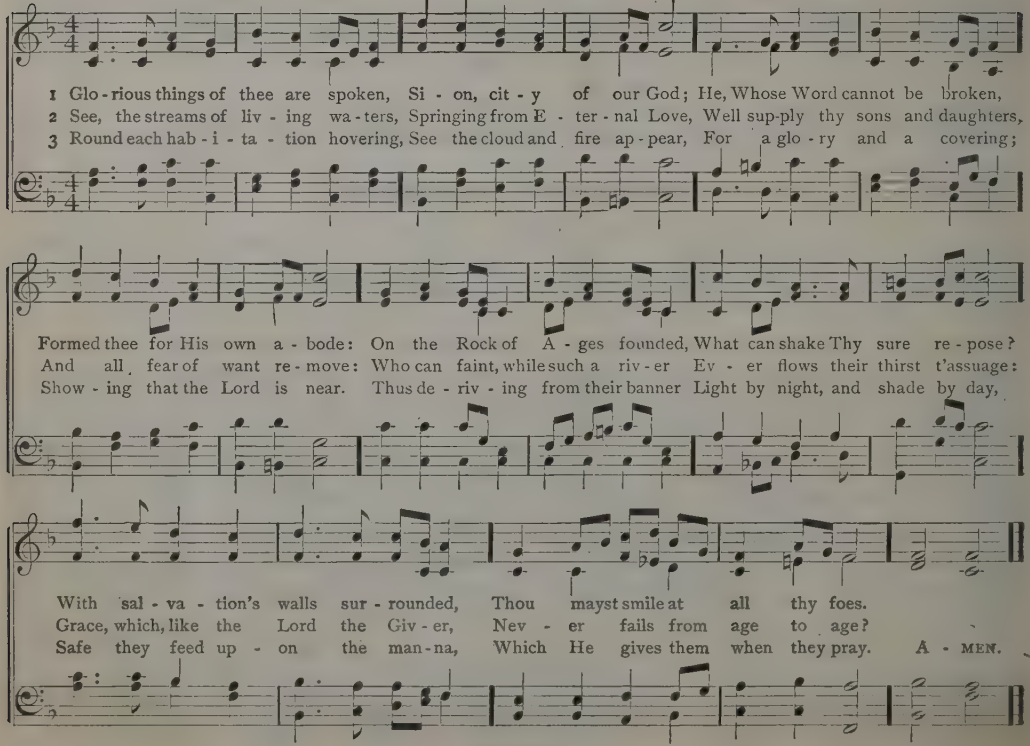
3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, blessèd Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully. AMEN.

174 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

AUSTRIA 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

The Rev. John Newton (1725-1807), 1779 — Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809), 1797


1 Glo - rious things of thee are spoken, Si - on, cit - y of our God; He, Whose Word cannot be broken,
2 See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from E - ter - nal Love, Well sup-ply thy sons and daughters,
3 Round each hab - i - ta - tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear, For a glo - ry and a covering;
Formed thee for His own a - bode: On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake Thy sure re - pose?
And all fear of want re - move: Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'assuage:
Show - ing that the Lord is near. Thus de - riv - ing from their banner Light by night, and shade by day,
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age?
Safe they feed up - on the man - na, Which He gives them when they pray. A - MEN.

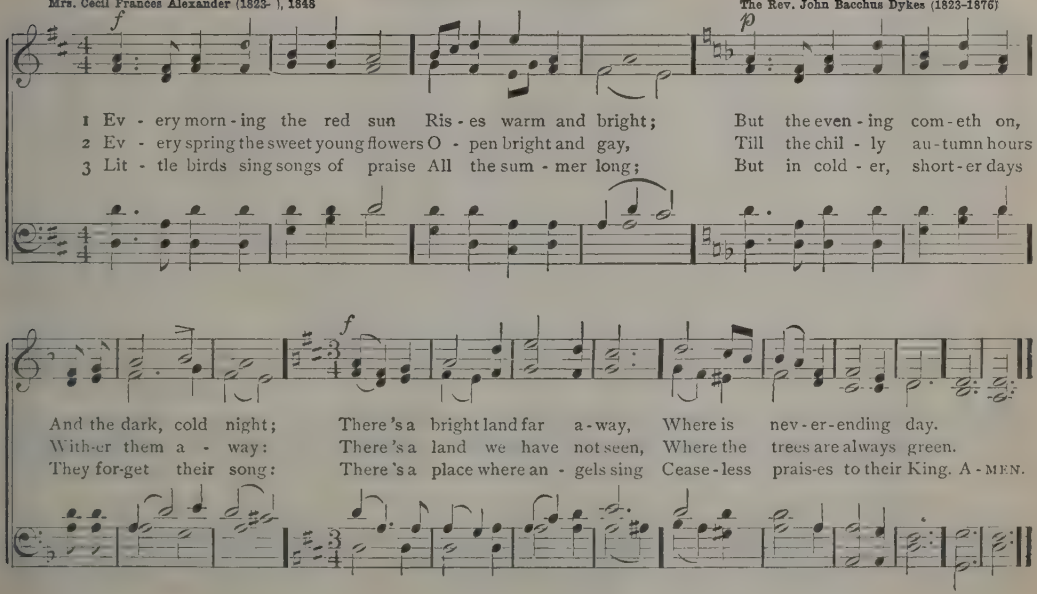
HEAVEN

Every Morning the Red Sun

HEAVENLY REST 7.5.7.5.7.7.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-), 1848

The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)


f
p
1 Ev - ery morn - ing the red sun Ris - es warm and bright; But the even - ing com - eth on,
2 Ev - ery spring the sweet young flowers O - pen bright and gay, Till the chil - ly au - tumn hours
3 Lit - tle birds sing songs of praise All the sum - mer long; But in cold - er, short - er days
f
And the dark, cold night; There 's a bright land far a - way, Where is nev - er - ending day.
With-er them a - way: There 's a land we have not seen, Where the trees are always green.
They for-get their song: There 's a place where an - gels sing Cease - less prais-es to their King. A - MEN.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow Him!
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim;
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face

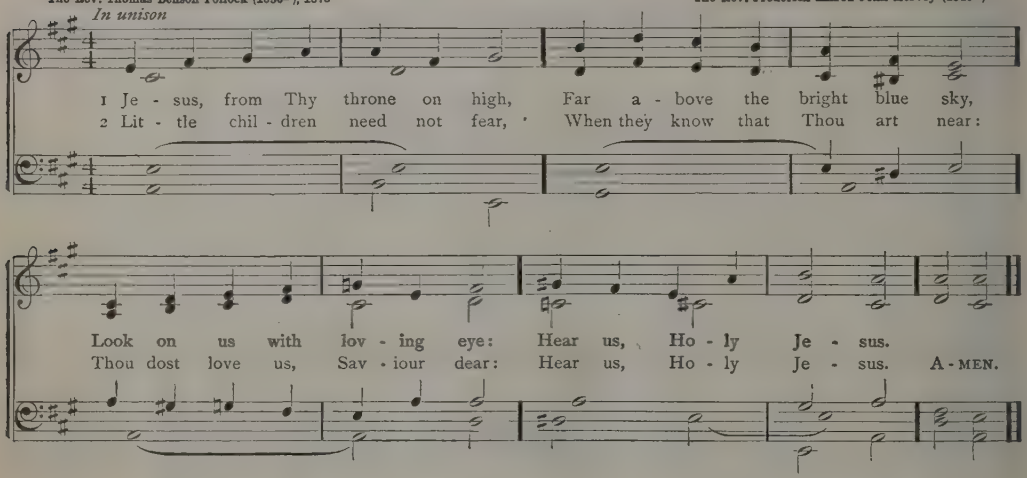
5 Who shall go to that bright land
All who do the right;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
For that heaven so bright and blest
Is our everlasting rest. AMEN.

Jesus, from Thy Throne on High

LITANY FOR CHILDREN 7.7.7.6.

The Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock (1836–), 1875

The Rev. Frederick Alfred John Hervey (1846–)


In unison
1 Je - sus, from Thy throne on high, Far a - bove the bright blue sky,
2 Lit - tle chil - dren need not fear, When they know that Thou art near:
Look on us with lov - ing eye: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus.
Thou dost love us, Sav - iour dear: Hear us, Ho - ly Je - sus. A - MEN.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

6 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

8 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

Jesus, from Thy Throne on High — *Concluded*

9 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning light:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

10 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

11 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

12 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

13 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

14 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

15 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

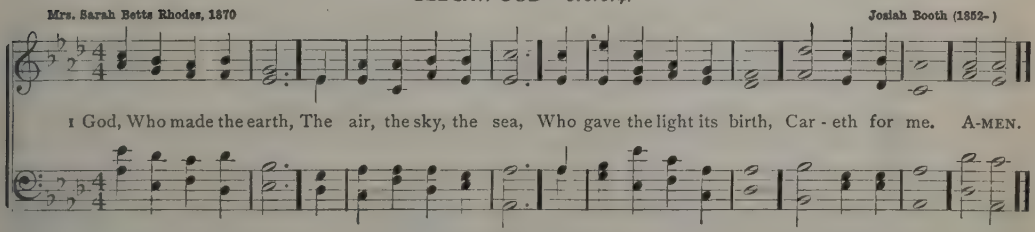
16 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

17 Jesus, Whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, Holy Jesus. AMEN.

177 God, Who Made the Earth

BEECHWOOD 5.6.6.4.

Mrs. Sarah Betts Rhodes, 1870 — Josiah Booth (1852-)



2 God, Who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

3 God, Who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

4 God, Who made all things
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me. AMEN.

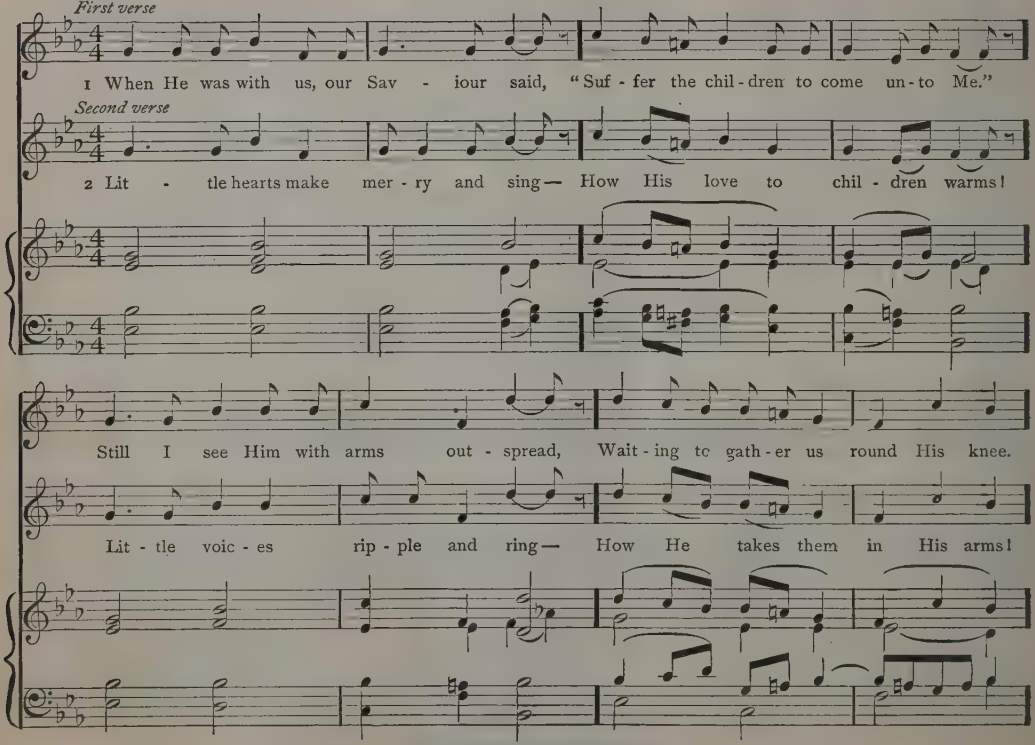
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

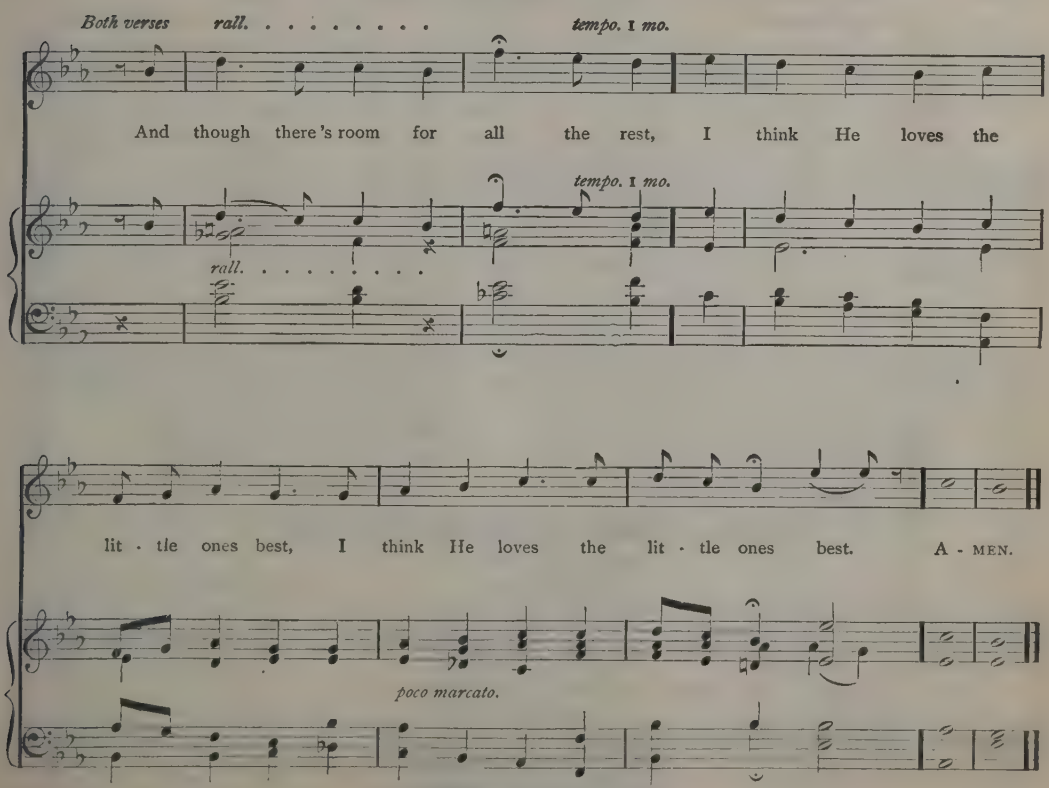
178 When He Was with Us, Our Saviour Said

SUFFER THE CHILDREN *Irregular*

Gerald Massey (1828–)

Myles Birket Foster (1851–)

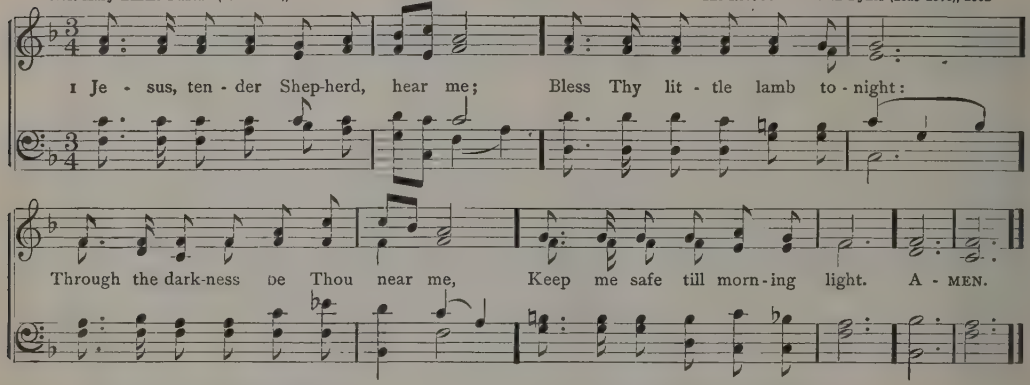

First verse
1 When He was with us, our Sav - iour said, "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to Me."
Second verse
2 Lit - tle hearts make mer - ry and sing— How His love to chil - dren warms!
Still I see Him with arms out - spread, Wait - ing to gath - er us round His knee.
Lit - tle voic - es rip - ple and ring— How He takes them in His arms!


Both verses
rall. . . . . .
tempo. 1 mo.
And though there's room for all the rest, I think He loves the
tempo. 1 mo.
rall. . . . . .
lit · tle ones best, I think He loves the lit · tle ones best. A - MEN.
poco marcato.

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

ST. SYLVESTER 8.7.8.7.

Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan (1814–1840), 1839 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876), 1861


1 Je - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night:
Through the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A - MEN.

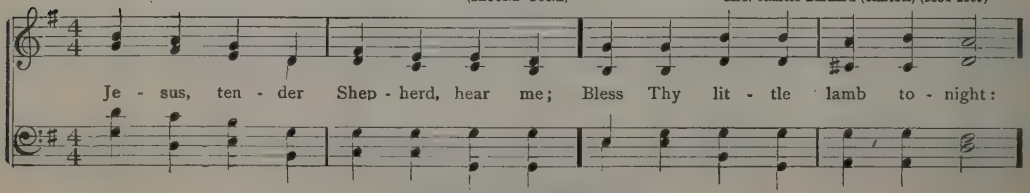
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

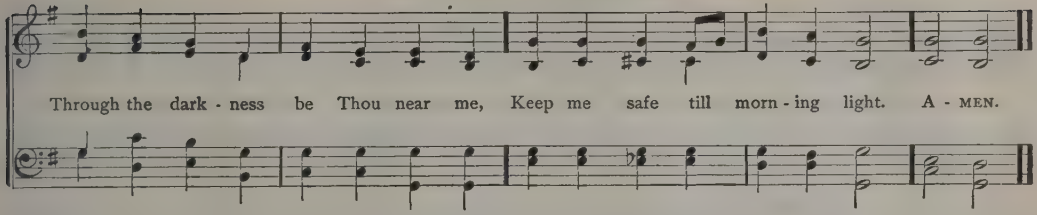
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. AMEN.

Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me

BROCKLESBURY 8.7.8.7.

(SECOND TUNE) — Mrs. Charles Barnard (Claribel) (1834–1869)

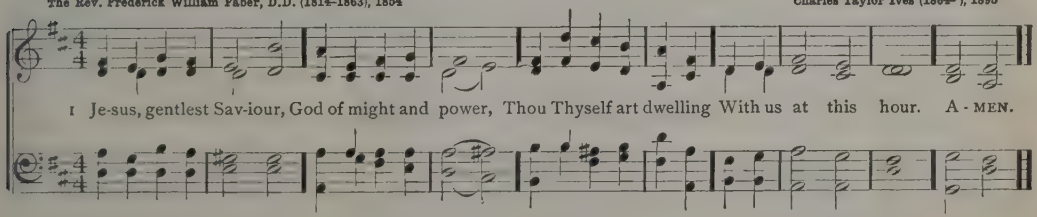




180 Jesus, Gentlest Saviour

GENTLENESS *6.5.6.5.*

The Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (1814–1863), 1854 — Charles Taylor Ives (1864–), 1895



2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art with us now;
Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6 Multiply our graces;
Give us love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere!

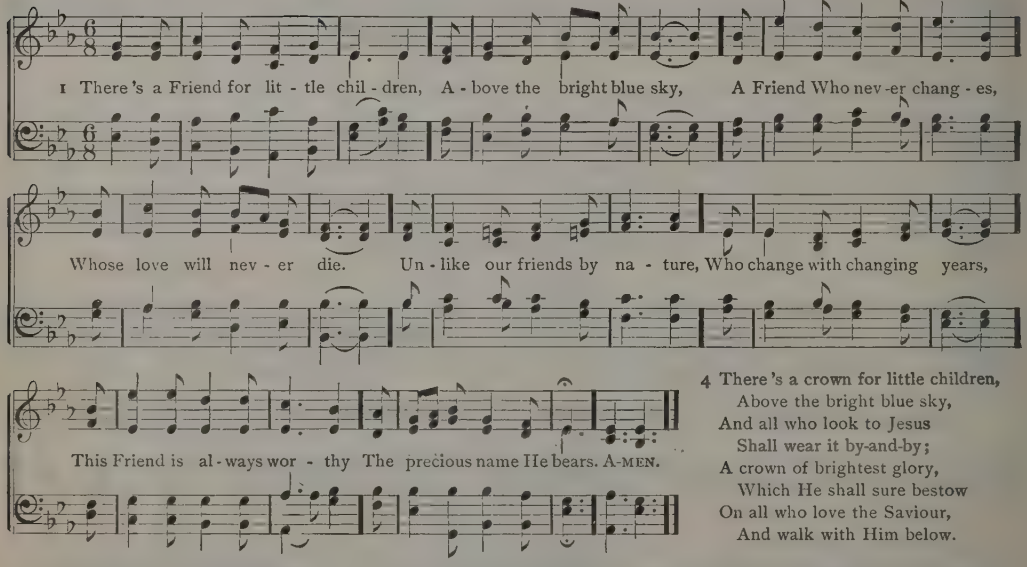
7 Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss? AMEN.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

181 There 's a Friend for Little Children

IN MEMORIAM 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Albert Midlane (1825-), 1859 — Sir John Stainer (1840-), 1875


1 There 's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend Who nev - er chang - es,
Whose love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with changing years,
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy The precious name He bears. A-MEN.

2 There 's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And to His Father cry;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There 's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There 's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

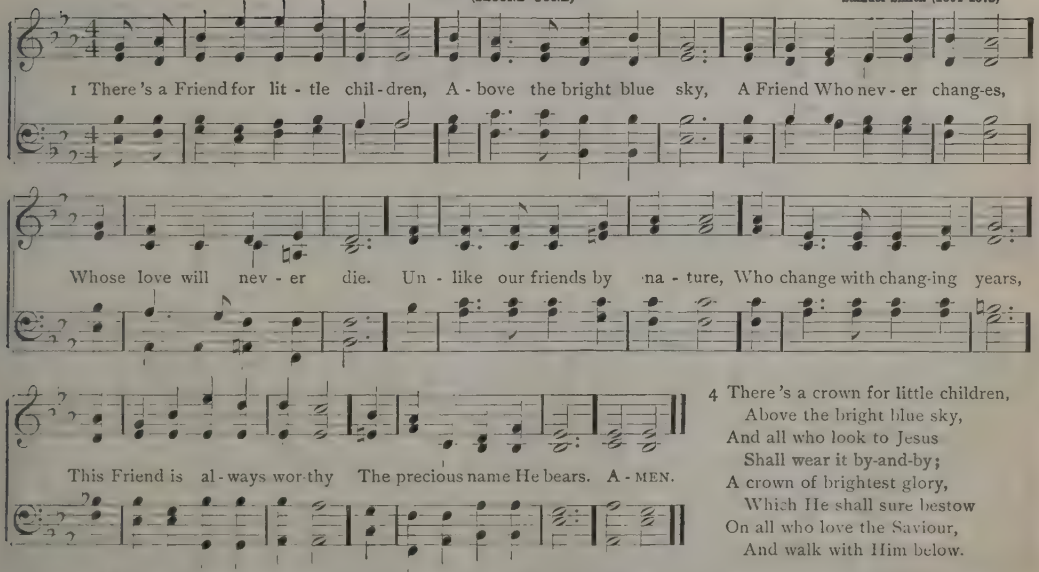
5 There 's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
For hymns of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone,
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own. AMEN.

There 's a Friend for Little Children

ALL SAINTS 8.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

(SECOND TUNE)

Samuel Smith (1804-1873)


1 There 's a Friend for lit - tle chil-dren, A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend Who nev - er chang-es,
Whose love will nev - er die. Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with chang-ing years,
This Friend is al - ways wor-thy The precious name He bears. A - MEN.

2 There 's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And to His Father cry;
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There 's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

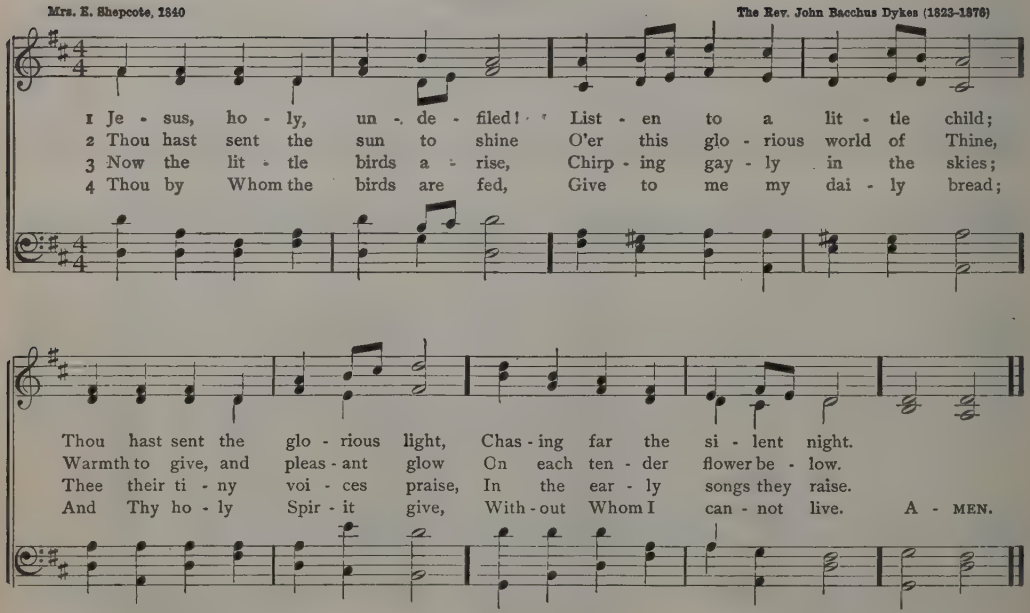
4 There 's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There 's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A harp of sweetest music,
For hymns of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own. AMEN

182 Jesus, Holy, Undefiled

FERRIER 7.7.7.7.

Mrs. E. Shepcote, 1840 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)


1 Je - sus, ho - ly, un - de - filed! List - en to a lit - tle child;
2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine O'er this glo - rious world of Thine,
3 Now the lit - tle birds a - rise, Chirp - ing gay - ly in the skies;
4 Thou by Whom the birds are fed, Give to me my dai - ly bread;
Thou hast sent the glo - rious light, Chas - ing far the si - lent night.
Warmth to give, and pleas - ant glow On each ten - der flower be - low.
Thee their ti - ny voi - ces praise, In the ear - ly songs they raise.
And Thy ho - ly Spir - it give, With - out Whom I can - not live. A - MEN.

5 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say

6 Let me never say a word
That will make Thee angry, Lord;
Help me so to live in love
As Thine angels do above.

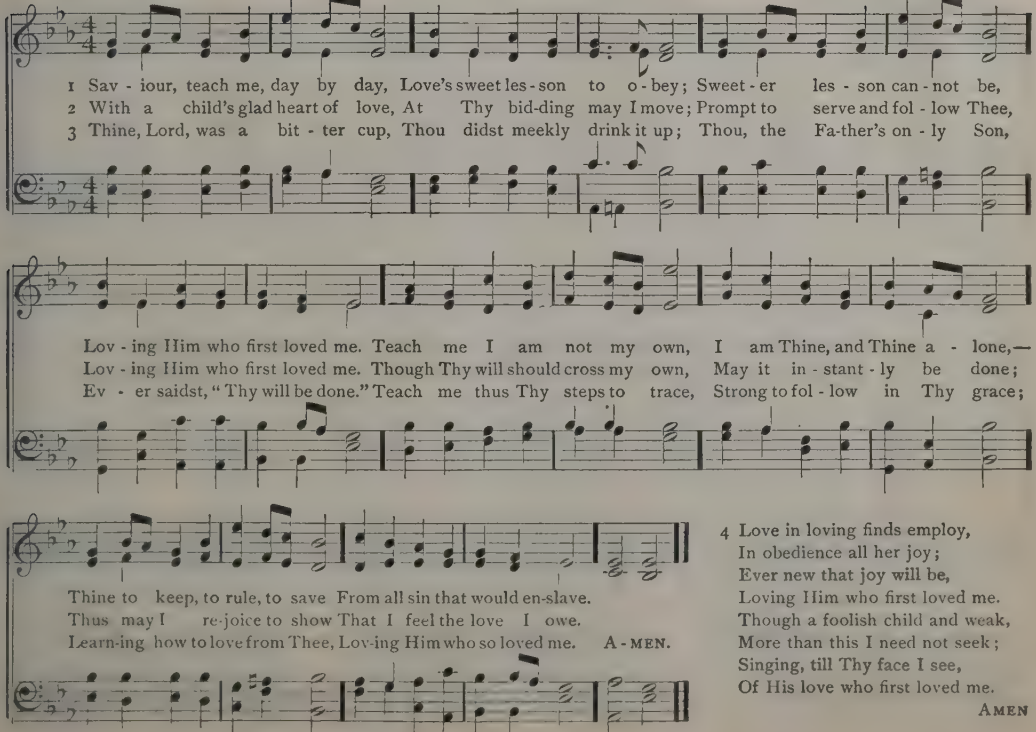
7 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
And when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home. AMEN.

183 Saviour, Teach Me, Day by Day

TICHFIELD 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

Jane Elizabeth Leeson

E. W. Beaty (1836-)


1 Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey; Sweet - er les - son can - not be,
2 With a child's glad heart of love, At Thy bid-ding may I move; Prompt to serve and fol - low Thee,
3 Thine, Lord, was a bit - ter cup, Thou didst meekly drink it up; Thou, the Fa-ther's on - ly Son,
Lov - ing Him who first loved me. Teach me I am not my own, I am Thine, and Thine a - lone,—
Lov - ing Him who first loved me. Though Thy will should cross my own, May it in - stant - ly be done;
Ev - er saidst, "Thy will be done." Teach me thus Thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in Thy grace;
Thine to keep, to rule, to save From all sin that would en-slave.
Thus may I re-joice to show That I feel the love I owe.
Learn-ing how to love from Thee, Lov-ing Him who so loved me. A - MEN.

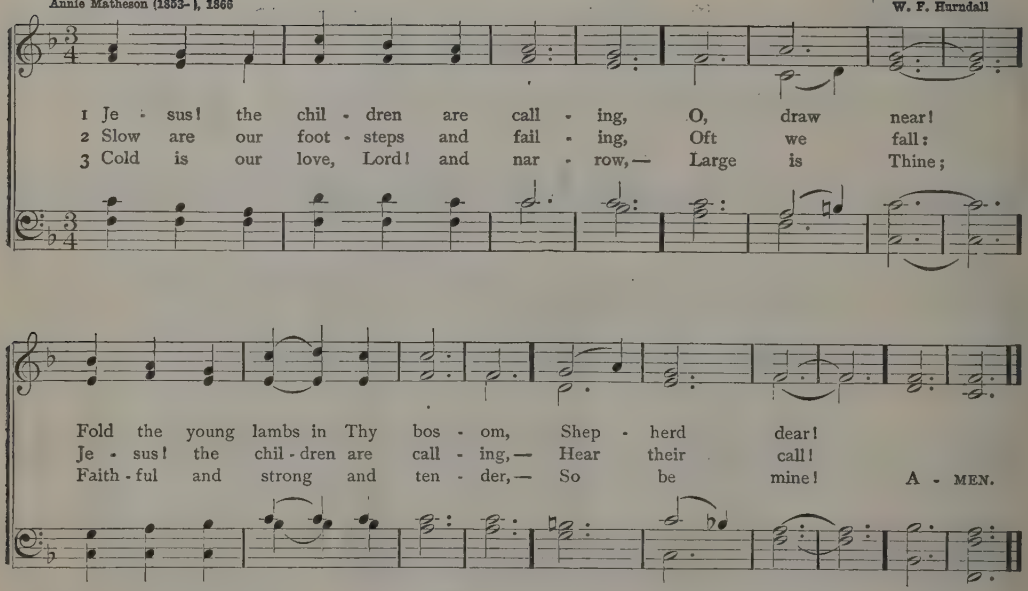
4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.
Though a foolish child and weak,
More than this I need not seek;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

AMEN

Jesus! the Children are Calling

RICKMANSWORTH 8.3.8.3.

Annie Matheson (1853-), 1866 — W. F. Hurndall


1 Je - sus! the chil - dren are call - ing, O, draw near!
2 Slow are our foot - steps and fail - ing, Oft we fall:
3 Cold is our love, Lord! and nar - row,— Large is Thine;
Fold the young lambs in Thy bos - om, Shep - herd dear!
Je - sus! the chil - dren are call - ing,— Hear their call!
Faith - ful and strong and ten - der,— So be mine! A - MEN.

4 Gently, Lord! lead Thou our mothers,—
Weary they;
Bless all our sisters and brothers
Night and day.

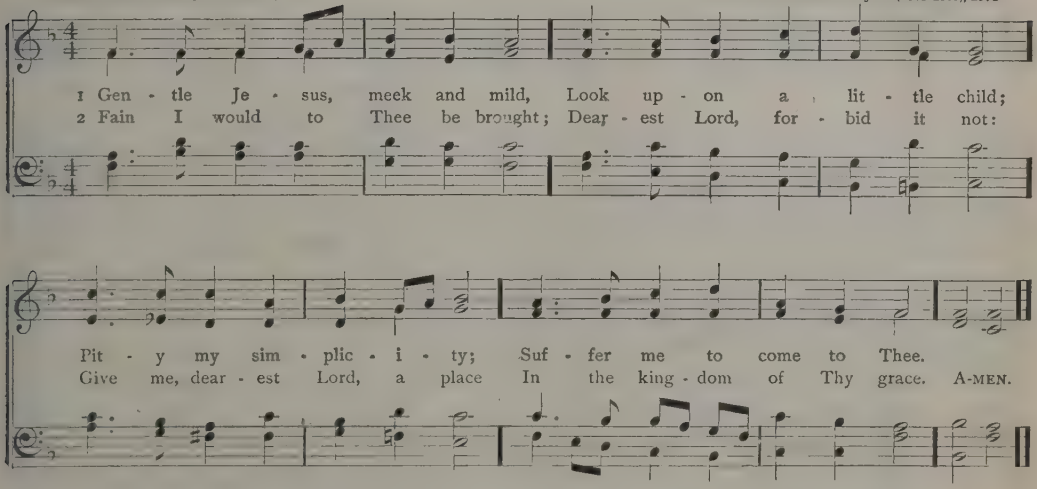
5 Fathers themselves are God's children,
Teach them still:
Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will!

6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit,—
Three in One,—
Bountiful God of our fathers,
Praise be done! A-MEN.

185 Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild

GLEBE FIELD 7.7.7.7.

The Rev. Charles Wesley (1708-1788), 1742 — The Rev. John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876), 1874


1 Gen - tle Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child;
2 Fain I would to Thee be brought; Dear - est Lord, for - bid it not:
Pit - y my sim - plic - i - ty; Suf - fer me to come to Thee.
Give me, dear - est Lord, a place In the king - dom of Thy grace. A-MEN.

3 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my Example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild.
Thou wast once a little child.

4 Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thine obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

6 Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please;
God was all Thy happiness.

7 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

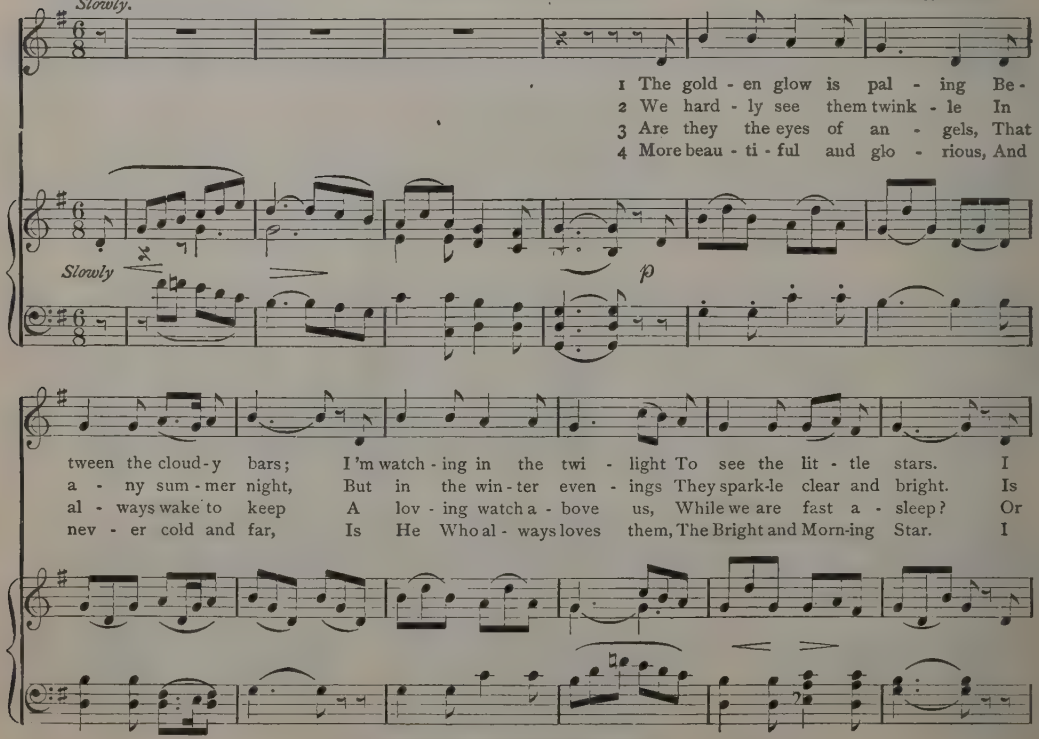
8 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me. AMEN.

The Golden Glow is Paling

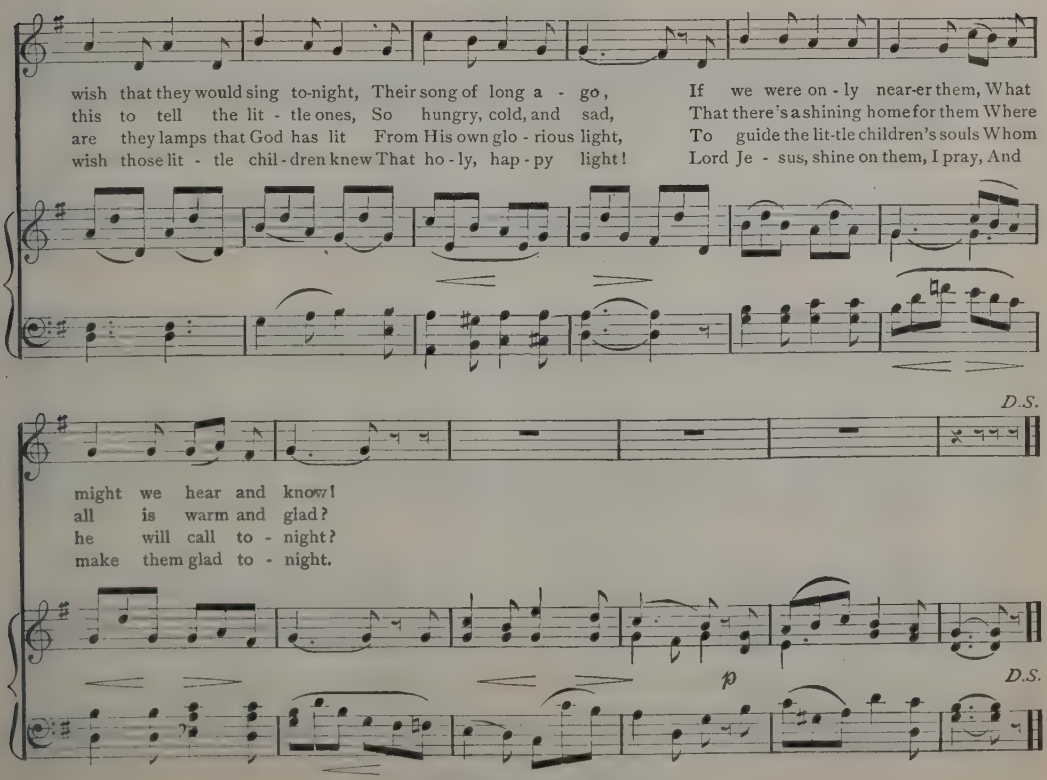
STARS 7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879)

Alberto Randegger (1832-)


Slowly.
1 The gold - en glow is pal - ing Be -
2 We hard - ly see them twink - le In
3 Are they the eyes of an - gels, That
4 More beau - ti - ful and glo - rious, And
Slowly
p
tween the cloud - y bars; I'm watch - ing in the twi - light To see the lit - tle stars. I
a - ny sum - mer night, But in the win - ter even - ings They spark-le clear and bright. Is
al - ways wake to keep A lov - ing watch a - bove us, While we are fast a - sleep? Or
nev - er cold and far, Is He Who al - ways loves them, The Bright and Morn-ing Star. I

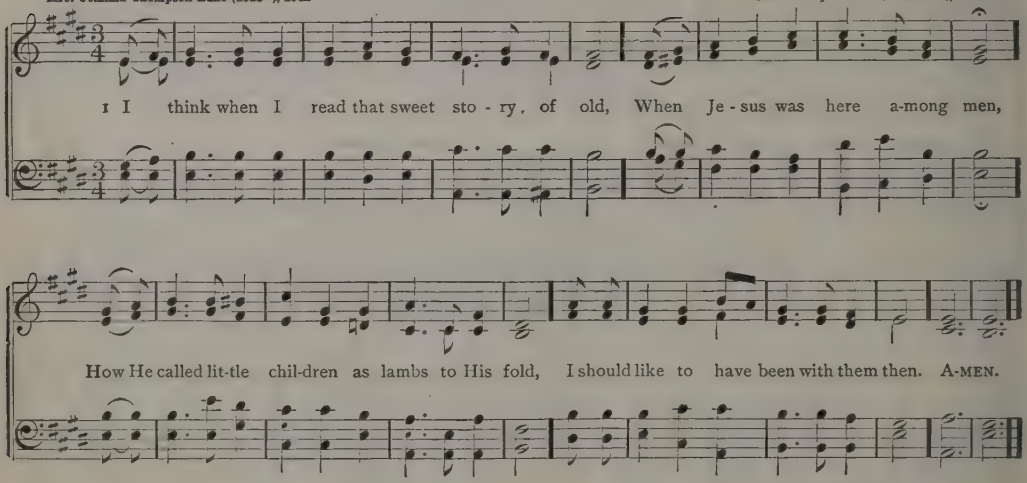
The Golden Glow is Paling — *Concluded*


wish that they would sing to-night, Their song of long a - go,
this to tell the lit - tle ones, So hungry, cold, and sad,
are they lamps that God has lit From His own glo - rious light,
wish those lit - tle chil - dren knew That ho - ly, hap - py light!
If we were on - ly near-er them, What
That there's a shining home for them Where
To guide the lit-tle children's souls Whom
Lord Je - sus, shine on them, I pray, And
D.S.
might we hear and know!
all is warm and glad?
he will call to - night?
make them glad to - night.
p
D.S.

187 I Think when I Read that Sweet Story of Old

CORNELL *Irregular*

Mrs. Jemima Thompson Luke (1813–), 1841 — John Henry Cornell (1828–1894), 1871


1 I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men,
How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A-MEN.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

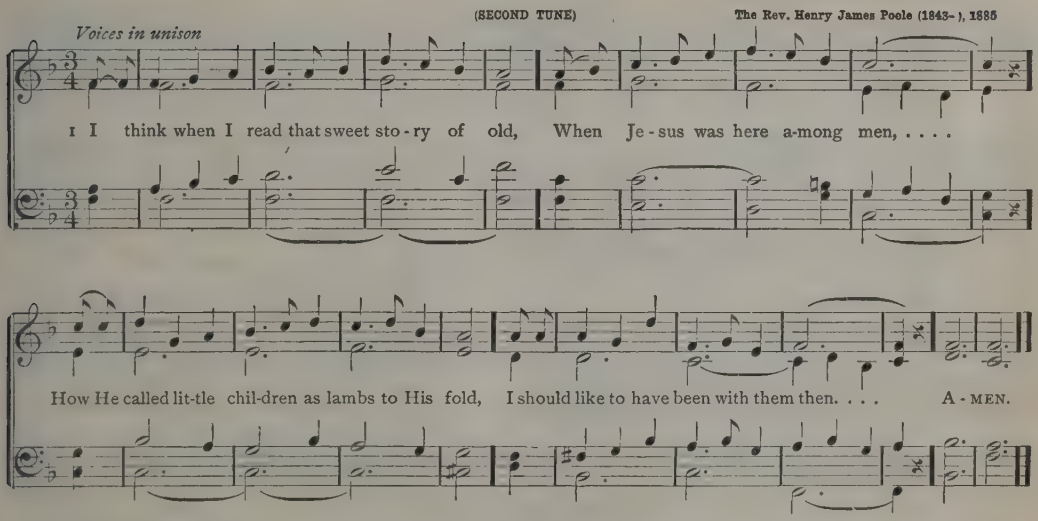
5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home.
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. AMEN.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

I Think when I Read that Sweet Story of Old

PANSY *Irregular*

(SECOND TUNE) The Rev. Henry James Poole (1843–), 1885


Voices in unison
1 I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je-sus was here a-mong men, ...
How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. . . . A-MEN.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. AMEN.

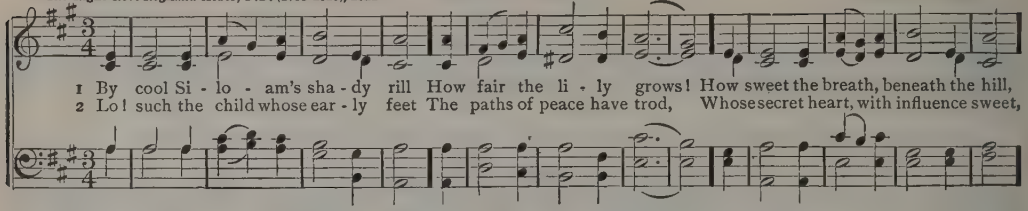
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

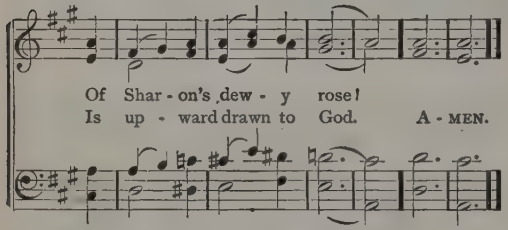
By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill

SILOAM C.M.

The Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826), 1812

St. Alban's Tune Book


1 By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill How fair the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
2 Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,



3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

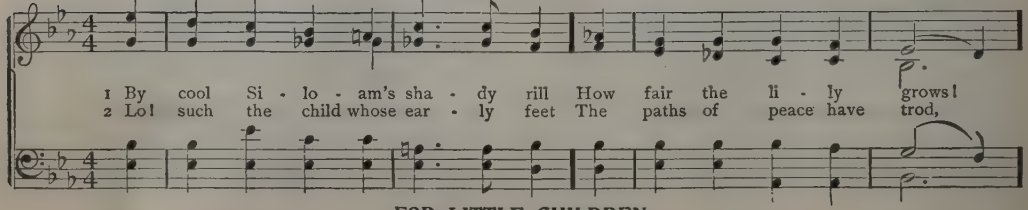
5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own. AMEN.

HOLY TRINITY C.M.

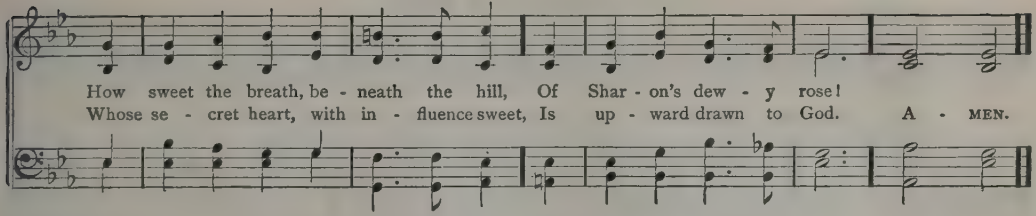
(SECOND TUNE)

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1861



FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

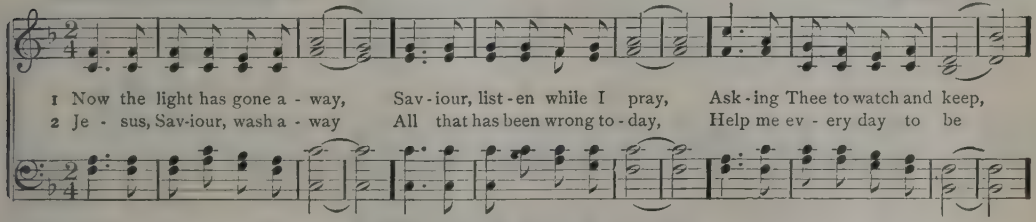
By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill — *Concluded*

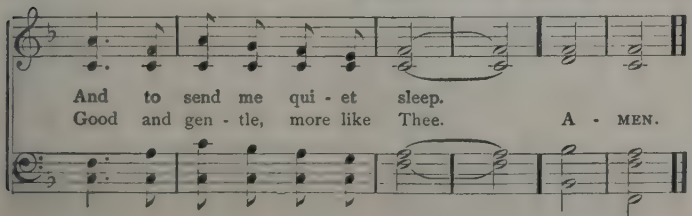

How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart, with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God. A - MEN.

189 Now the Light has gone Away

EVENING PRAYER 7.7.7.7.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1869 — Alberto Randegger (1832-)


1 Now the light has gone a - way, Sav - iour, list - en while I pray, Ask - ing Thee to watch and keep,
2 Je - sus, Sav-iour, wash a - way All that has been wrong to - day, Help me ev - ery day to be



3 Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to Thee;
O bring me and all I love
To Thy happy home above!

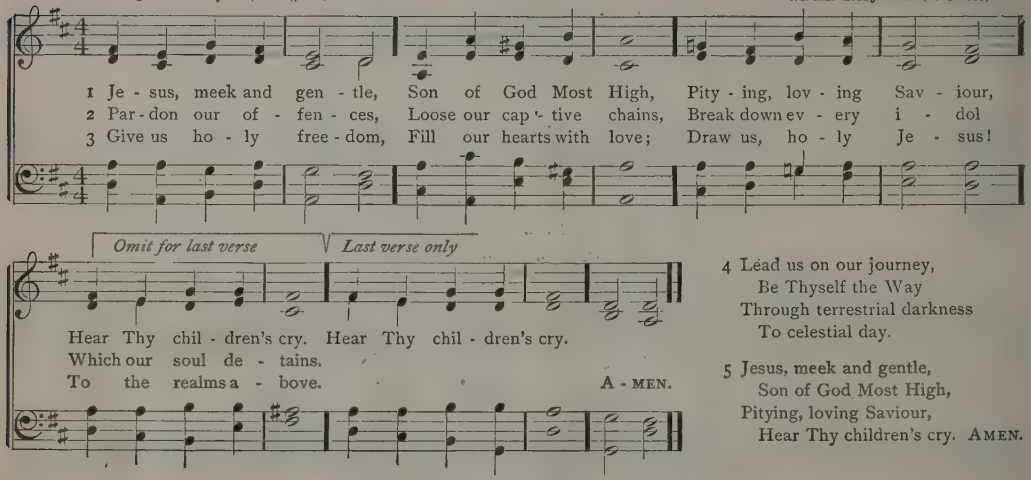
4 Thou, my best and kindest Friend;
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before! AMEN.

Jesus, Meek and Gentle

ST. CONSTANTINE 6.5.6.5.

The Rev. George Rundle Prynne (1818-), 1856

William Henry Monk (1823-1889)


1 Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God Most High, Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - iour,
2 Par - don our of - fen - ces, Loose our cap - tive chains, Break down ev - ery i - dol
3 Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love; Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus!
Omit for last verse
Last verse only
Hear Thy chil - dren's cry. Hear Thy chil - dren's cry.
Which our soul de - tains.
To the realms a - bove.
A - MEN.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

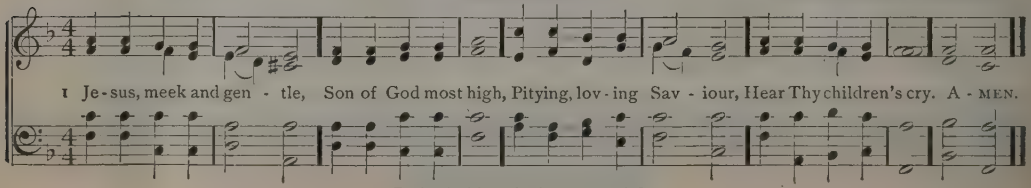
5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. AMEN.

Jesus, Meek and Gentle

BEMERTON 6.5.6.5.

(SECOND TUNE)

Friedrich Filitz, Ph.D. (1804-1860)

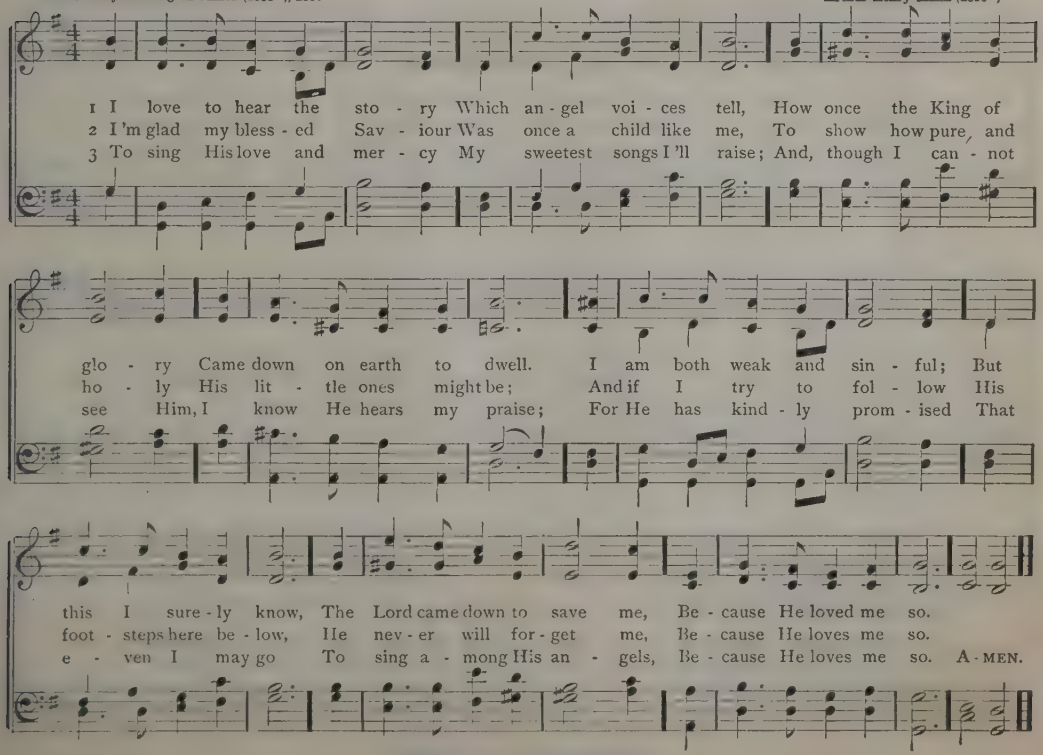


I Love to Hear the Story

SUPPLICATION 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller (1833-), 1867

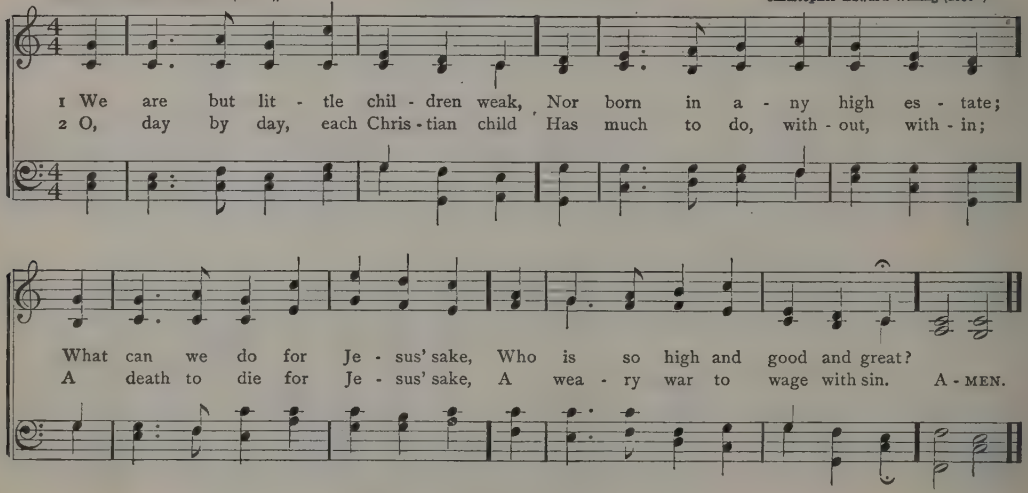
Arthur Henry Mann (1850-)


1 I love to hear the sto - ry Which an - gel voi - ces tell, How once the King of
2 I'm glad my bless - ed Sav - iour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and
3 To sing His love and mer - cy My sweetest songs I'll raise; And, though I can - not
glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sin - ful; But
ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His
see Him, I know He hears my praise; For He has kind - ly prom - ised That
this I sure - ly know, The Lord came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.
foot - steps here be - low, He nev - er will for - get me, Be - cause He loves me so.
e - ven I may go To sing a - mong His an - gels, Be - cause He loves me so. A - MEN.

192 We Are but Little Children Weak

ALSTONE L. M.

Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-), 1850 — Christopher Edward Willing (1830-)


1 We are but lit - tle chil - dren weak, Nor born in a - ny high es - tate;
2 O, day by day, each Chris - tian child Has much to do, with - out, with - in;
What can we do for Je - sus' sake, Who is so high and good and great?
A death to die for Je - sus' sake, A wea - ry war to wage with sin. A - MEN.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues
And tears of passion in our eyes;

4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

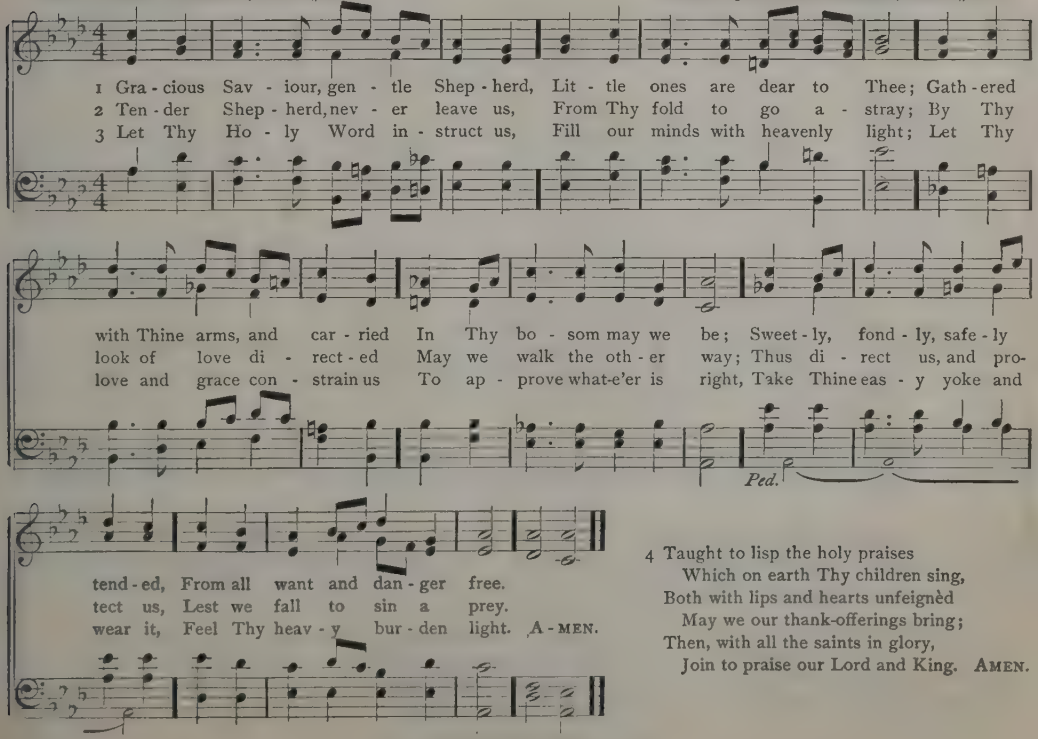
6 There 's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake. AMEN.

193 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd

REQUIEM 8.7.8.7.8.7.

Jane Elizabeth Leeson
The Rev. Jonathan Whittemore (1802-1860), 1842

Wilhelm August Ferdinand Schulthes (1816-1879), 1874


1 Gra - cious Sav - iour, gen - tle Shep - herd, Lit - tle ones are dear to Thee; Gath - ered
2 Ten - der Shep - herd, nev - er leave us, From Thy fold to go a - stray; By Thy
3 Let Thy Ho - ly Word in - struct us, Fill our minds with heavenly light; Let Thy
with Thine arms, and car - ried In Thy bo - som may we be; Sweet - ly, fond - ly, safe - ly
look of love di - rect - ed May we walk the oth - er way; Thus di - rect us, and pro-
love and grace con - strain us To ap - prove what-e'er is right, Take Thine eas - y yoke and
Ped.
tend - ed, From all want and dan - ger free.
tect us, Lest we fall to sin a prey.
wear it, Feel Thy heav - y bur - den light. A - MEN.

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then, with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise our Lord and King. AMEN.

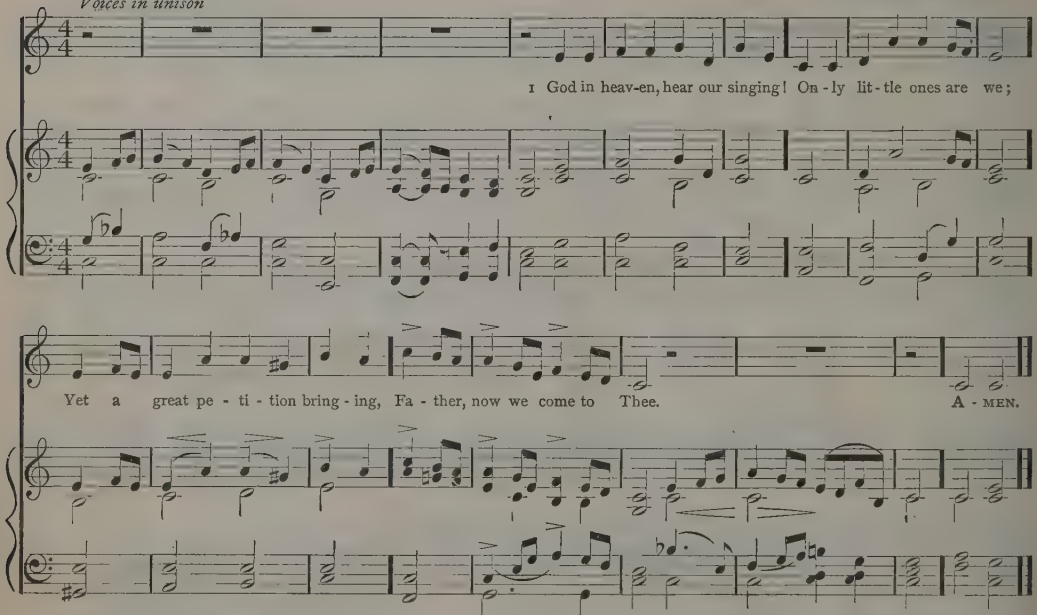
God in Heaven, Hear our Singing

BECK 8.7.8.7.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1869

Alberto Randegger (1832-)

Voices in unison



2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee;
Let the world in Thee find rest!
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest!

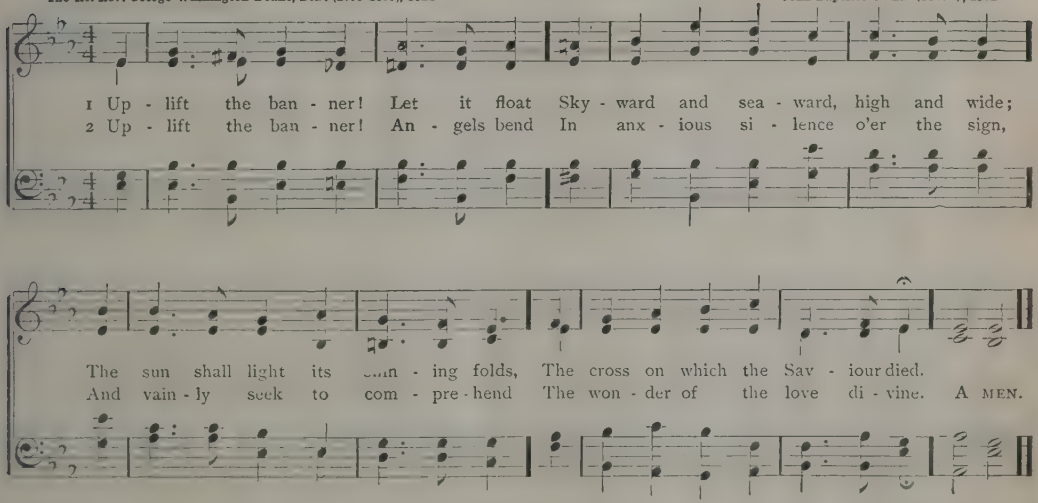
3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above!

4 Father, send the glorious hour!
Every heart be Thine alone!
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own. AMEN.

Uplift the Banner

WALTHAM L.M.

The Rt. Rev. George Washington Doane, D.D. (1799–1859), 1824 — John Baptiste Calkin (1827–), 1872


1 Up - lift the ban - ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
2 Up - lift the ban - ner! An - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,
The sun shall light its com - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - iour died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - der of the love di - vine. A MEN.

3 Uplift the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Uplift the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

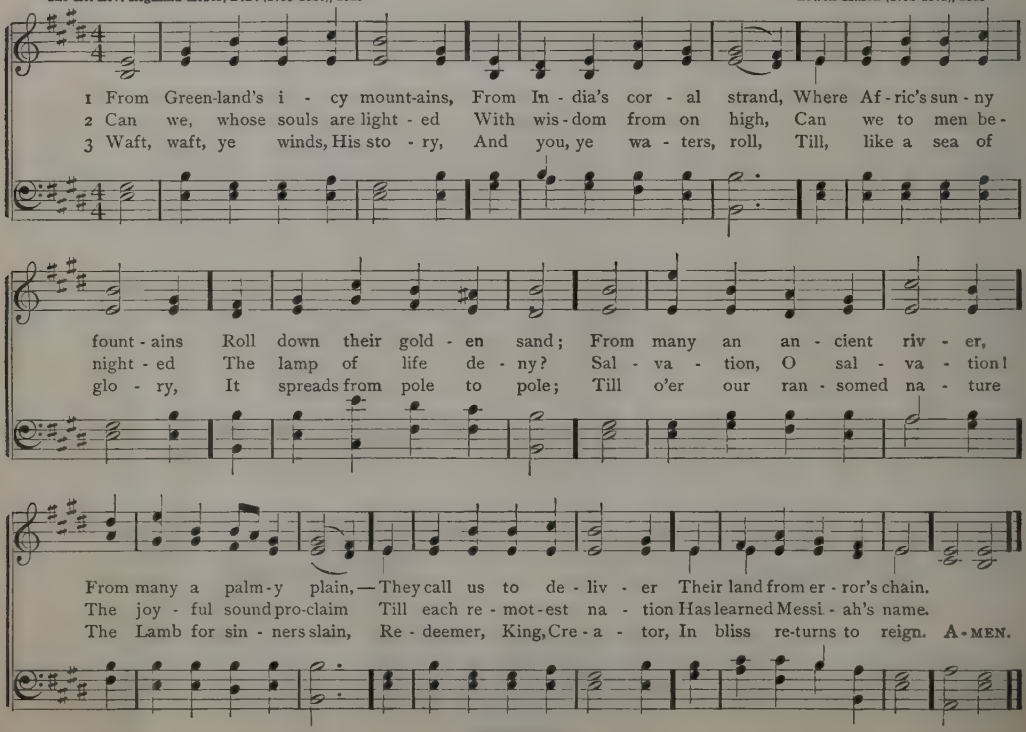
5 Uplift the banner! Wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign. AMEN.

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

MISSIONARY HYMN 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rt. Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. (1783-1826), 1819

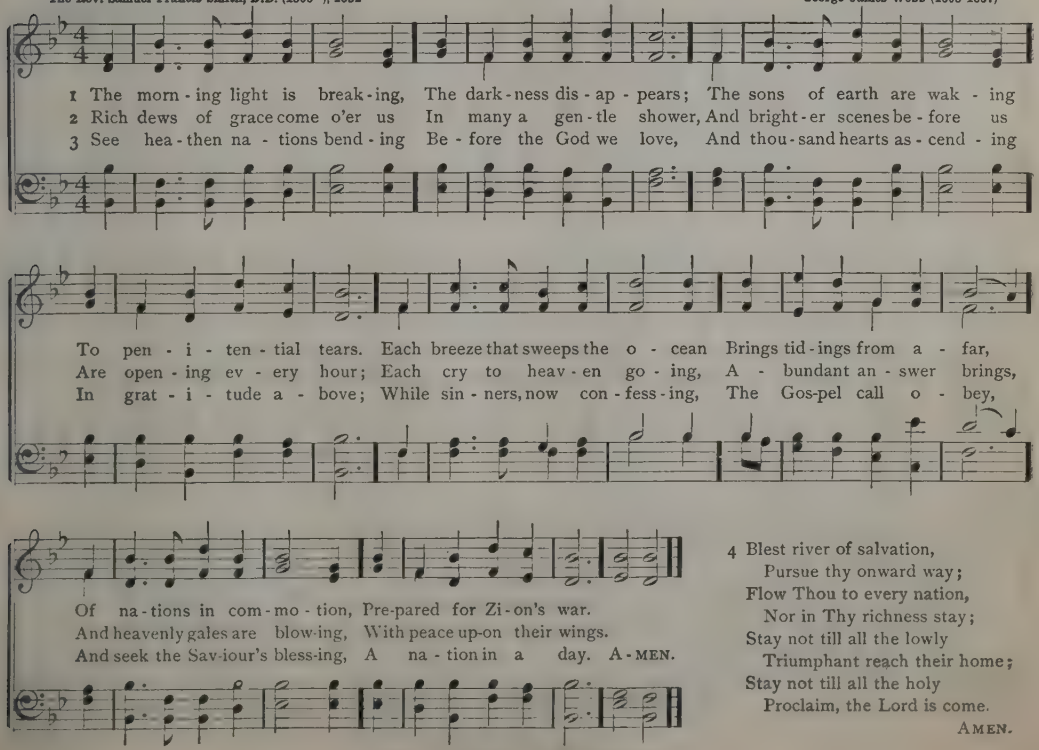
Lowell Mason (1792-1872), 1823


1 From Green-land's i - cy mount-ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny
2 Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Can we to men be -
3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of
fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand; From many an an - cient riv - er,
night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion, O sal - va - tion!
glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture
From many a palm-y plain, — They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The joy - ful sound pro-claim Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Messi - ah's name.
The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deemer, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re-turns to reign. A - MEN.

197 The Morning Light is Breaking

WEBB 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D. (1808-), 1832 — George James Webb (1803-1887)

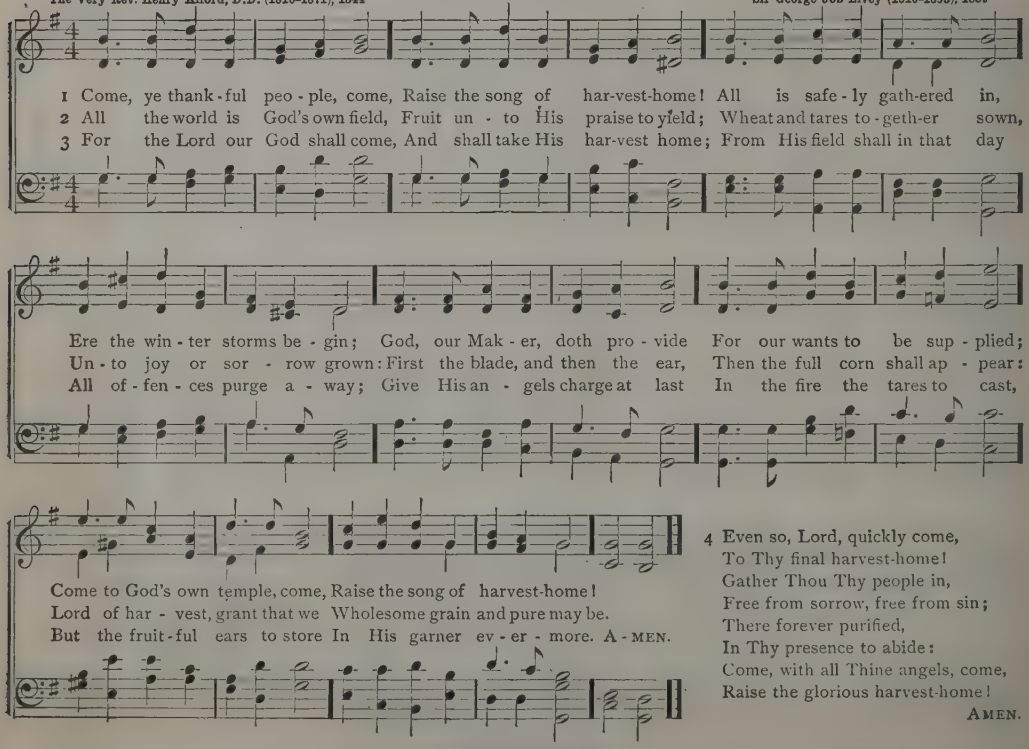

1 The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing
2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle shower, And bright - er scenes be - fore us
3 See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love, And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing
To pen - i - ten - tial tears. Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tid - ings from a - far,
Are open - ing ev - ery hour; Each cry to heav - en go - ing, A - bundant an - swer brings,
In grat - i - tude a - bove; While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos - pel call o - bey,
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And heavenly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.
And seek the Sav - iour's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day. A - MEN.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow Thou to every nation,
Nor in Thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, the Lord is come.
AMEN.

198 Come, ye Thankful People, Come

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7.7.7.7.7.7.7.7.

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D. (1810–1871), 1844 — Sir George Job Elvey (1816–1893), 1859


1 Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home! All is safe-ly gath-ered in,
2 All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield; Wheat and tares to-geth-er sown,
3 For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har-vest home; From His field shall in that day
Ere the win-ter storms be-gin; God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
Un-to joy or sor-row grown: First the blade, and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap-pear:
All of-fen-ces purge a-way; Give His an-gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
Come to God's own temple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home!
Lord of har-vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.
But the fruit-ful ears to store In His garner ev-er-more. A-MEN.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There forever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

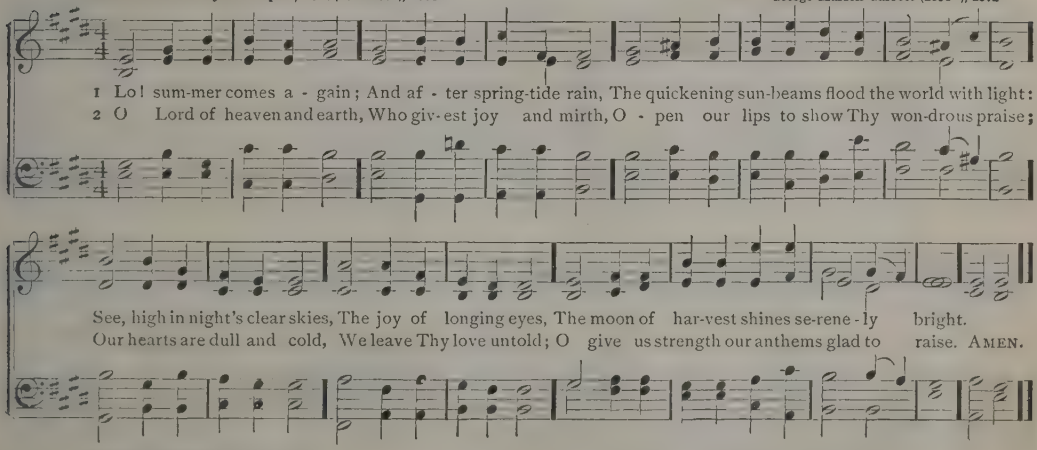
AMEN.

HARVEST-TIDE

Lo! Summer Comes Again

LO! SUMMER COMES 6.6.10.6.6.10.

The Very Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D. (1821–1891), 1871 — George Mursell Garrett (1834–), 1872


1 Lo! sum-mer comes a - gain; And af - ter spring-tide rain, The quickening sun-beams flood the world with light:
2 O Lord of heaven and earth, Who giv-est joy and mirth, O - pen our lips to show Thy won-drous praise;
See, high in night's clear skies, The joy of longing eyes, The moon of har-vest shines se-rene - ly bright.
Our hearts are dull and cold, We leave Thy love untold; O give us strength our anthems glad to raise. AMEN.

3 Each month we sow or reap,
Each hour we toil or sleep,
Thou givest life and joy, and Thou alone:
O grant to each and all
When death's dark shadows fall,
To stand true workers round our Master's throne.

4 So, life's long task-work o'er,
Set free forevermore,
We shall sit down at Thy great harvest-feast;
Reaper and sower met,
The burning heat forget,
And taste God's love, the greatest as the least.

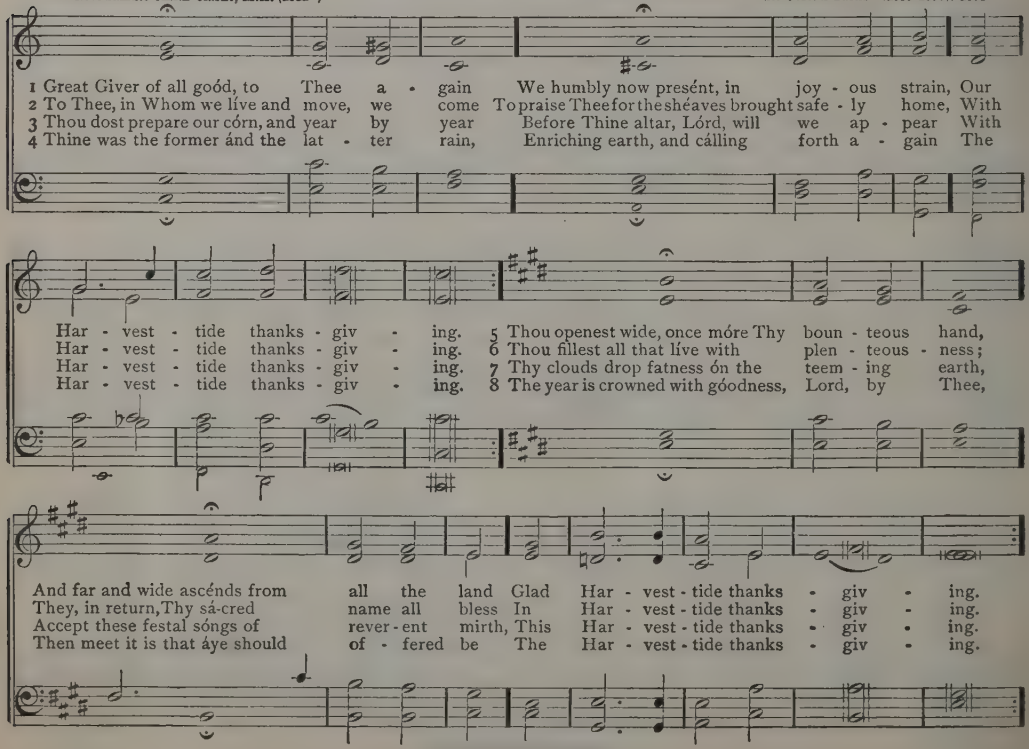
5 Yea, Lord, Thou too dost claim
The Sower's mystic name;
Thou sendest forth Thy reapers to their field:
O be it theirs to bear
The full corn in the ear,
When Thy true seed its hundred-fold shall yield.

6 Root out the evil tares,
Earth's vexing griefs and cares,
Bind the hot blasts that wither and destroy:
And when the hour is come
To bring the full sheaves home,
Bid men and angels share Thy harvest joy. AMEN.

Great Giver of all Good

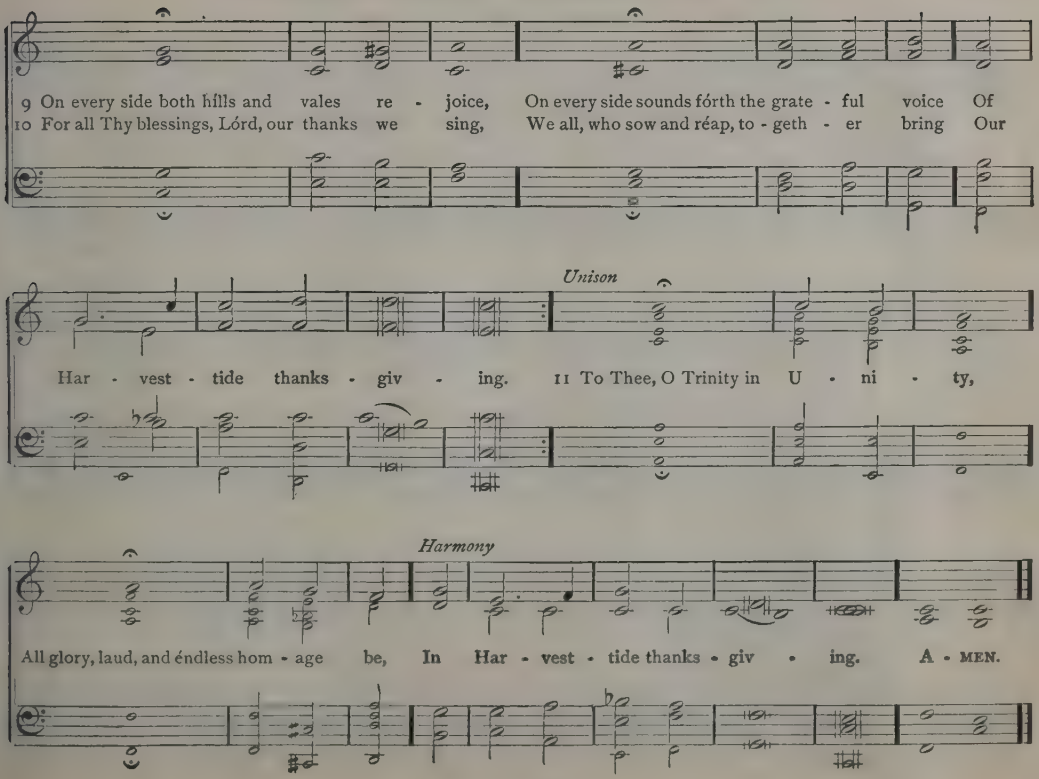
HARVEST-TIDE THANKSGIVING

The Rev. Samuel Childs Clarke, M.A. (1821-) — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896). 1863


1 Great Giver of all goód, to Thee a - gain We humbly now presént, in joy - ous strain, Our
2 To Thee, in Whom we líve and move, we come To praise Thee for the shéaves brought safe - ly home, With
3 Thou dost prepare our córn, and year by year Before Thine altar, Lórd, will we ap - pear With
4 Thine was the former ánd the lat - ter rain, Enriching earth, and cálling forth a - gain The
Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing.
Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing.
Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing.
Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing.
5 Thou openest wide, once móre Thy boun - teous hand,
6 Thou fillest all that líve with plen - teous - ness;
7 Thy clouds drop fatness ón the teem - ing earth,
8 The year is crowned with góodness, Lord, by Thee,
And far and wide ascénds from all the land Glad Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing.
They, in return, Thy sá-cred name all bless In Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing.
Accept these festal sóngs of rever - ent mirth, This Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing.
Then meet it is that áye should of - fered be The Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing.

HARVEST-TIDE

Great Giver of all Good — *Concluded*


9 On every side both hills and vales re - joice, On every side sounds forth the grate - ful voice Of
10 For all Thy blessings, Lord, our thanks we sing, We all, who sow and reap, to - geth - er bring Our
Unison
Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing. 11 To Thee, O Trinity in U - ni - ty,
Harmony
All glory, laud, and endless hom - age be, In Har - vest - tide thanks - giv - ing. A - MEN.

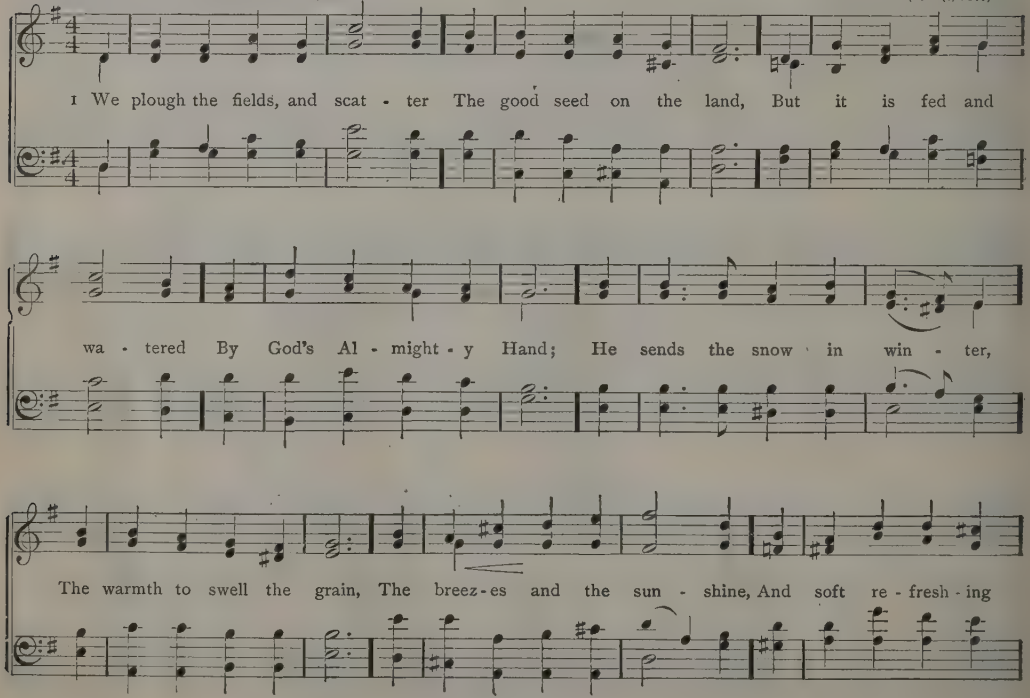
HARVEST-TIDE

We Plough the Fields, and Scatter

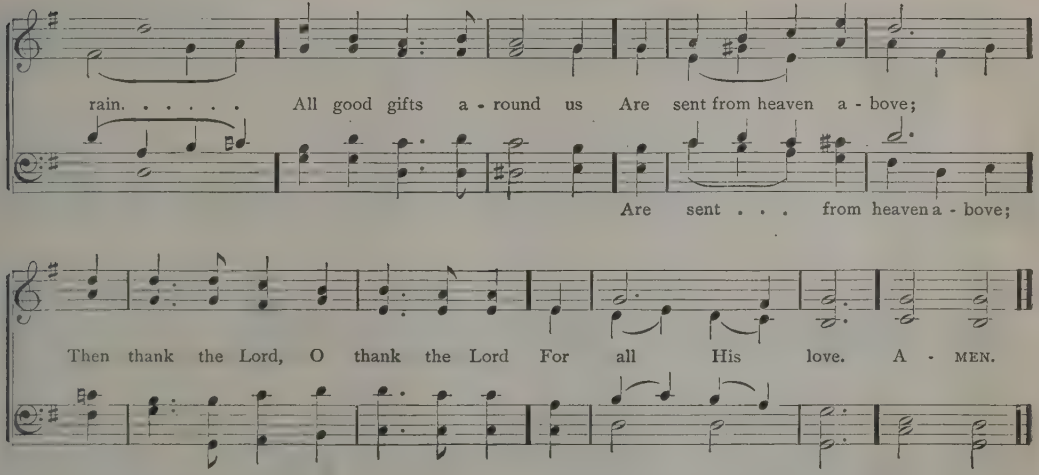
HARVEST 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.4.

Matthias Claudius (1740–1815), 1782
Tr. Jane Montgomery Campbell (1817–1878), 1861

Arthur Cottman (1842 (?)–1879)


1 We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and
wa - tered By God's Al - might - y Hand; He sends the snow in win - ter,
The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh - ing

We Plough the Fields, and Scatter — *Concluded*


rain. . . . . All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heaven a - bove;
Are sent . . . from heaven a - bove;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love. A - MEN.

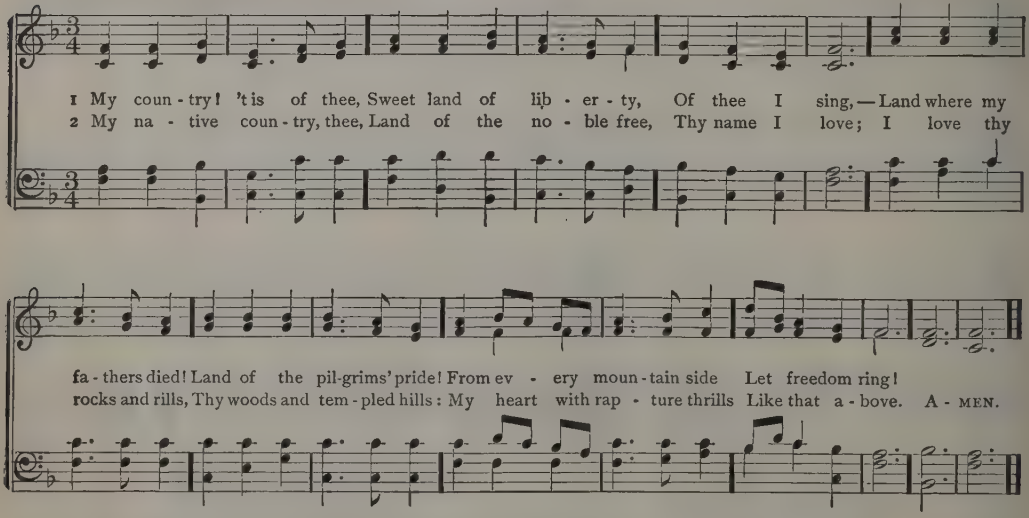
2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love. AMEN.

My Country! 'tis of Thee

AMERICA 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D. (1808-), 1832 — Henry Carey (1685-1743) 1740


1 My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing, — Land where my
2 My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
fa - thers died! Land of the pil-grims' pride! From ev - ery moun - tain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills: My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove. A - MEN.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King! AMEN.

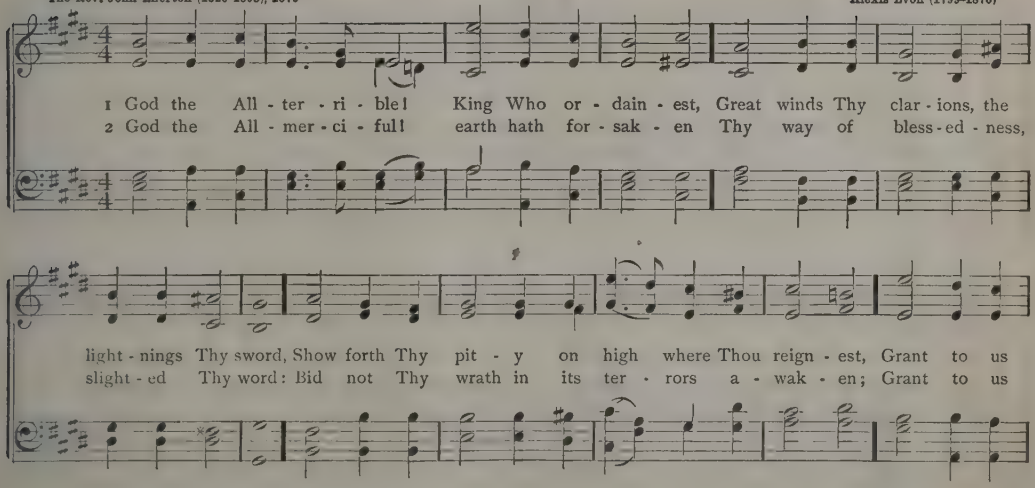
NATIONAL

God the All-Terrible

RUSSIAN HYMN *11.10.11.10.*

Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-1872), 1842
The Rev. John Ellerton (1826-1893), 1870

Alexis Lvoff (1799-1870)


1 God the All - ter - ri - ble! King Who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy clar - ions, the
2 God the All - mer - ci - ful! earth hath for - sak - en Thy way of bless - ed - ness,
light - nings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on high where Thou reign - est, Grant to us
slight - ed Thy word: Bid not Thy wrath in its ter - rors a - wak - en; Grant to us
peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord.
peace, O most mer - ci - ful Lord. A - MEN.

3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee,
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee:
Grant to us peace, O most merciful Lord.

4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
"Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord." AMEN.

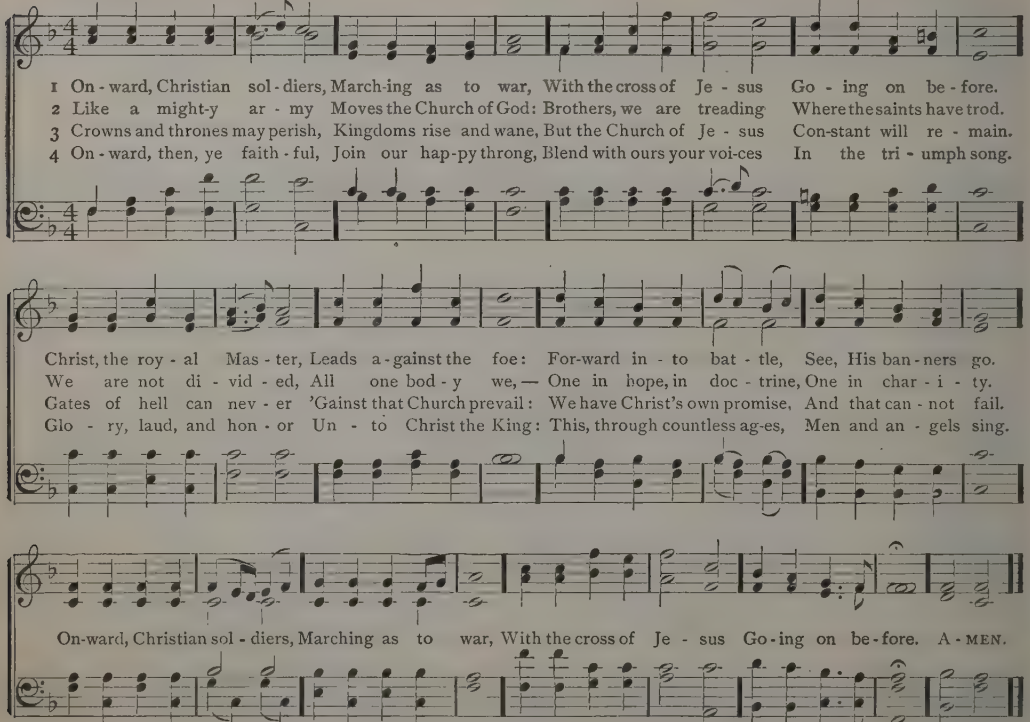
NATIONAL

Onward, Christian Soldiers

ST. GERTRUDE *6.5. 12 lines*

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A. (1834-), 1865

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-), 1872


1 On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.
2 Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod.
3 Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con-stant will re - main.
4 On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voi-ces In the tri - umph song.
Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe: For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we, — One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King: This, through countless ag-es, Men and an - gels sing.
On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore. A - MEN.

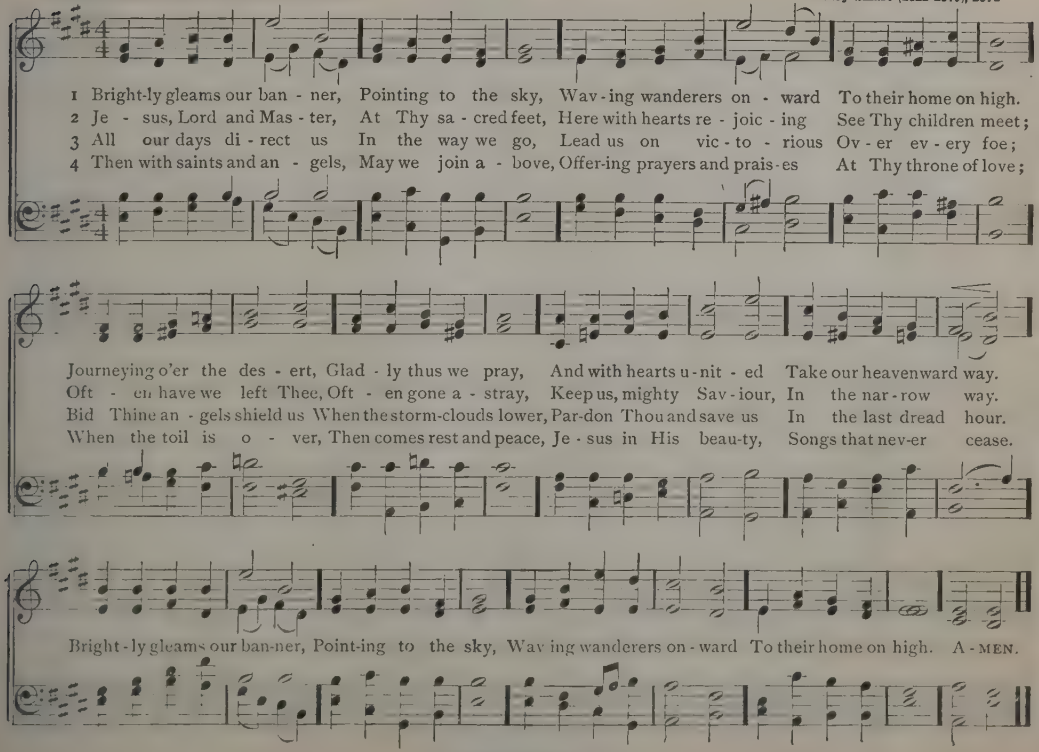
PROCESSIONAL

205 Brightly Gleams our Banner

VEXILLUM 6.5. 12 lines

The Rev. Thomas Joseph Potter (1825-1873), 1862

Henry Smart (1812-1879), 1874


1 Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wanderers on - ward To their home on high.
2 Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sa - cred feet, Here with hearts re - joic - ing See Thy children meet;
3 All our days di - rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - to - rious Ov - er ev - ery foe;
4 Then with saints and an - gels, May we join a - bove, Offer-ing prayers and prais-es At Thy throne of love;
Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, And with hearts u - nit - ed Take our heavenward way.
Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray, Keep us, mighty Sav - iour, In the nar - row way.
Bid Thine an - gels shield us When the storm-clouds lower, Par-don Thou and save us In the last dread hour.
When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace, Je - sus in His beau-ty, Songs that nev-er cease.
Bright - ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav ing wanderers on - ward To their home on high. A - MEN.

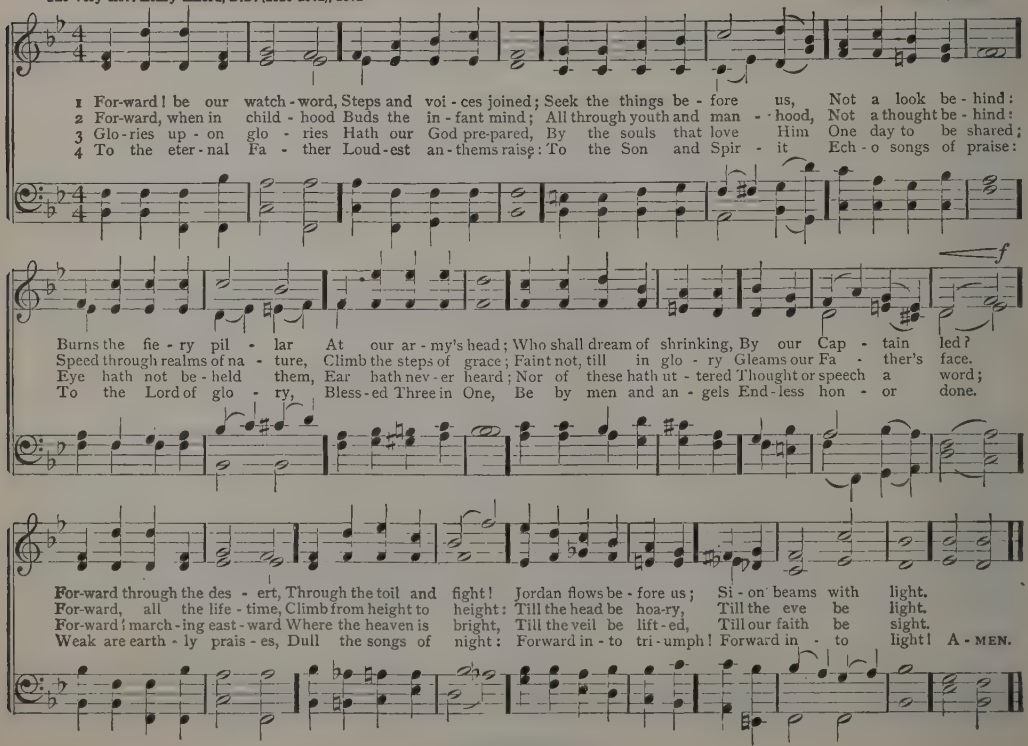
PROCESSIONAL

Forward! be our Watchword

WATCHWORD 6.5. 12 lines

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D. (1810-1871), 1871

James C. Knox, M.A.


1 For-ward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be-fore us, Not a look be-hind:
2 For-ward, when in child-hood Buds the in-fant mind; All through youth and man-hood, Not a thought be-hind:
3 Glo-ries up-on glo-ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that love Him One day to be shared;
4 To the eter-nal Fa-ther Loud-est an-thems raise: To the Son and Spir-it Ech-o songs of praise:
f
Burns the fie-ry pil-lar At our ar-my's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap-tain led?
Speed through realms of na-ture, Climb the steps of grace; Faint not, till in glo-ry Gleams our Fa-ther's face.
Eye hath not be-held them, Ear hath nev-er heard; Nor of these hath ut-tered Thought or speech a word;
To the Lord of glo-ry, Bless-ed Three in One, Be by men and an-gels End-less hon-or done.
For-ward through the des-ert, Through the toil and fight! Jordan flows be-fore us; Si-on beams with light.
For-ward, all the life-time, Climb from height to height: Till the head be hoa-ry, Till the eve be light.
For-ward! march-ing east-ward Where the heaven is bright, Till the veil be lift-ed, Till our faith be sight.
Weak are earth-ly prais-es, Dull the songs of night: Forward in-to tri-umph! Forward in-to light! A-MEN.

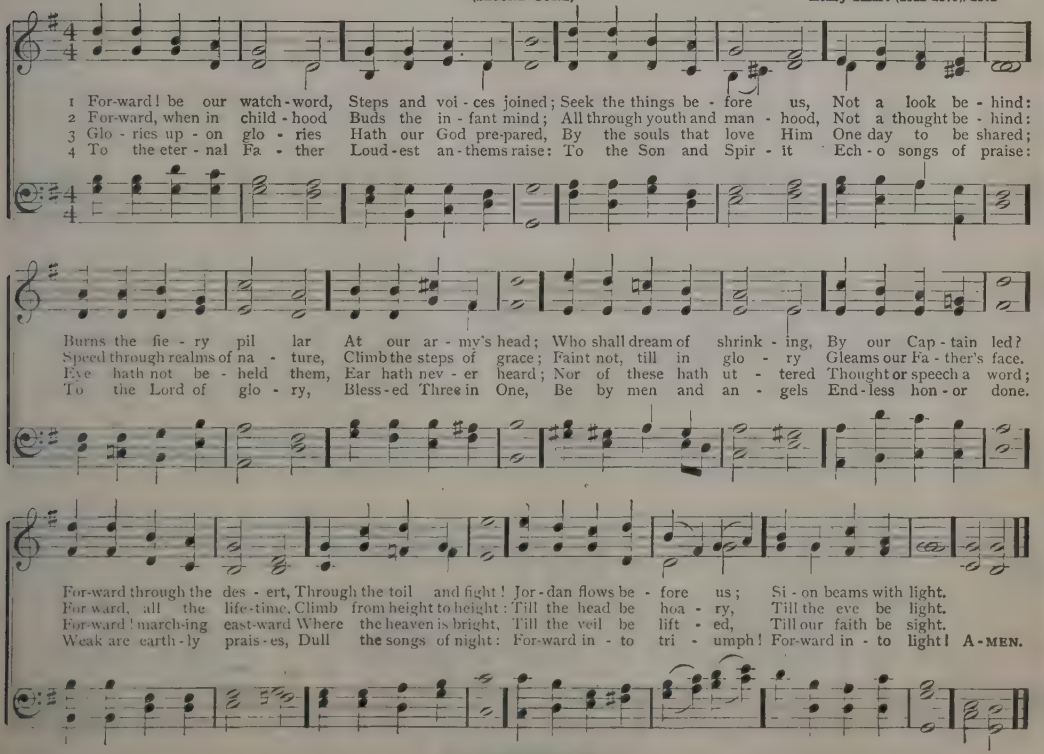
PROCESSIONAL

Forward! be our Watchword

ST. BONIFACE 6.5. 12 lines

(SECOND TUNE)

Henry Smart (1812-1879). 1872


1 For-ward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be-fore us, Not a look be-hind:
2 For-ward, when in child-hood Buds the in-fant mind; All through youth and man-hood, Not a thought be-hind:
3 Glo-ries up-on glo-ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that love Him One day to be shared;
4 To the eter-nal Fa-ther Loud-est an-thems raise: To the Son and Spir-it Ech-o songs of praise:
Burns the fie-ry pil-lar At our ar-my's head; Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led?
Speed through realms of na-ture, Climb the steps of grace; Faint not, till in glo-ry Gleams our Fa-ther's face.
Eye hath not be-held them, Ear hath nev-er heard; Nor of these hath ut-tered Thought or speech a word;
To the Lord of glo-ry, Bless-ed Three in One, Be by men and an-gels End-less hon-or done.
For-ward through the des-ert, Through the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows be-fore us; Si-on beams with light.
For-ward, all the life-time. Climb from height to height: Till the head be hoa-ry, Till the eve be light.
For-ward! march-ing east-ward Where the heaven is bright, Till the veil be lift-ed, Till our faith be sight.
Weak are earth-ly prais-es, Dull the songs of night: For-ward in-to tri-umph! For-ward in-to light! A-MEN.

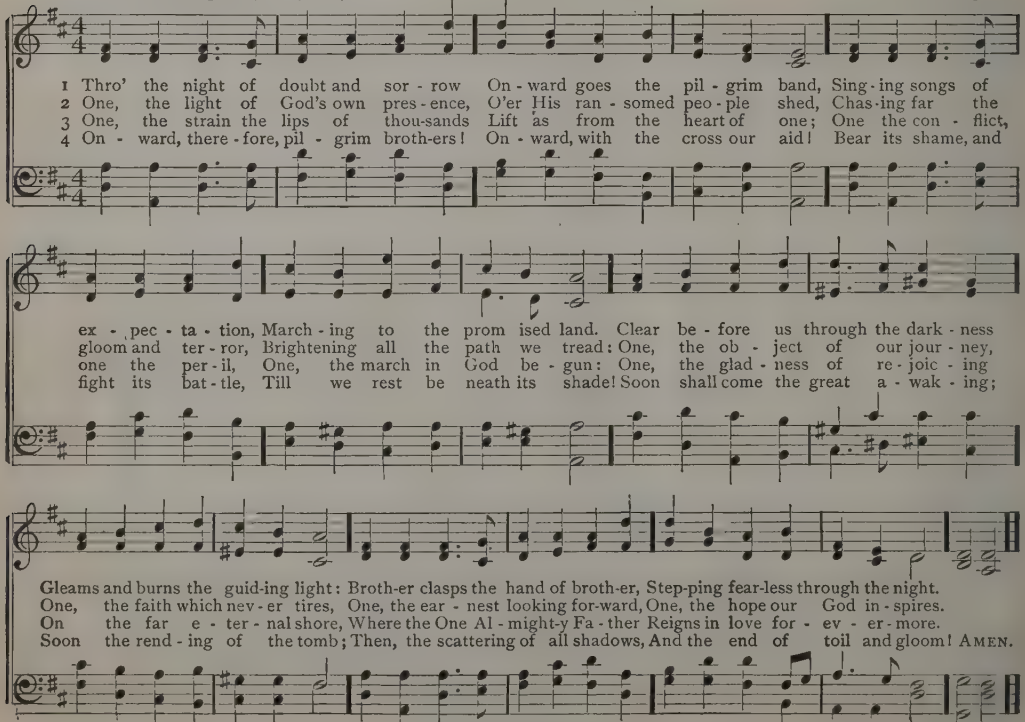
PROCESSIONAL

207 Thro' the Night of Doubt and Sorrow

HUNTINGTON *8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.*

Bernhard Severin Ingemann (1789–1862), 1825
Tr. The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A. (1834–), 1867

W. S. Bambridge

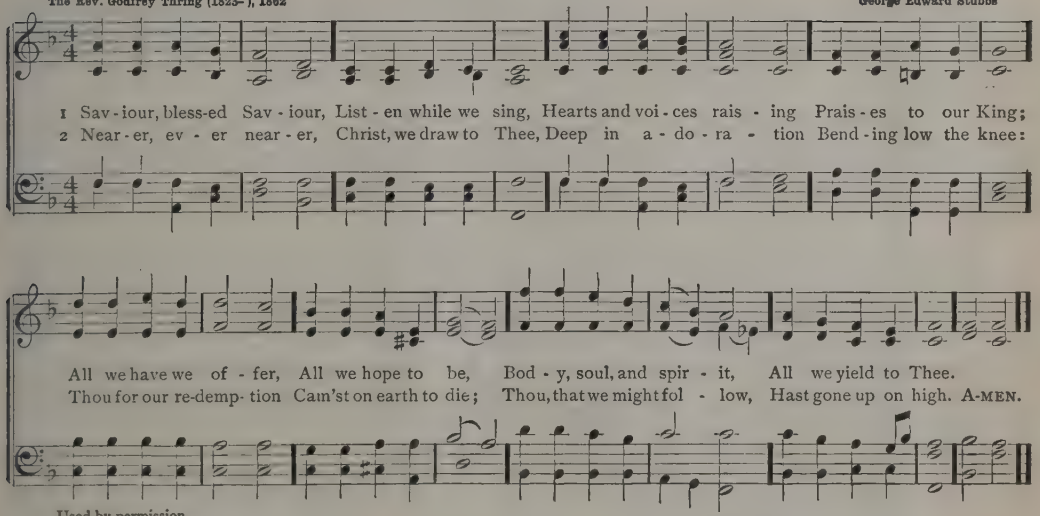

1 Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band, Sing - ing songs of
2 One, the light of God's own pres - ence, O'er His ran - somed peo - ple shed, Chas - ing far the
3 One, the strain the lips of thou - sands Lift as from the heart of one; One the con - flict,
4 On - ward, there - fore, pil - grim broth - ers! On - ward, with the cross our aid! Bear its shame, and
ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom ised land. Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness
gloom and ter - ror, Brightening all the path we tread: One, the ob - ject of our jour - ney,
one the per - il, One, the march in God be - gun: One, the glad - ness of re - joic - ing
fight its bat - tle, Till we rest be neath its shade! Soon shall come the great a - wak - ing;
Gleams and burns the guid - ing light: Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Step - ping fear - less through the night.
One, the faith which nev - er tires, One, the ear - nest looking for - ward, One, the hope our God in - spires.
On the far e - ter - nal shore, Where the One Al - might - y Fa - ther Reigns in love for - ev - er - more.
Soon the rend - ing of the tomb; Then, the scattering of all shadows, And the end of toil and gloom! AMEN.

PROCESSIONAL

Saviour, Blessed Saviour

ASAPH 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

The Rev. Godfrey Thring (1823-), 1862 — George Edward Stubbs


1 Sav - iour, bless-ed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing, Hearts and voi - ces rais - ing Prais - es to our King;
2 Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to Thee, Deep in a - do - ra - tion Bend - ing low the knee:
All we have we of - fer, All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee.
Thou for our re-demp- tion Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high. A-MEN.

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3 Great, and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care is known:
Where the angel-legions
Circle round Thy throne

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking,
Till the prize is won.

5 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
(Earthly toils forgotten)
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. AMEN.

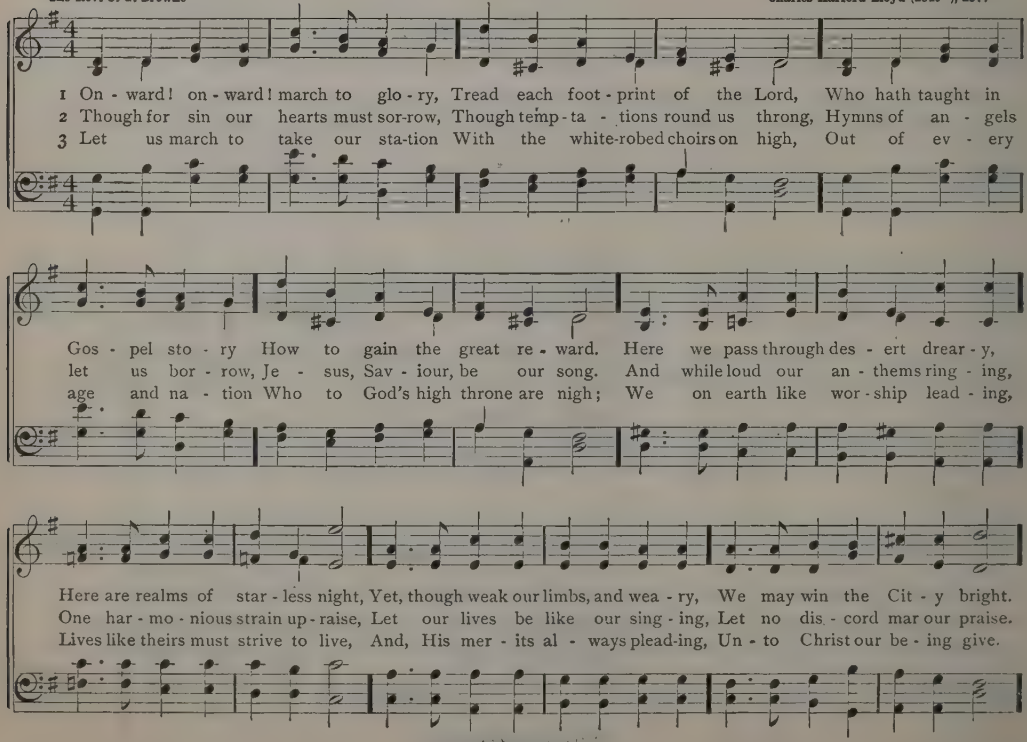
PROCESSIONAL

209 Onward! Onward! March to Glory

ONWARD! ONWARD! 8.7. 12 lines

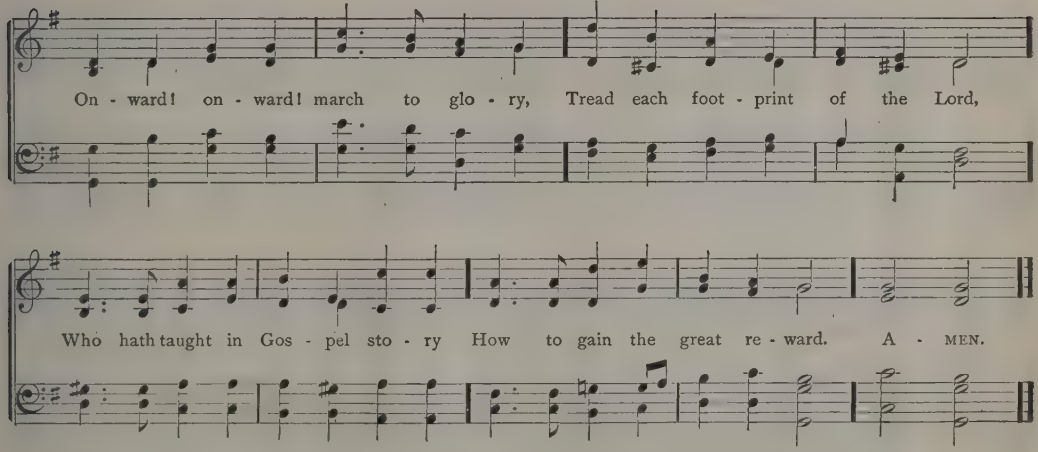
The Rev. C. W. Power
The Rev. C. G. Browne

Charles Harford Lloyd (1849-), 1877


1 On - ward! on - ward! march to glo - ry, Tread each foot - print of the Lord, Who hath taught in
2 Though for sin our hearts must sor-row, Though temp - ta - tions round us throng, Hymns of an - gels
3 Let us march to take our sta-tion With the white-robed choirs on high, Out of ev - ery
Gos - pel sto - ry How to gain the great re - ward. Here we pass through des - ert drear - y,
let us bor - row, Je - sus, Sav - iour, be our song. And while loud our an - thems ring - ing,
age and na - tion Who to God's high throne are nigh; We on earth like wor - ship lead - ing,
Here are realms of star - less night, Yet, though weak our limbs, and wea - ry, We may win the Cit - y bright.
One har - mo - nious strain up - raise, Let our lives be like our sing - ing, Let no dis - cord mar our praise.
Lives like theirs must strive to live, And, His mer - its al - ways plead-ing, Un - to Christ our be - ing give.

PROCESSIONAL

Onward! Onward! March to Glory — *Concluded*


On - ward! on - ward! march to glo - ry, Tread each foot - print of the Lord,
Who hath taught in Gos - pel sto - ry How to gain the great re - ward. A - MEN.

4 First in earliest childhood's morning,
From our sins He sets us free,
And, with all His grace adorning,
Chooses us His own to be;
Then, when Satan's hosts would steal us
From His fold with envious might,
With His Spirit He doth seal us,
Strengthen, arm us for the fight.
Onward! onward! march to glory,
Tread each footprint of the Lord,
Who hath taught in Gospel story
How to gain the great reward.

5 Onward then, nor faint, nor falter,
Onward to the rest above;
Christ His promise will not alter,
But will meet us in His love.
Now with voice and understanding,
Psalms and hymns of joy upraise,
And with choirs of angels banding,
Father, Son, and Spirit praise.
Onward! onward! march to glory,
Tread each footprint of the Lord,
Who hath taught in Gospel story
How to gain the great reward.

AMEN.

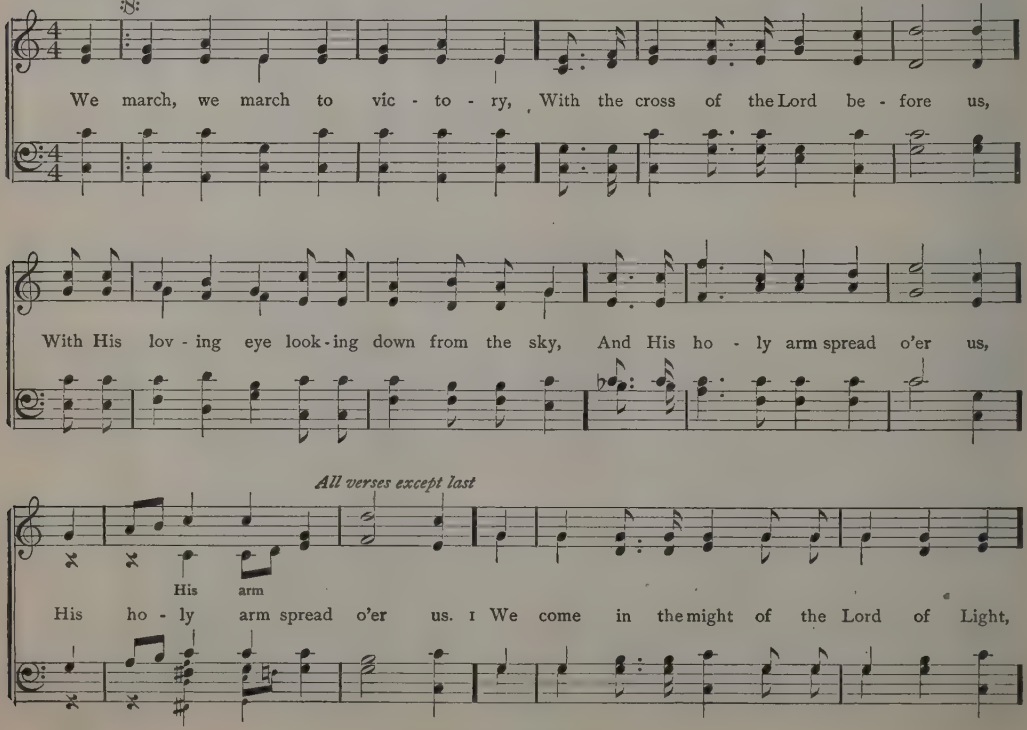
PROCESSIONAL

We March, We March to Victory

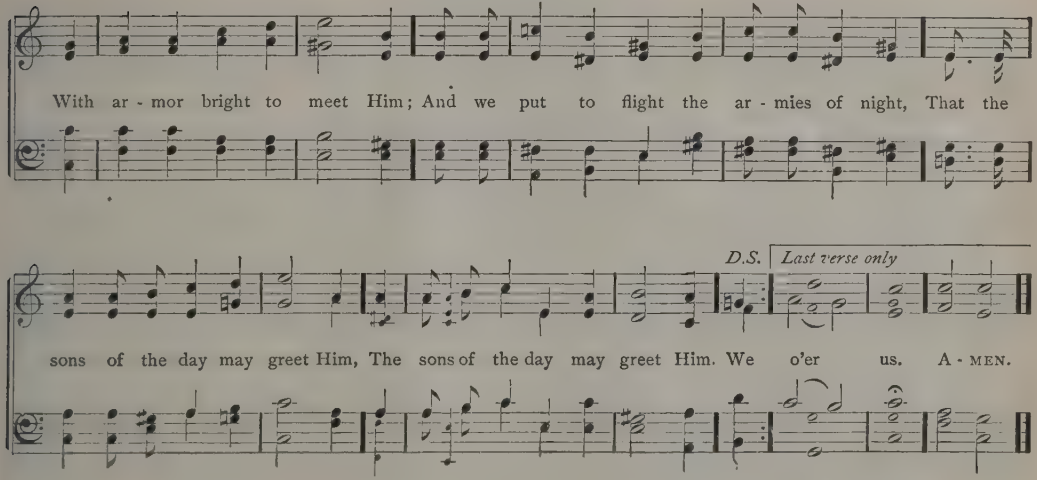
VICTORY *Irregular*

The Rev. Gerald Moultrie, M.A. (1829-1885), 1867

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896), 1869


We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us,
With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us,
All verses except last
His arm
His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. 1 We come in the might of the Lord of Light,

We March, We March to Victory — *Concluded*


With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the
D.S.
Last verse only
sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We o'er us. A - MEN.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet His salvation;
Our banner the cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

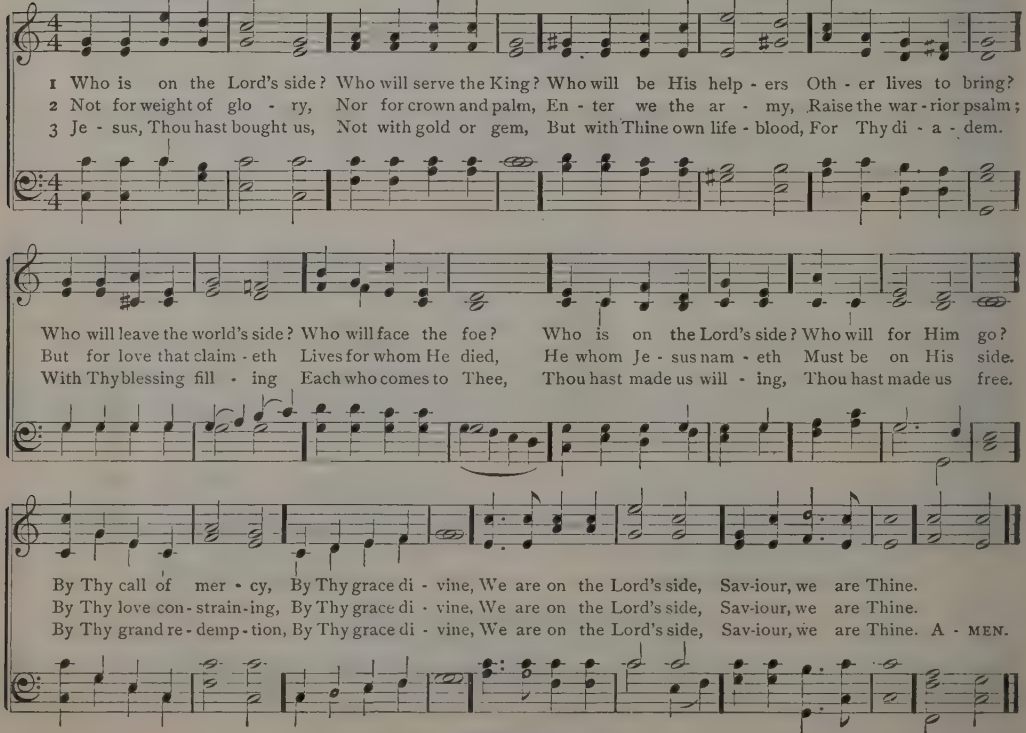
4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, etc. AMEN.

PROCESSIONAL

211 Who is on the Lord's Side

ARMAGEDDON 6.5. 12 lines

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-1879), 1877 — Adapted by Sir John Goss (1800-1880)


1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?
2 Not for weight of glo - ry, Nor for crown and palm, En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the war - rior psalm;
3 Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem.
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who will for Him go?
But for love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on His side.
With Thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee, Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free.
By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.
By Thy love con - strain - ing, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine.
By Thy grand re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine. A - MEN.

PROCESSIONAL

Who is on the Lord's Side — *Concluded*

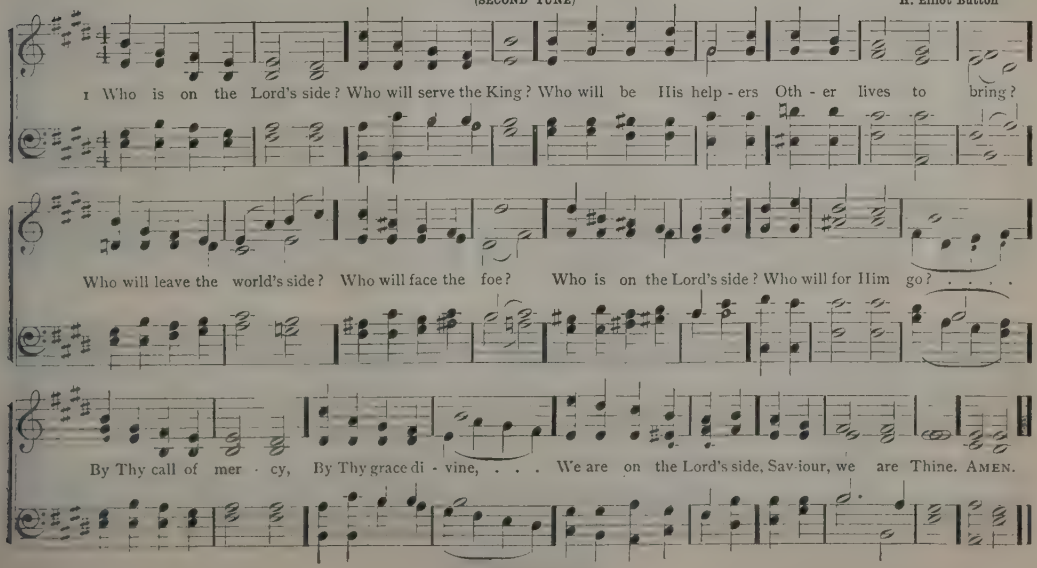
4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe;
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
Chosen, called, faithful,
For our Captain's band,—
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine. AMEN.

Who is on the Lord's Side

SUMUS TIBI 6.5. 12 lines

(SECOND TUNE) H. Elliot Button

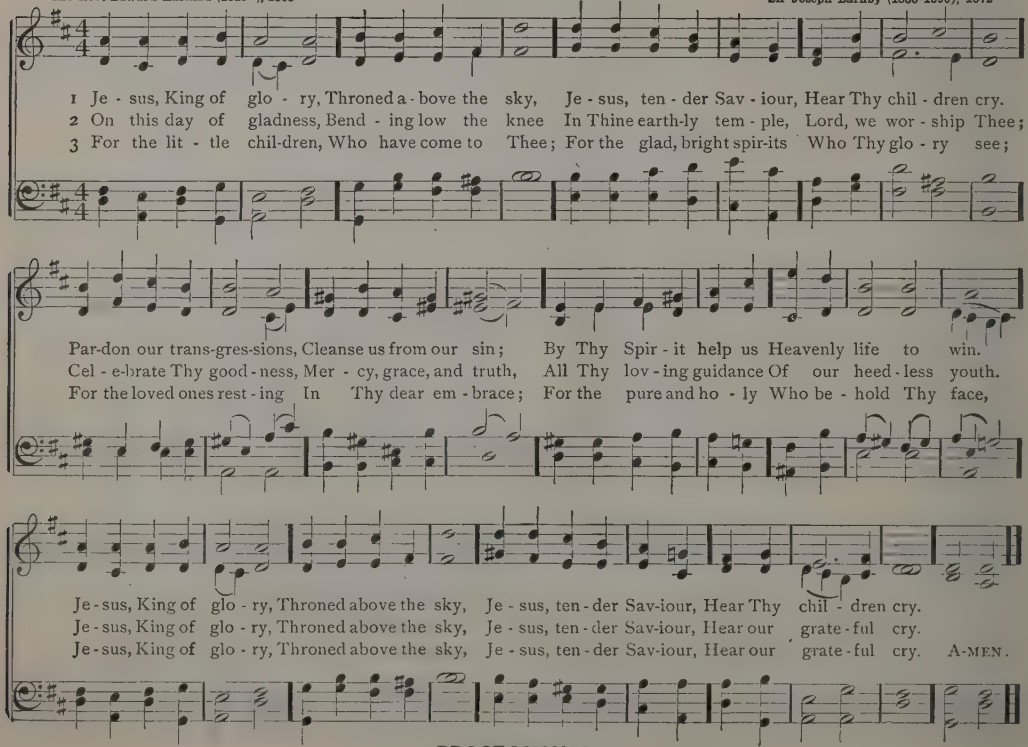

1 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who will for Him go? . . . .
By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine, . . . We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine. AMEN.

PROCESSIONAL

212 Jesus, King of Glory

REX GLORIAE 6.5. 12 lines

The Rev. Edward Harland (1810–), 1863 — Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896), 1872


1 Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.
2 On this day of gladness, Bend - ing low the knee In Thine earth-ly tem - ple, Lord, we wor - ship Thee;
3 For the lit - tle chil-dren, Who have come to Thee; For the glad, bright spir-its Who Thy glo - ry see;
Par-don our trans-gres-sions, Cleanse us from our sin; By Thy Spir - it help us Heavenly life to win.
Cel - e-brate Thy good - ness, Mer - cy, grace, and truth, All Thy lov - ing guidance Of our heed - less youth.
For the loved ones rest - ing In Thy dear em - brace; For the pure and ho - ly Who be - hold Thy face,
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned above the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav-iour, Hear Thy chil - dren cry.
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned above the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav-iour, Hear our grate - ful cry.
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Throned above the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav-iour, Hear our grate - ful cry. A-MEN.

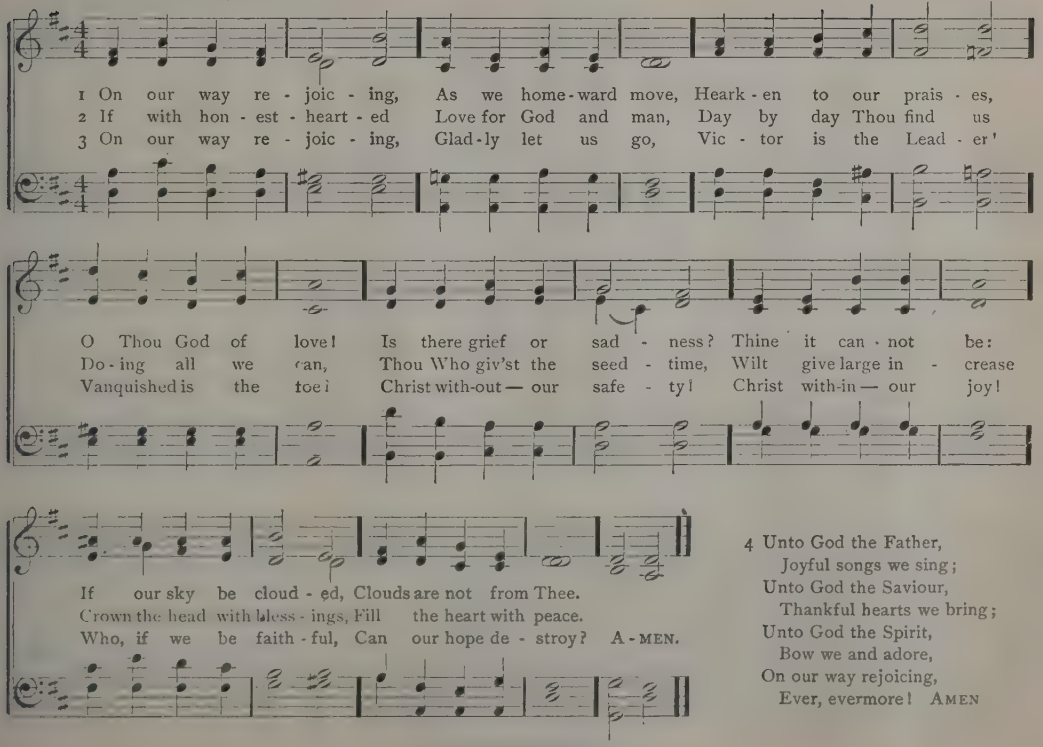
PROCESSIONAL

213 On our Way Rejoicing

VESPERS 6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.

The Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811-1875), 1863

H. A. Prothero.


1 On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move, Heark - en to our prais - es,
2 If with hon - est - heart - ed Love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us
3 On our way re - joic - ing, Glad - ly let us go, Vic - tor is the Lead - er!
O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be:
Do - ing all we can, Thou Who giv'st the seed - time, Wilt give large in - crease
Vanquished is the foe! Christ with-out — our safe - ty! Christ with-in — our joy!
If our sky be cloud - ed, Clouds are not from Thee.
Crown the head with bless - ings, Fill the heart with peace.
Who, if we be faith - ful, Can our hope de - stroy? A - MEN.

4 Unto God the Father,
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour,
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit,
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing,
Ever, evermore! AMEN

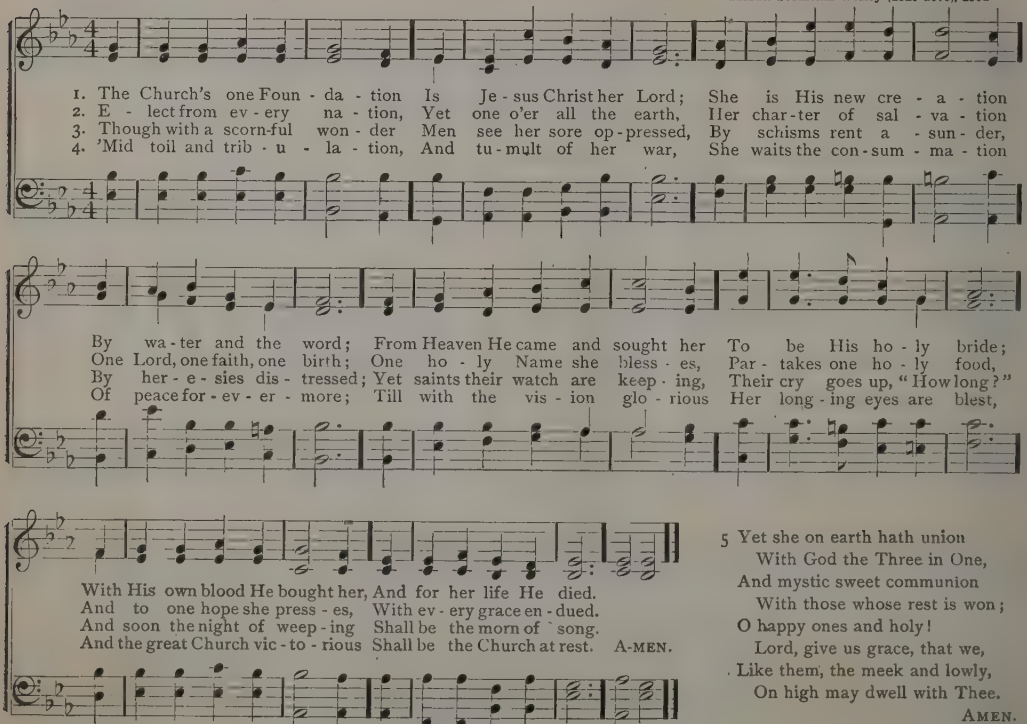
PROCESSIONAL

The Church's one Foundation

AURELIA 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.

The Rev. Samuel John Stone (1839–), 1865

Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876), 1864

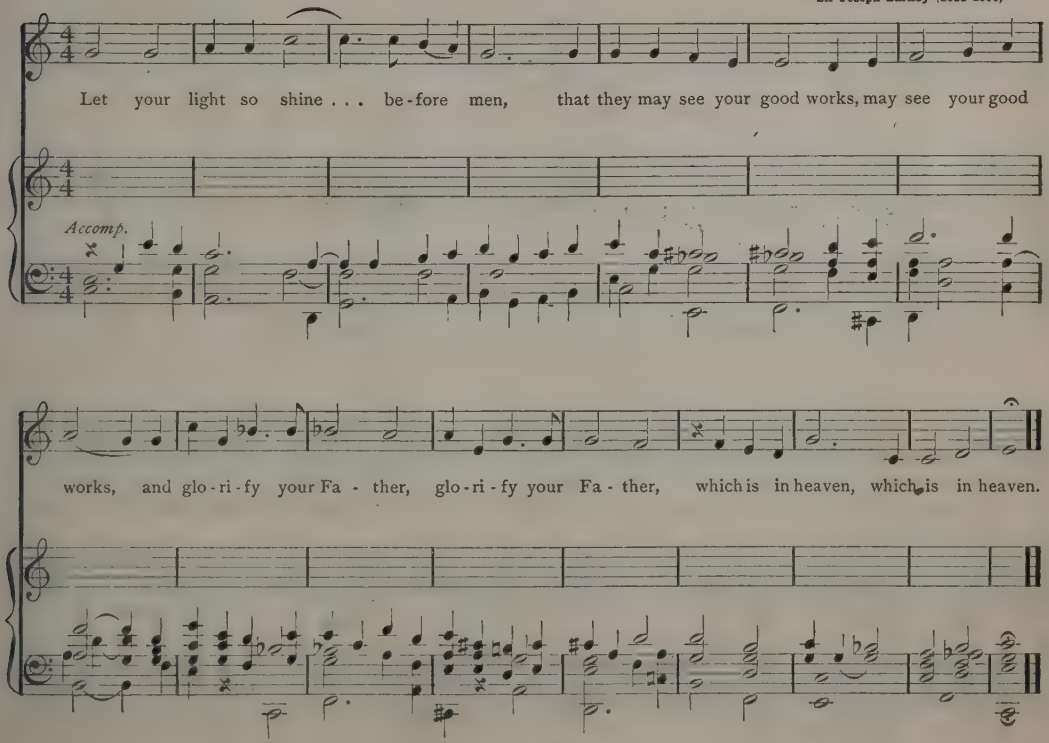

1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre - a - tion
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char - ter of sal - va - tion
3. Though with a scorn-ful won - der Men see her sore op - pressed, By schisms rent a - sun - der,
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war, She waits the con - sum - ma - tion
By wa - ter and the word; From Heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
By her - e - sies dis - tressed; Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Of peace for - ev - er - more; Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest. A-MEN.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.
AMEN.

PROCESSIONAL

Let Your Light so Shine

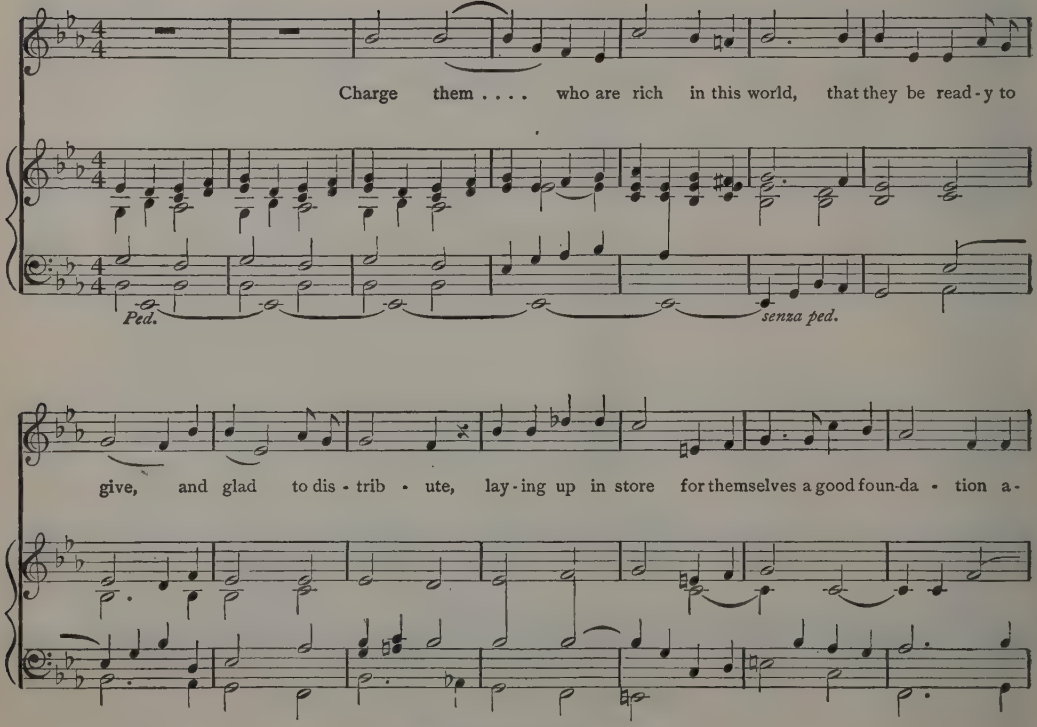
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)


Let your light so shine . . . be-fore men, that they may see your good works, may see your good
Accomp.
works, and glo-ri-fy your Fa - ther, glo-ri-fy your Fa - ther, which is in heaven, which is in heaven.

OFFERTORY SENTENCE

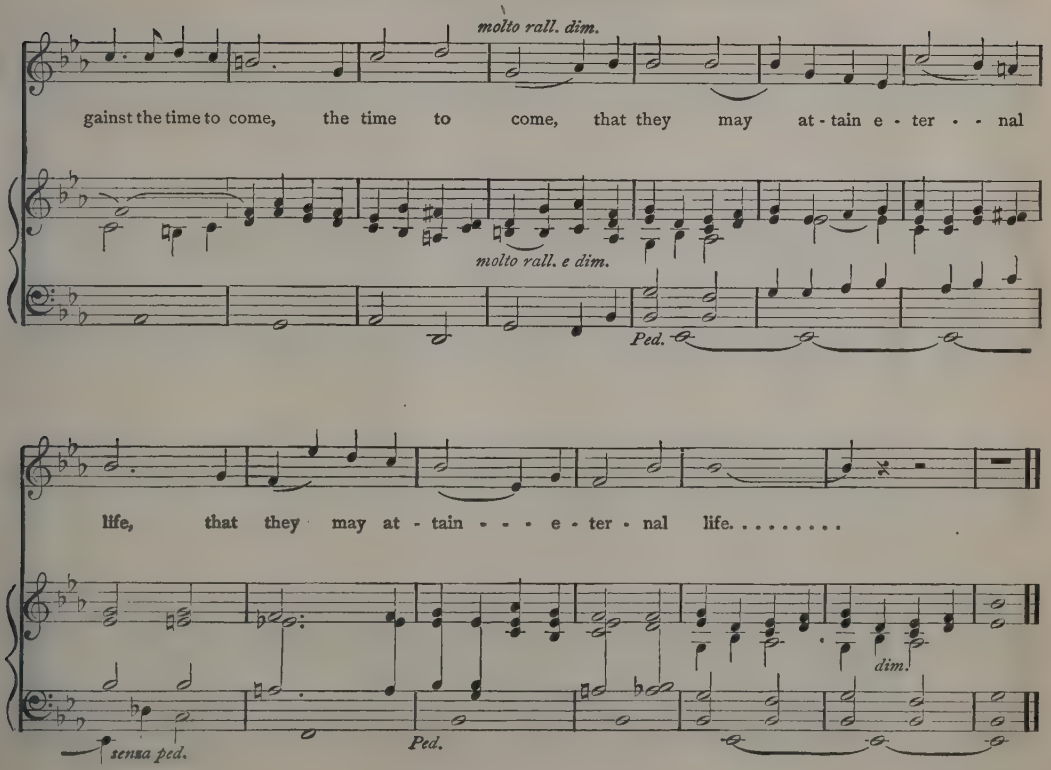
Charge Them Who Are Rich

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)


Charge them .... who are rich in this world, that they be read-y to
Ped.
senza ped.
give, and glad to dis-trib-ute, lay-ing up in store for themselves a good foun-da-tion a-

OFFERTORY SENTENCE

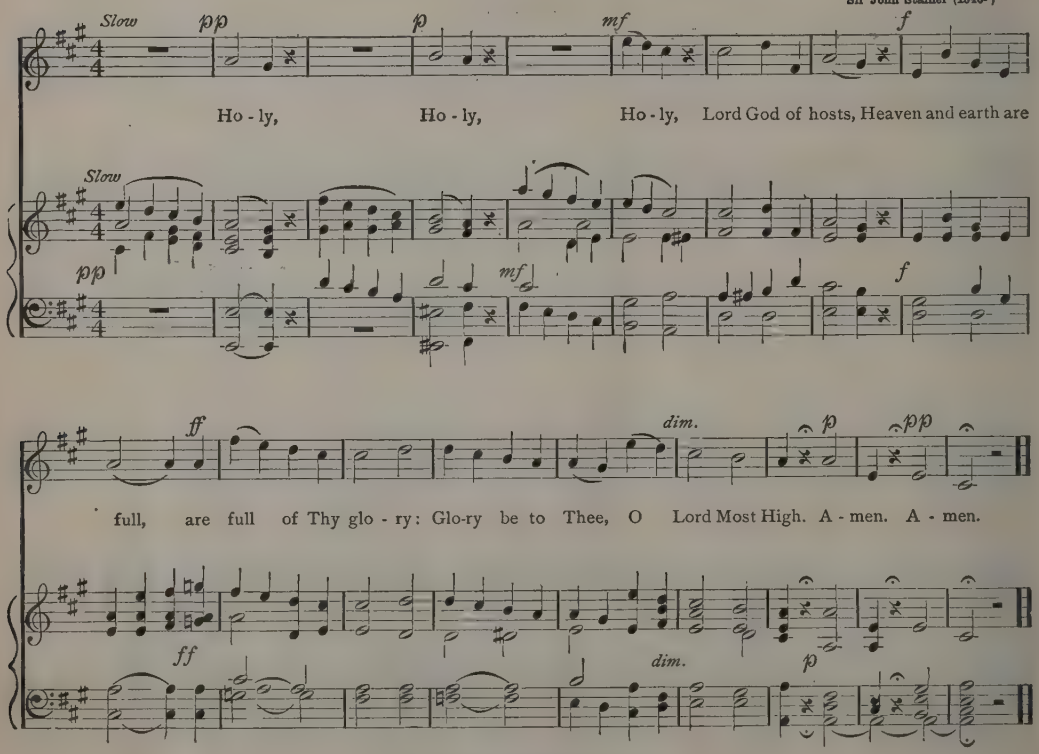
Charge Them Who Are Rich — *Concluded*


molto rall. dim.
gainst the time to come, the time to come, that they may at - tain e - ter - - nal
molto rall. e dim.
Ped.
life, that they may at - tain - - - e - ter - nal life. . . . . .
dim.
sensa ped.
Ped.

OFFERTORY SENTENCE

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts

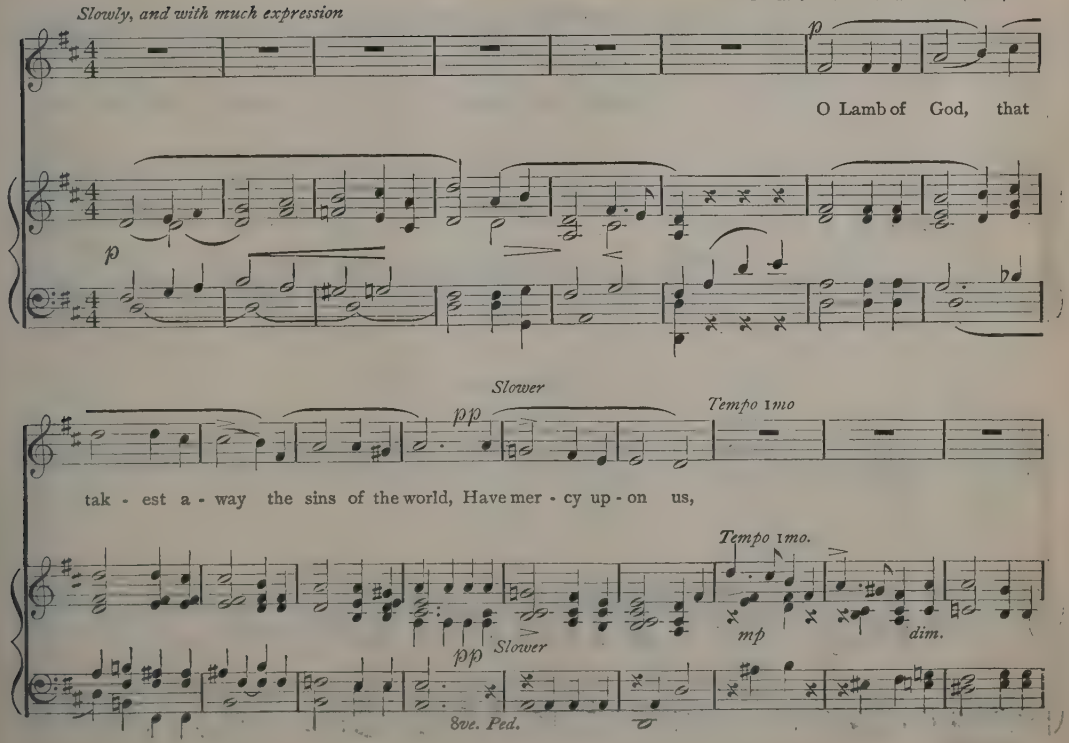
Sir John Stainer (1840-)



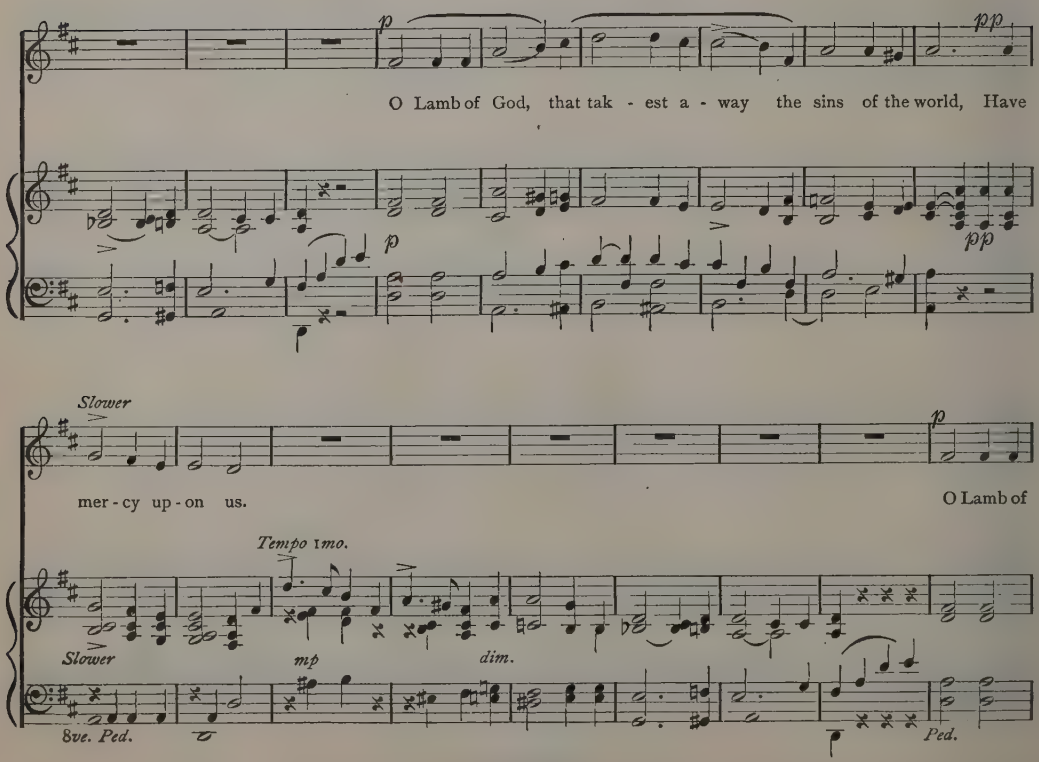
SANCTUS

O Lamb of God

The Rev. Herbert Hall Woodward (1847-)

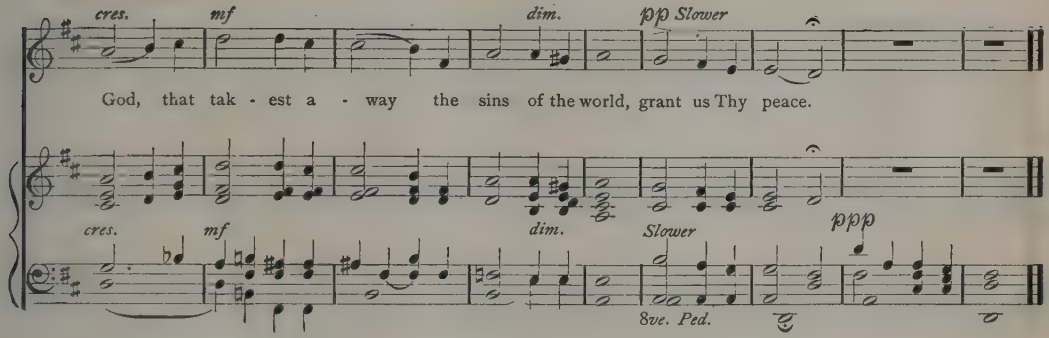


AGNUS DEI


p
pp
O Lamb of God, that tak - est a - way the sins of the world, Have
p
pp
Slower
p
mer - cy up - on us.
O Lamb of
Tempo 1mo.
Slower
mp
dim.
8ve. Ped.
Ped.

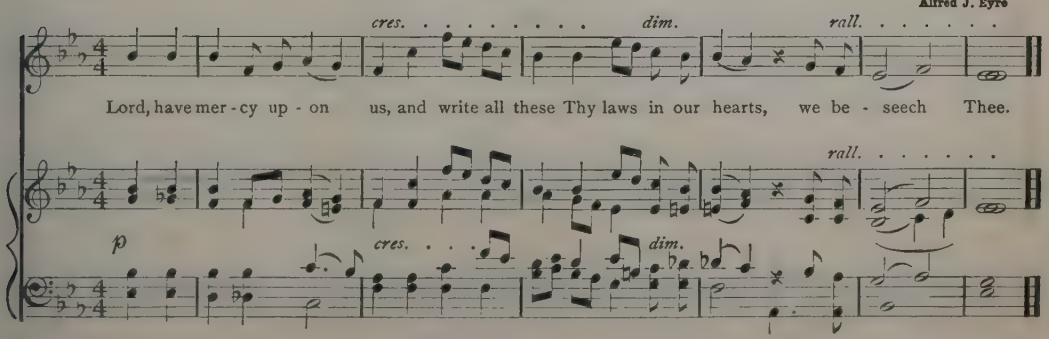
AGNUS DEI

O Lamb of God — *Concluded*



219 Lord, Have Mercy Upon Us

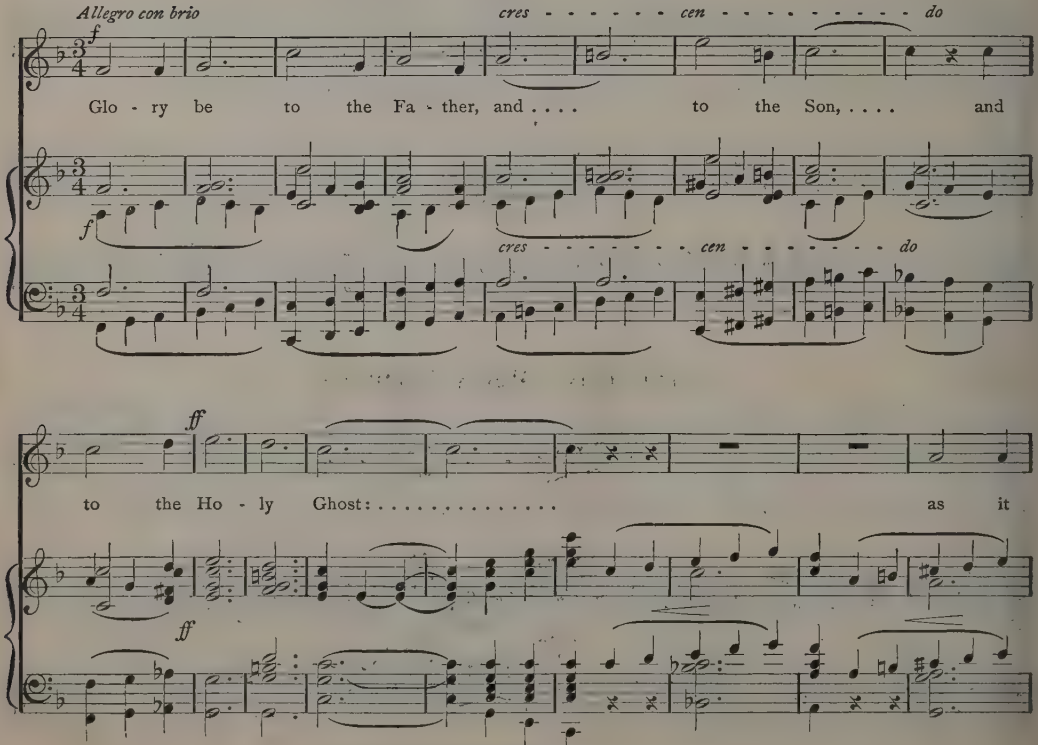
Alfred J. Eyre



RESPONSE AFTER COMMANDMENTS

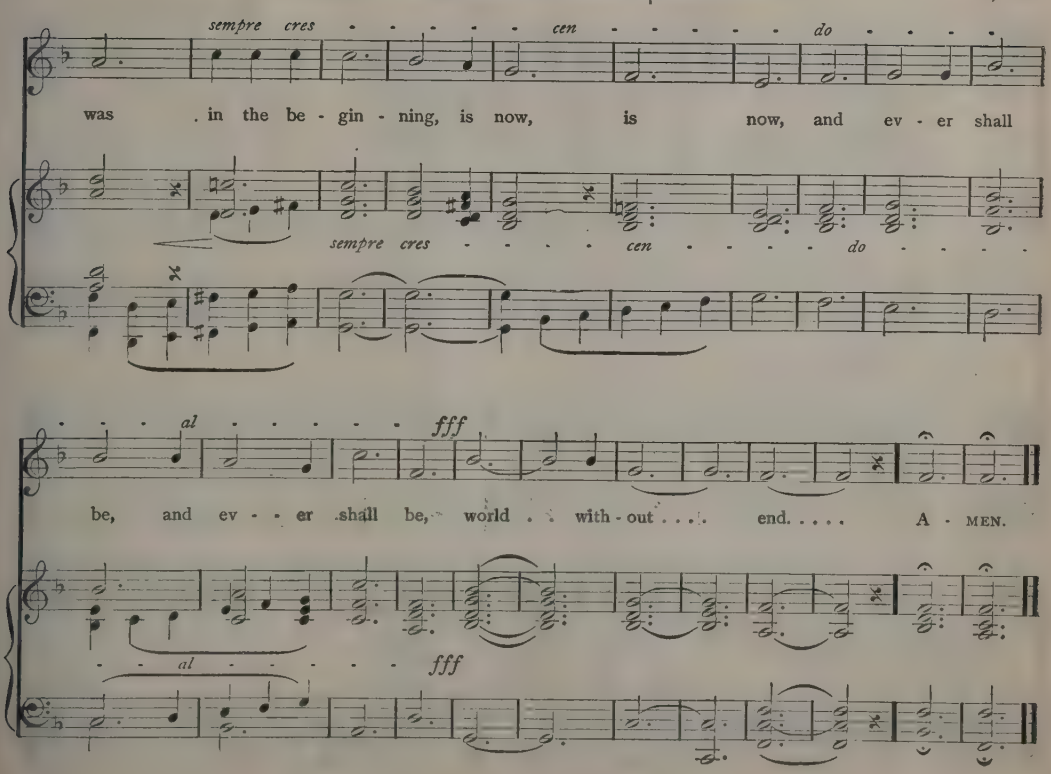
Glory Be to the Father

Berthold Tours (1838-)



GLORIA PATRI

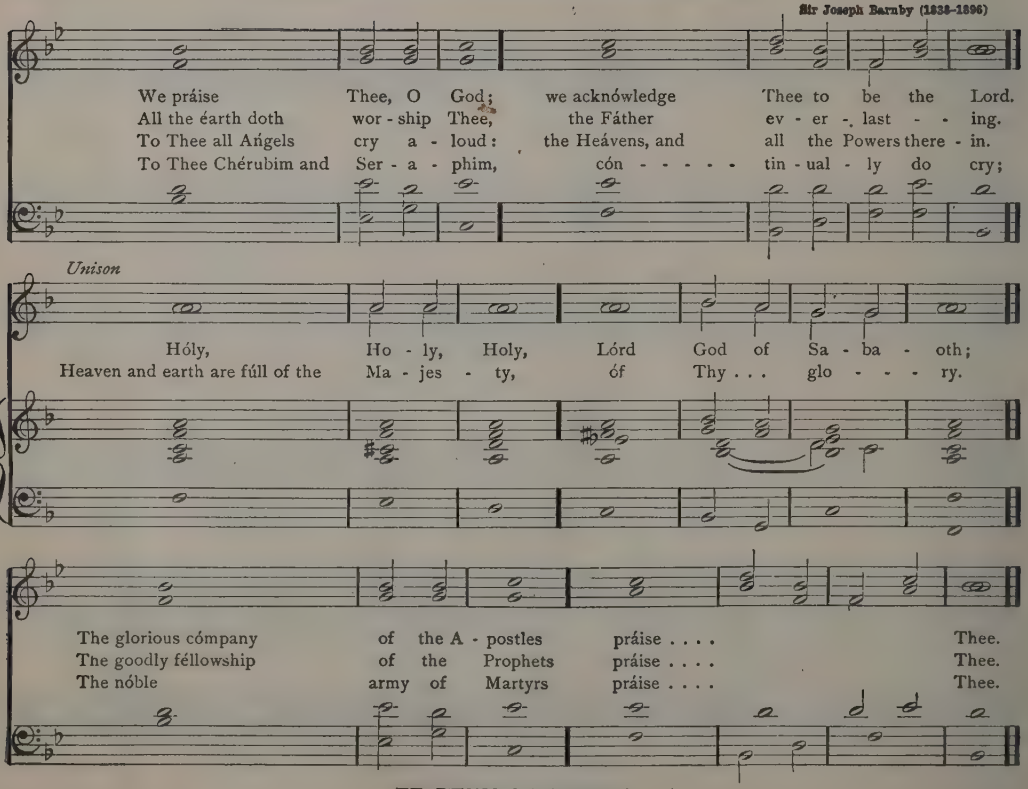
Glory Be to the Father — *Concluded*


sempre cres
cen
do
was . in the be - gin - ning, is now, is now, and ev - er shall
sempre cres
cen
do
al
fff
be, and ev - - er shall be, world . . with - out . . . . end. . . . . A - MEN.
al
fff

GLORIA PATRI

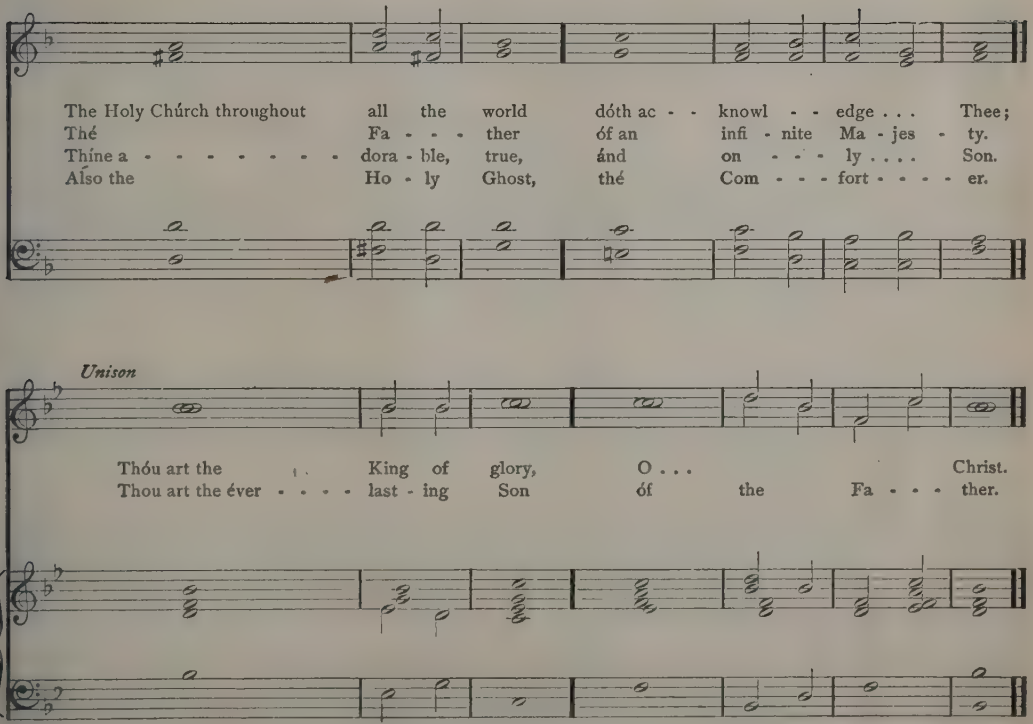
We Praise Thee, O God

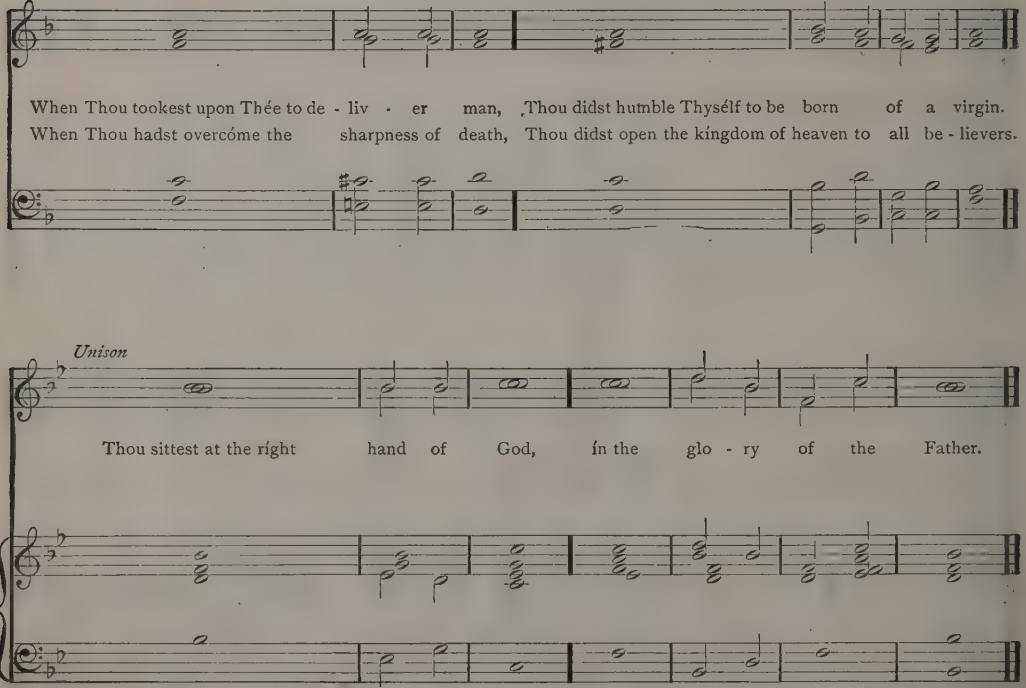
Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)


We práise Thee, O God; we acknówledge Thee to be the Lord.
All the éarth doth wor - ship Thee, the Fáther ev - er - last - - ing.
To Thee all Aṅgels cry a - loud: the Heávens, and all the Powers there - in.
To Thee Chérubim and Ser - a - phim, cón - - - - - tin - ual - ly do cry;
Unison
Hóly, Ho - ly, Holy, Lórd God of Sa - ba - oth;
Heaven and earth are fúll of the Ma - jes - ty, óf Thy . . . glo - - - ry.
The glorious cómpany of the A - postles práise . . . . Thee.
The goodly féllowship of the Prophets práise . . . . Thee.
The nóble army of Martyrs práise . . . . Thee.

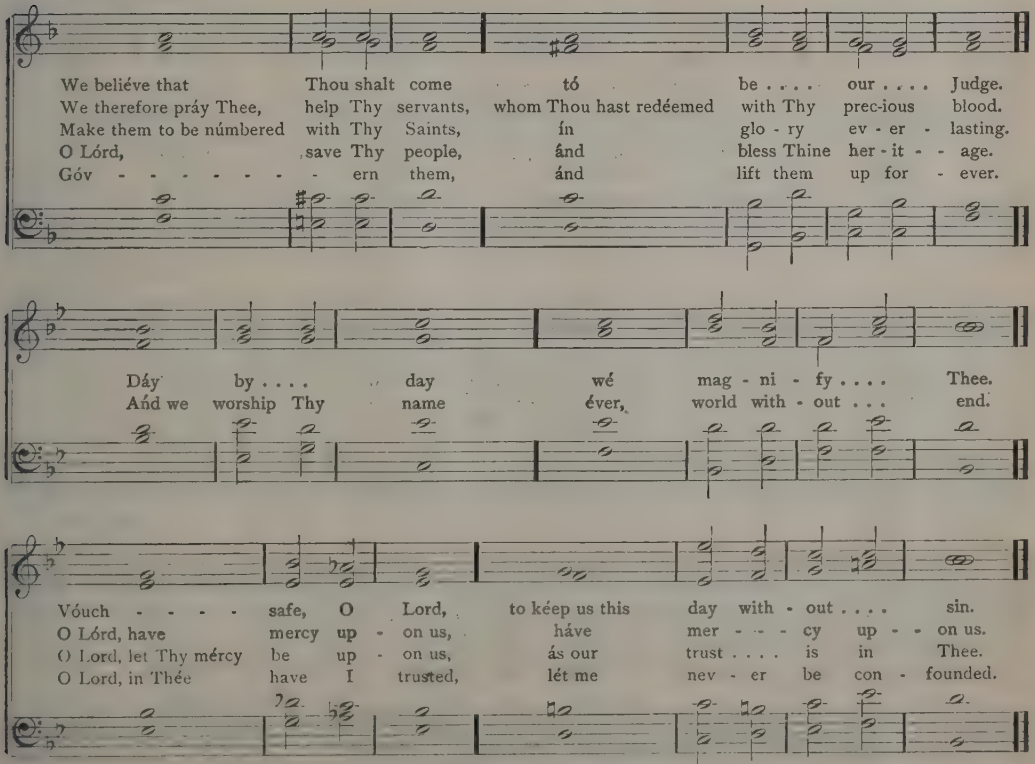
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

We Praise Thee, O God — *Continued*


The Holy Chúrch throughout all the world dóth ac - - knowl - - edge . . . Thee;
Thé Fa - - - ther óf an infi - nite Ma - jes - ty.
Thíne a - - - - - - - - dora - ble, true, ánd on - - - ly . . . . Son.
Also the Ho - ly Ghost, thé Com - - - fort - - - - er.
Unison
Thóu art the King of glory, O . . . Christ.
Thou art the éver - - - - last - ing Son óf the Fa - - - ther.


When Thou tookest upon Thée to de - liv - er man, Thou didst humble Thysélf to be born of a virgin.
When Thou hadst overcóme the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kíngdom of heaven to all be - lievers.
Unison
Thou sittest at the ríght hand of God, ín the glo - ry of the Father.

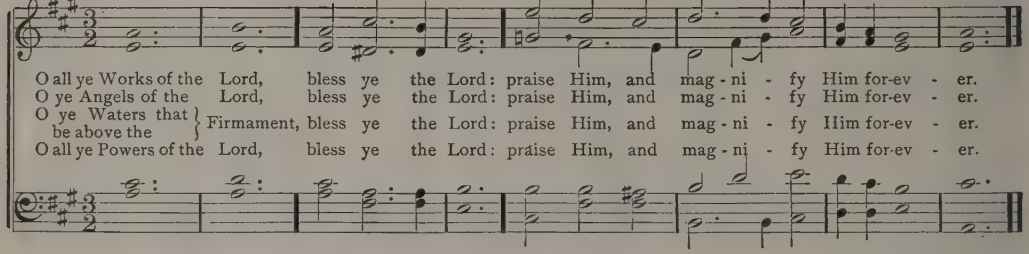
We Praise Thee, O God — *Concluded*


We belíeve that Thou shalt come tó be . . . . our . . . . Judge.
We therefore práy Thee, help Thy servants, whom Thou hast redéemed with Thy prec-ious blood.
Make them to be númbered with Thy Saints, ín glo - ry ev - er - lasting.
O Lórd, save Thy people, ánd bless Thine her - it - - age.
Góv - - - - - - - ern them, ánd lift them up for - ever.
Dáy by . . . . day wé mag - ni - fy . . . . Thee.
Ánd we worship Thy name éver, world with - out . . . end.
Vóuch - - - - safe, O Lord, to kéep us this day with - out . . . . sin.
O Lórd, have mercy up - on us, háve mer - - - cy up - - on us.
O Lord, let Thy mércy be up - on us, ás our trust . . . . is in Thee.
O Lord, in Thée have I trusted, lét me nev - er be con - founded.

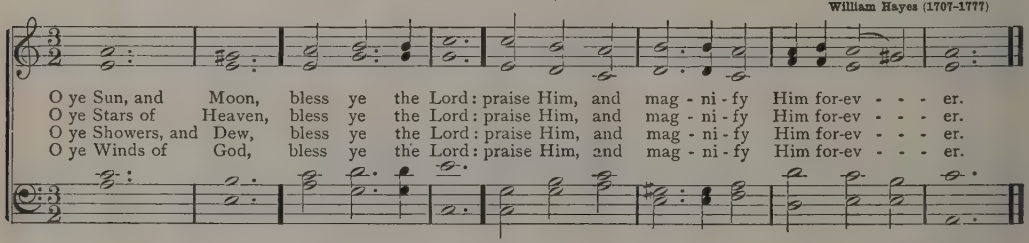
TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

O All Ye Works of the Lord

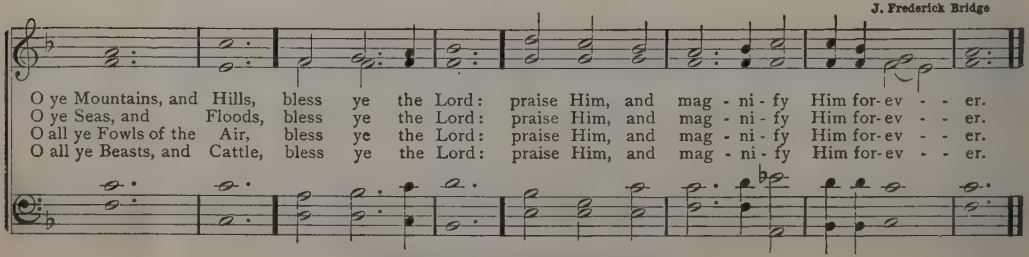
James Turle (1802–1882)


O all ye Works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - er.
O ye Angels of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - er.
O ye Waters that be above the Firmament, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - er.
O all ye Powers of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - er.

William Hayes (1707–1777)

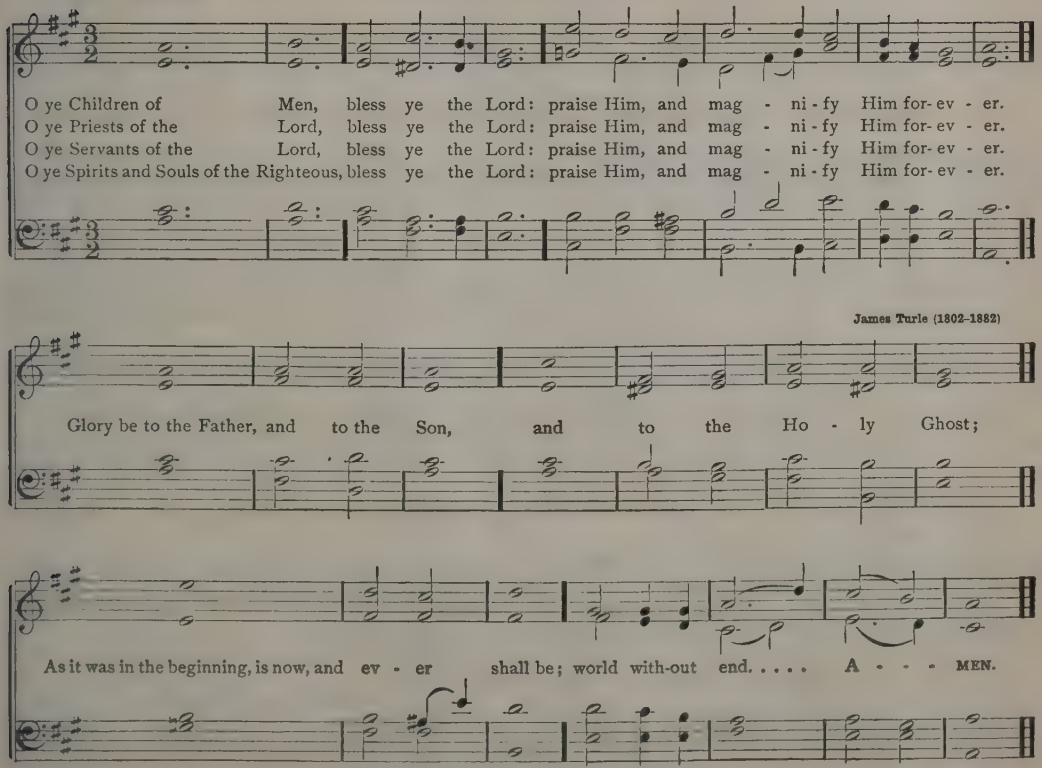

O ye Sun, and Moon, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - - - er.
O ye Stars of Heaven, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - - - er.
O ye Showers, and Dew, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - - - er.
O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - - - er.

J. Frederick Bridge


O ye Mountains, and Hills, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - - er.
O ye Seas, and Floods, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - - er.
O all ye Fowls of the Air, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - - er.
O all ye Beasts, and Cattle, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for-ev - - er.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA

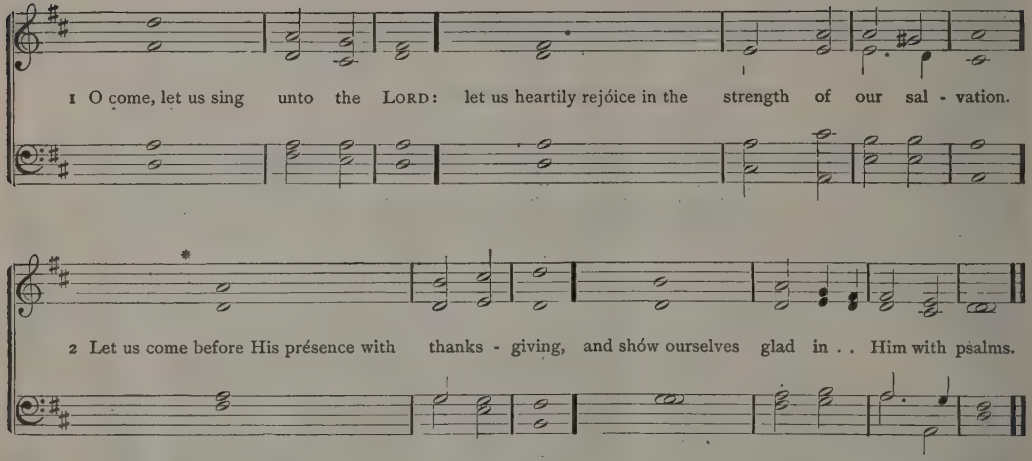
O All Ye Works of the Lord — *Concluded*


O ye Children of Men, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for- ev - er.
O ye Priests of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for- ev - er.
O ye Servants of the Lord, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for- ev - er.
O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord: praise Him, and mag - ni - fy Him for- ev - er.
James Turle (1802–1882)
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be; world with-out end. . . . . A - - - MEN.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA

O Come, Let us Sing

William Boyce (1710-1779)


1 O come, let us sing unto the LORD: let us heartily rejóice in the strength of our sal - vation.
2 Let us come before His présence with thanks - giving, and shów ourselves glad in . . Him with psalms.

3 For the LORD is a | great · — | God ‖ and a gréat | King a | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the córners | of the | earth ‖ and the stréngth of the | hills is | His · — | also.

5 The sea is Hís | and He | made it ‖ and His hánds pre | pared · the | dry · — | land.

6 O come let us wórship and | fall · — | down ‖ and knéel be | fore the | LORD our | Maker.

7 For Hé is the | Lord our | God ‖ and we are the people of His pasture, and the | sheep of | His · — hand.

8 O worship the LORD in the | beauty · of | holiness ‖ let the whole eárth | stand in | awe of | Him.

*9 For He cometh, for He cómeth to | judge the | earth ‖ and with righteousness to judge the wórld and the | people | with His | truth.

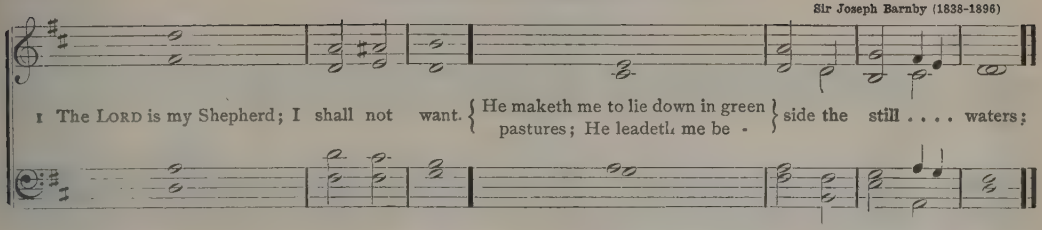
Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be ‖ wórld with | out · end | A · — | MEN.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

224 The Lord is my Shepherd

Sir Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)



· 2 He re | storeth · my | soul ‖ He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for · His | name's | sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the | shadow · of | death ‖ I will fear no evil; for | Thou · art | with — | me;

4 Thy rod and Thy staff, they | com · fort | me ‖ Thou preparest a table before me in the | presence | of · mine · | enemies;

5 Thou hast anointed my | head · with | oil ‖ my | cup · — | run · neth | over.

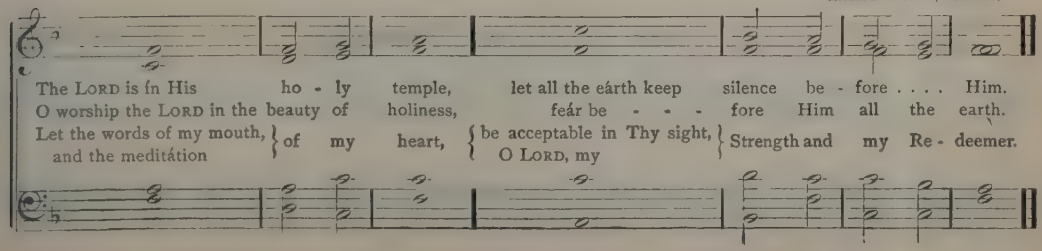
6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days · of my | life ‖ and I will dwell in the | house · of the | Lord for | ever.

Glory be to the Father | and · to the | Son ‖ and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be ‖ wórld with | out · end | A · — | MEN.

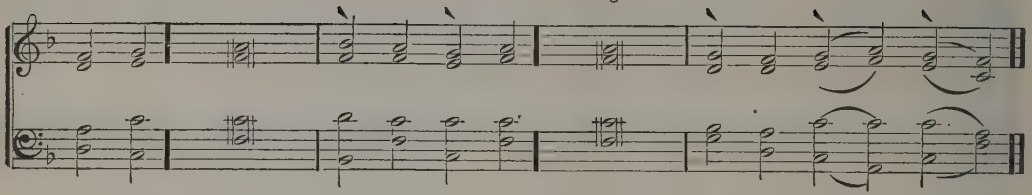
225 Opening Sentences

Richard Farrant (1530-1580)

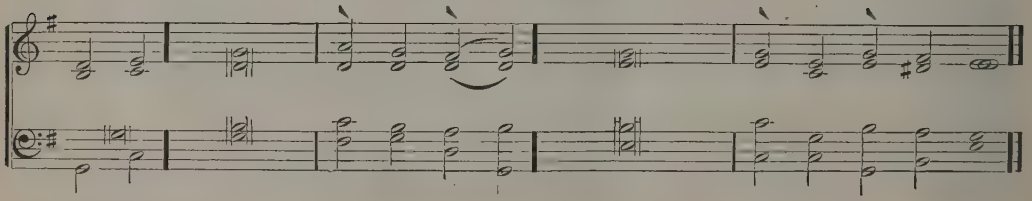

The LORD is in His ho - ly temple, let all the earth keep silence be - fore . . . . Him.
O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness, fear be - - - fore Him all the earth.
Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation } of my heart, { be acceptable in Thy sight, O LORD, my } Strength and my Re - deemer.

Gregorian Tones

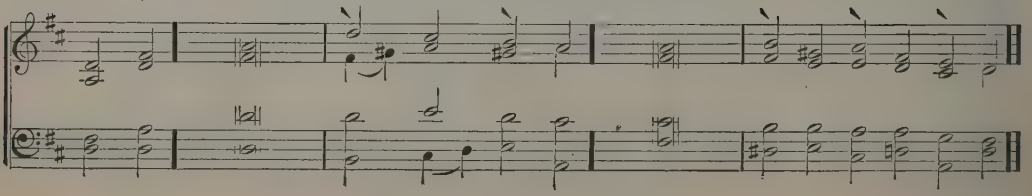
No. 1 *TONE I. First Ending*



No. 2 *TONE III. Third Ending*



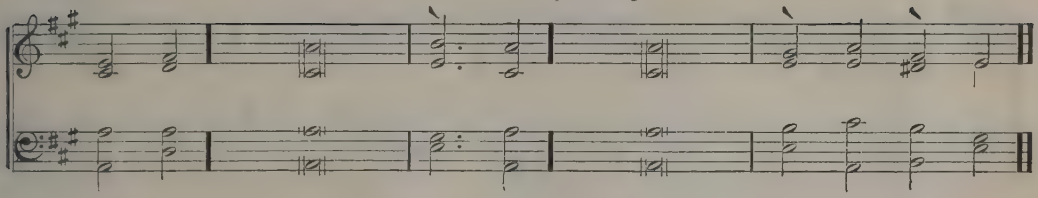
No. 3 *TONE V. Fifth Ending* (*Rouen Mediation*)



Gregorian Tones — *Concluded*

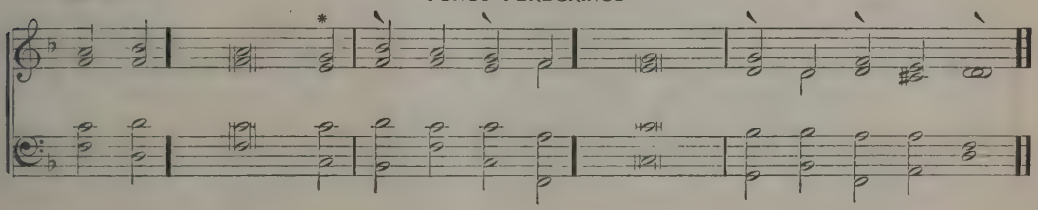
No. 4

TONE VIII. First Ending



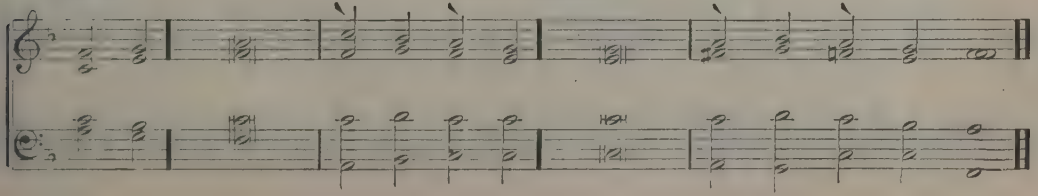
No. 5

TONUS PEREGRINUS



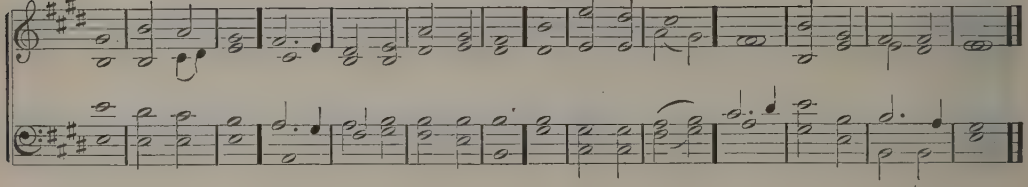
No. 6

TONUS REGIUS

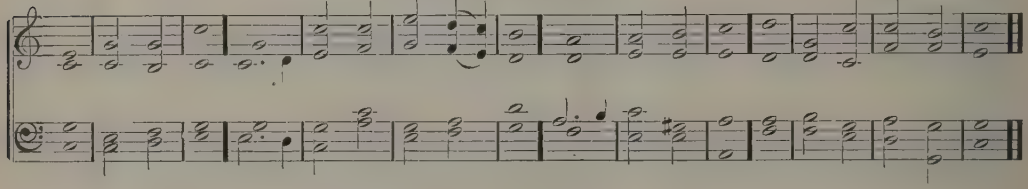


Anglican Chants

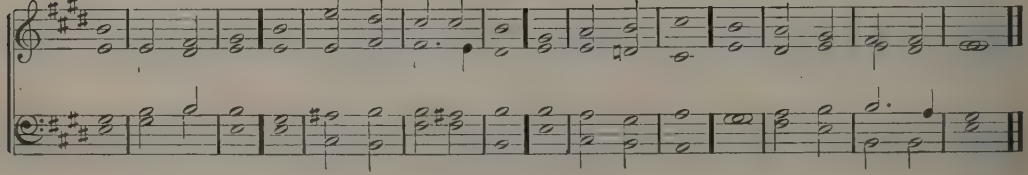
Sir John Goss (1800-1880)



James Turle (1802-1882)



Dr. Randall



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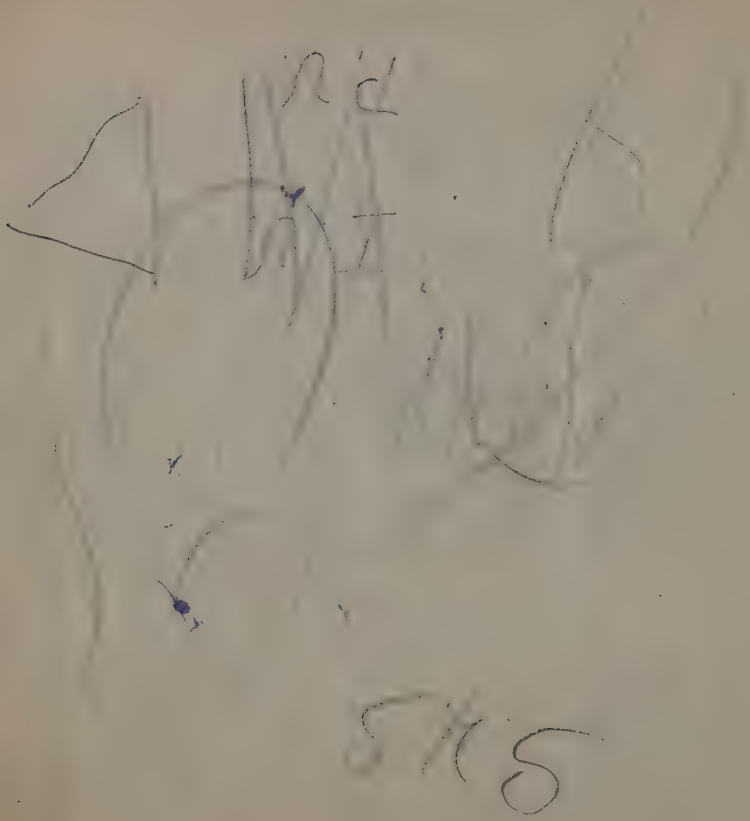

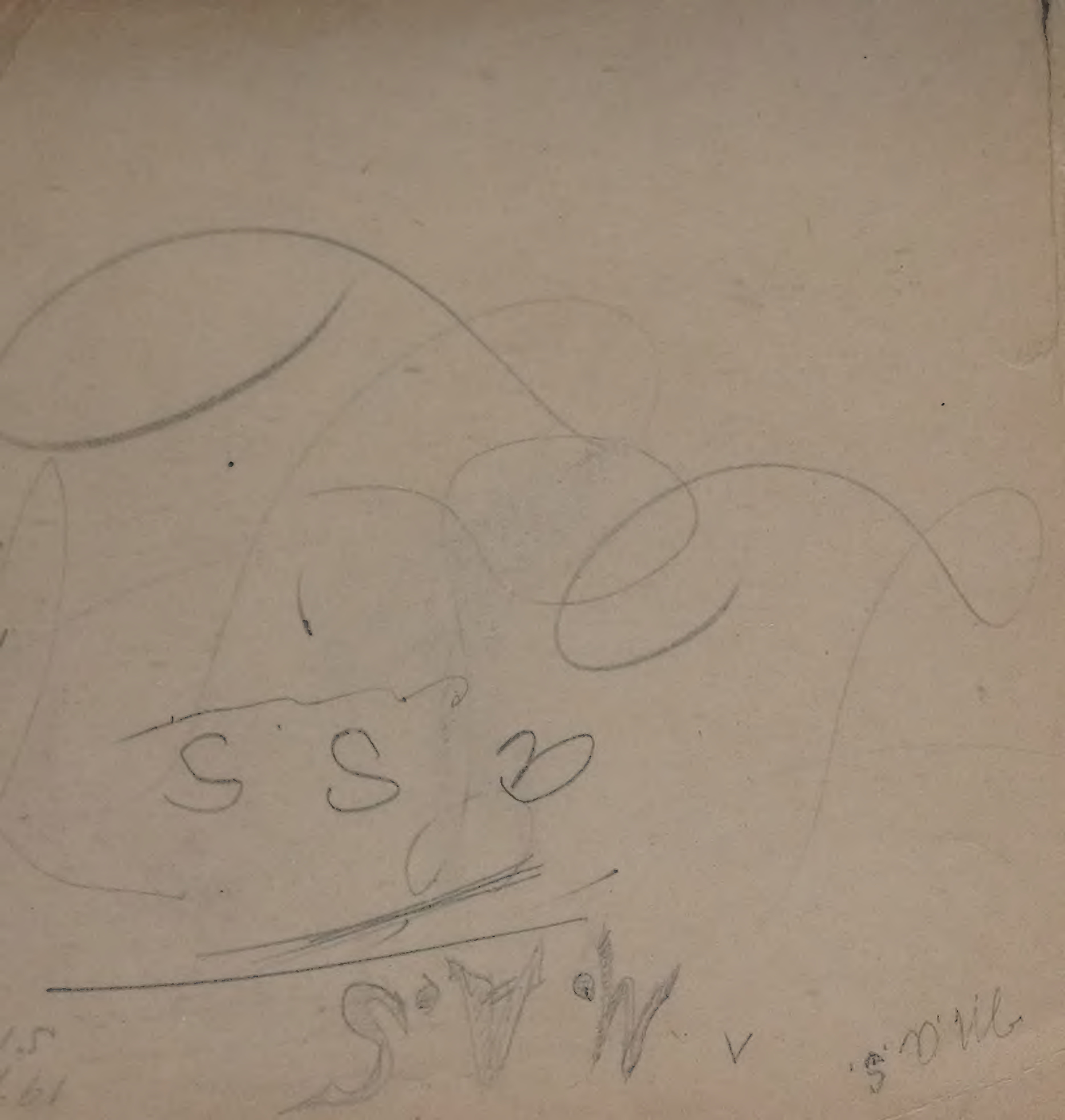

Glory glory to Salvy
3 to 6 / more days
No more [illegible]
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No more eating

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